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Famous Composers and their Works

New Series

Edited by Philip Hale

Illustrated

Vol. I.

Boston

J. B. Millet Company

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HANS RICHTER.

MUSICAL CRITICS & CRITICISM

MUSICAL CRITICS AND CRITICISM, AND THE MODERN ADVANCE IN MUSIC

MUSICAL criticism is one of the oldest of arts, also one of the most widely disseminated. It must have begun with Tubal Cain, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," who probably did not spare the rod in commenting upon the shortcomings of the younger handlers and harpers. Then as to the wide dissemination of the art, surely nothing but the art of editing a first-class daily newspaper is so widely understood — the self-appreciation of the would-be editors and critics being authority in both cases. Every hearer of music is *per se* a critic, and even the composer waits for his verdict; every composer is more or less a critic upon his own works, while upon those of other composers he is too often an unsparing Nemesis. Thus in one way or another the habit of musical criticism is a very old one, and very wide-spread in its exercise; and it is not at all unlikely that among the cuneiform cylinders of ancient Nineveh and Babylon fragments of the old aesthetic of this art as it then was may yet be discovered.

Professional musical criticism, the making and vending of expert opinions upon music and musical performance, is a modern development of an old industry; and the modern newspaper is the hundred-handed machine which multiplies copies, and enables one critic to sow his opinions throughout whole states, sections, countries — thus in a measure taking the bread out of the mouths of many a local artist in the same line. There is a reason for this modern rise of criticism into what its votaries would like to be sure is a fine art. Criticism is part of that great literary movement known as the modern romantic. Art has three great stages. First of all it tries to symbolize — as in the architecture and sculpture of ancient Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, and the northern Goths. Then it learns to observe more closely, and certain high, noble, permanent, and reposeful types of beauty come to representation; and thus we have classical art, in which beauty as such is the end sought. Then comes the modern romantic, with a fresh attempt to symbolize; but this time it tries to symbolize in a more realistic way, and thus we get the great modern arts of painting and music, where life itself, and the moods and states of human consciousness, are the inner substances of which art discourses, nay, which art embodies.

The modern critic builds upon the platform of Goethe, whose three famous questions were first the reporter's question, "*What* has been done?" Then the criticism of the workmanship, "*How* has it been done?" And finally, the spirit-searching question, "Was it *worth doing?*" The modern romantic movement could not have reached its present stage of command without the help of this literary engine.

In the classical times the universal quality of the ideals chosen for expression relieved the critic of much of his field of controversy; but in the romantic it is absolutely necessary to bring in at least a little of this outside help in order to put the observer upon the true standpoint for properly judging the work. When a hearer says of a musical piece that "it is not pretty," or "it does not sound well," he has not said the last word; since it is open to the composer to say, as Berlioz, Wagner, and even Schumann have said, that it was no part of their intention to write pleasing tonal successions, but rather to represent something by means of tonal forms which in their first aspect of hearing are not agreeable, but on the contrary quite disagreeable, and only upon hearing them several times does it come out that the unbeautiful forms somehow arrive (as the French say), and create within the observing mind moods of strength, dignity, energy, and marked individuality. And out of the sense of these novel elements of the deeper and less exploited phases of our complex nature

arises a new impression of the beauty and the worth of art. For the mission of art is not, as the classical writers thought, to represent the beautiful in agreeable forms (as Hanslick states), but to represent eventually the whole of our human nature. However unusual the mood which a great work of art embodies, the observer, when he realizes what the artist has done, finds within himself the response and beholds, as in a glass, moments from the deeper parts of his own nature. Now, in this standpoint of art the critic becomes indispensable. For without it the hearer is left without a clue or a reason why the amenities of tonal beauty have been neglected.

From a psychological standpoint, it is undeniable that musical criticism involves elements of personal disturbance and mood different from, and much greater than, those appertaining to other forms of art-criticism. Music differs from painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry, in the fact that musical art-work has to be recreated into sound whenever it is to be enjoyed. It is the sound of music which is art, and, as Walt Whitman says, those greater somethings which the sound of the music awakens within us. Many and many a page of notes is one thing to the eye and quite a different thing to the ear. Combinations which to the eye seem unpromising, even objectionable, to the ear prove to have behind them that greater something of art which awakens emotion, stirs unseen depths, and, as Wagner says, "awakens the sensation of the illimitable." On the other hand, many a page which to the eye is correct, promising, full of talent, to the ear proves stale, empty, flat. Hence the critic exercises his function at moments which he himself has not chosen, but which have been chosen for him by the accident of managers, festivals, and the like. No matter what his state personally, if he will judge such a great work at all, it can only be upon the moment when it is being created again into sound, and thereby brought to life and shown in its real nature.

Nor is this all of the limitation under which the critic finds himself. Nowhere else in art does what we call "interpretation" play so vast a rôle. This we see every day in instrumental music, which, under the hands of one artist fails to affect us, while under the hands of another it stirs us, moves us, awakens grand moods — in short, shows itself art. When the human voice enters into the account, it brings with it still other elements, and any work into which the voice enters as an operative force is liable to be transfigured and glorified into something prodigious and wholly uninferable from the mere notes. This is what we get from our great singers. But suppose the creative artist has given forms into which a great interpretative artist might pour the riches of his personality and his prophetic capacity of noble and soaring moods, and it chances to be assigned to some lesser singer who treats his vocation as a purely routine business of singing so-and-so many notes of such and such kind — where then is the critic and his wise judgment of a great work? Echo answers.

Thus it is that of all forms of fine-art criticism, that upon music and musical performances is perhaps the most subjective. It is as much a question of the moods of the critic as of the performer and of the composer himself. We have three individual moods to reckon with, none of them amenable to considerations of routine and reliability. And hence it happens that really great criticism is a rare commodity, but fortunately the occasions for it are also rare. Ever since the world began critics high in local authority have greeted new works with disapproval, greater and more violent in proportion to their novelty. Why not? Is it not enough that a composer actually puts chords together in new ways, and tramples over our fields of hearing without regard to our scholastic signs not to get upon the grass? When we have been accustomed to hear along one track, is it not an excuse for irritation that a fresh composer obliges us to hear along paths which previously were entirely untrodden? No wonder that Richard Wagner was taken to task for his harmonization of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" in "Tannhäuser." One critic said that if a pupil were to bring a master such a piece of work, it would be the master's duty to burn it; and, that duty having failed in Wagner's case, he proceeded to burn it himself, in so far as verbal vitriol might go. Yet the Pilgrim Chorus is precisely one of those pages which illustrate Wagner's mastery. Even Berlioz objected that it was too chromatic and the modulations too far-fetched; moreover, he actually counted how many times the descending chromatic violin figure was repeated, including the peroration of the overture, and made it out to be excessive. Forty-two times, he said, was simply going to excess.

Consciously or unconsciously, all music is more or less personal in the sense of expressing not alone the general musical ideals of the composer,

but even more determinately his moods, his mental methods, in short, his personal note. The tendency in this direction began as far back as the times of the Netherland supremacy in music; and it is altogether likely that even the over-polyphonic works of such writers as Willaert, Lassus, Palestrina, and the lesser lights of their century, differed from each other as notably, or nearly so, as do those of the masters of our own century. However abstract the intentions of the composer might be, the more his processes became masterly in the working out, the more surely they carried in them many of the peculiarities of his own mind and the preferences of his own temperament. So it was in fugue in the days of Bach and later. Preferences for chromaticism or diatonicism, tendencies to subjects in the folktone or far from this type, and individual niceties of treatment, all combined to make every man's work carry much of his own individuality, even when it had been his intention to express himself in the most impersonal and general manner. But when the change took place from fugue to the suite and sonata, and lyric melody came into an acknowledged place of honor, then the individuality of the composer came out more and more. One can write counterpoint according to the degree of his cleverness, with a minimum of personal dialect; but to sing from the heart is to turn loose the very central elements of one's personality into musical expression. Hence from the comparatively simple and unevolved emotional and personal states of Haydn and Mozart, we pass along through the stronger emotionality of Beethoven — who differs from his predecessors most of all through the vigor of his personality, and the clearness with which it is reflected in music — down to the romantic composers with the intense personal and individual notes of Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. Even Brahms, turning always in his own mind back to the conception of the ideal, the impersonal, and the general, nevertheless left in his music as clear an impression of his mentality, his moods, and his inmost ideals, as any master who ever wrote.

Naturally the personal note has been emphasized by what printers call "display," which we find in the extravagant coloring, the bizarre harmonies, and other extreme peculiarities of the modern school. And while the expression of personality has become more and more habitual with composers, it has been hastened and emphasized by the underlying general conception of modern music as a "cry," as Wagner called it — an inarticulate but determinate voice of the deepest and most central consciousness of mankind. Therefore every young composer no longer endeavors to write like the old masters, or like some one of the previous writers, but turns at once towards the effort to find a new expression for himself — a personal note (to use the literary term) previously unheard.

LUIGI TORCHI.

If this were the place for it, the young composer in search of individuality might be warned that the simplest and surest way of finding for his music a personal note, is first of all to have a personal note himself — a vigorous and imaginative musical consciousness; and then to master the technique of his art, until everything in his consciousness appropriate to the mood of the moment will come spontaneously to expression. It is first to have something within, and then to stand out of his own light in saying it, so that the inner something reveals itself strong, clear, noteworthy, new. Thus have geniuses worked in the past, and thus they must ever work. And music will be the truest

expression of the mind of its composer when it comes out without any searching after originality or novelty, but merely as the expression of a strong and overmastering mood.

Musical criticism is also peculiarly difficult in consequence of the subtilty of the means of musical expression. Everything in music turns upon impressions of intensity and of happiness or sorrow. The very fact of the music moving in the domain of time, as also our consciousness, makes its speed and variations in this respect to assume a quasi personal effect. Then there is the harmony and the tonality and the motive; and more than this, tone-color and dissonance. We have here somewhere about a dozen or twenty elements for permutation, and so endless are the possibilities that the composer of the future is in no danger of finding his ground cut from under him through its over-cultivation by previous composers.

J. J. FETIS.

There is quite a little of musical criticism, and formerly was much more than now, which is so inspirational in quality and so abstruse in form as to recall the now obsolete apostolic gift of prophesying in unknown tongues; for this is precisely what it amounts to when a critic busies himself with the details of a performance which the night before was heard by a favored or unfortunate few of his fellow-men, but which has now passed forever into the limbo of silence, never more to emerge. In a discussion of this sort the critic luxuriates and blossoms, actually deliquesces, in a fog of technical words of most suspicious appearance and more than polyglottish derivation. Such a writer needs the great Apostle to the Gentiles to come to life once more, and remind him that while such prophesying makes an extremely imposing effect, it is of no practical use to the victim, except the gifted one go over the points again in good plain vernacular, just as it is the fashion of all later writers to do.

If even the stars of the universe are numbered, we cannot presume that any part of a performance so vital and so spirit-searching as criticism can ever be wholly lost. Surely the centers of gravity must be subjected to strain if not to actual change by all this push, this sonority, and this learned display of the sub-conscious. Sometimes criticism gets in its little word with enormous effect. And this not exclusively in praise or blame.

The first influence of the critic, when he speaks of something which has actually taken place, is derived from what he says agreeing with the half-formed observations of those who were present at the performance in question, or those who have studied the work. There are two kinds of thing which it is comparatively easy to judge, —the extremely good and the terribly bad. These are generally so clear that the most wayfaring critic cannot miss them. Saying his say clearly, he immediately is received by the observer who agrees with him, often by those who up to the moment of reading what the critic says had not formed an opinion, but sub-consciously their minds have been wrestling with the case and an opinion is dimly forming. The contents of their minds upon this subject are like those highly saturated solutions of which chemists know, which still remain liquid until someone jars the bottle, when they immediately crystallize as firmly as a church creed.

Curiously enough, composers have not generally been very kind or judicious critics upon the works of others. This in part is due to the vitality of the "personal note" mentioned above. A highly gifted composer is much like one of the prophets of the old dispensation; he has a message to deliver. And since the message is within his deeper consciousness, from what source should it come if not from God? Hence in all his own works the predominance of a few types or moods; also repetitions of chords, melodic fragments, and other musical properties, until, as pointed out above, a good observer sees at once the composer's sign-manual, whether his name be affixed or not. Now,

this intense consciousness of a few leading phases of music stands in his way when he judges the work of his contemporaries. It is their personal note which jars with his. Perhaps it is their less intense earnestness. This is what it was in Weber which jarred with Beethoven, and made that iconoclastic person declare that Weber's music had little depth. Surely Beethoven was right; but then the world is not run by depth alone. It also needs geniality, naïveté, and the external qualities which please. In these Weber was rich, but Beethoven was not thinking of them. Moreover, Beethoven, like many strong persons since, was a victim of sycophants. Strongly opinionated, he gathered to himself friends of moods not to be disturbed by his, or the flexible and easily delighted, who took all his words at more than their face value.

In like manner it is easy to see in the music of Mendelssohn why he could not have taken any great pleasure in the music of Schumann. Schumann was a composer of thoroughly German build, always wrestling with a thought just a trifle larger than his thinking-machine could conveniently polish and finish. This we see in more than half of his music and in the orchestral music most of all, beautiful as much of it is.

Now, Mendelssohn was quite the opposite, having no use at all for thoughts too heavy to think without straining. He was an amiable creature, when he had his way, and the master of an elegant style. When the creator of any one of a score of Mendelssohn's best things came face to face with such things of Schumann as the great Fantasie in C, the Études Symphonique, or the Kreisleriana, he found there on every hand things which disturbed him. Even more, he must now and then have had a feeling, deep within, that if it should be proven in the outcome that Schumann had opened a new path, there would be no room for his melancholy "Songs Without Words," and other pieces.

So it must have been with Schumann, who doubtless as a good student had quite high enough appreciation of the qualities in Mendelssohn's writings which were being constantly thrown in his face, — his clearness, his elegance, his finish. Schumann was not, first of all, after any of these things; he felt certain types and moods of spirit, and by dint of much wrestling with the key-board he had discovered ways of bringing them to expression. That there were as yet no players ready for such tasks did not daunt him, although it might well have done so. He even knew that he had gone too far for his own generation. In one of his letters he speaks of having just finished the Études Symphoniques to his own satisfaction. He did not hope that it would ever find its way into the concert-room, excepting perhaps as an "act of piety" on the part of some friend of his. For the public, even for the great world of musicians, Schumann felt that this work, one of the most brilliant of all his productions, did not exist. In this discouragement we have a measure of the power of Mendelssohn's personality over him. Moreover, when Schumann played such things of Mendelssohn as the common run of the Songs without Words and the Capriccio in B minor, if he had told the truth he would have said something like this: "The work is charmingly written, and the hand of a master is everywhere shown; but to me it is wanting in many of those deeper and more soulful elements which music is capable of expressing." I know not if anywhere in the writings of Schumann anything of this sort actually came to expression. Most likely it did not. But deep down in the Schumann consciousness such a feeling there must have been. Had Schumann been endowed with even a little of this "fool-killer call" which seems to be the elemental consciousness of most of our young critics, he certainly would have found in his superior at the Leipsic Conservatory an inviting and a shining mark.

This brings me to the most notable quality in Schumann's writing as critic, — his good nature, his kindness of heart, and his desire to encourage young composers who appeared likely to take new paths. In this he was a striking contrast with most of the authoritative critics who preceded him. Dittersdorf said of Mozart (Elson's "Realm of Music"), "Scarcely does a beautiful thought appear, over which one would think a little, than another springs up and crowds it away, so that of the many beauties none are retained in the mind." This was said of the melodious and pleasing Mozart; what would Dittersdorf have said of a page from Schumann's "Kreisleriana"?

In short, the attitude of pessimism has been so easy for critics that it has not yet gone out. Mr. Elson cites the cases of Henry of Veldung, who wailed out in A.D. 1300 that the art of Minnesong was past; Marcello, A.D., 1704: "Music is gradually deteriorating;" Rameau, A.D. 1760: "Music is lost;" and Mendelssohn even was so often hit hard by the shafts of the critical quiver, that upon

at least one occasion he freed his mind; and for the benefit of the American composer, Mr. Louis C. Elson's English version is here introduced:

"If composers earnest are,
Then we go to sleep;
If they take a lively style,
Then we vote them cheap;
If the composition's long,
Then its length we're fearing;
If the writer makes it short,
'Tisn't worth the hearing.

If the work is plain and clear,
Play it to some child;
If its style should deeper be,
Ah, the fellow's wild;
Let a man do as he will,
Still the critics fight;
Therefore let him please himself,
If he would do right."

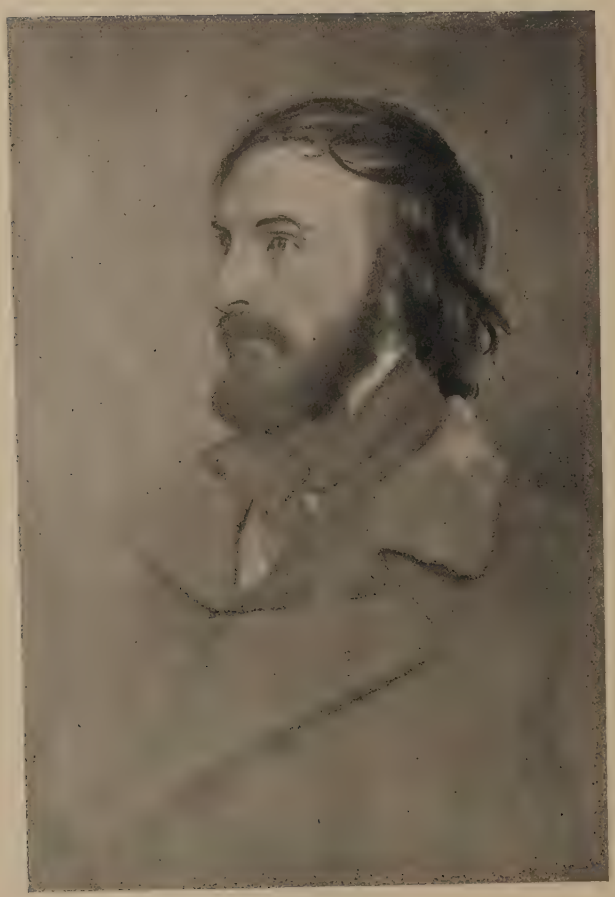
In further evidence that the pessimistic attitude has not entirely gone out, note the following remarks of the English critic, Mr. John F. Runciman, in the *Saturday Review* of May 26, 1900. He says: "On Monday I heard 'La Bohème,' for the second time, and beg to testify that greater rubbish was never written. The story is silly; every character in the story is a fool; and the music is a stream of thin, brackish Italian stuff. It must be very hard to write such bad music; and I cannot deny myself the luxury of congratulating Puccini on his unqualified victory." This concerning an opera which has been almost universally admired for certain freshness of quality (granting that it is Italian) is rather hard.

It recalls the case of the very eminent American critic and composer, Mr. William Henry Fry, who for many years presided over the musical destinies of the *New York Tribune*. Fry was a composer in the manner of Donizetti, a point which needs to be known in order to understand his attitude. In 1863 Gounod's "Faust" was given in New York for the first time; and, as the opera had made a great sensation in Paris, the *Tribune* devoted no less than seven columns to it, the morning after the performance. The article, of course, had most of it been prepared long before, from a study of the opera in a pianoforte copy. Now, there are altogether too few critics who are able to rise above the notes of an opera, and conceive how it will sound when the scene is on, when the orchestra is throbbing below, and the audience and leading singers are in sympathy with each other. Here is where the "interpretation" comes in. It is question of mood and occasion. Hence, after a long and laborious account of the opera, all its musical numbers, with the usual certificate that whatever this may have been, at least it is not the Faust of Goethe, we come at last to the conclusion, the surprising verdict, that "from first to last, in the whole opera, there is not one really singable melody." Shades of Melpomene! — this after the "garden scene," and the apotheosis; the jewel song, the "flower" song, the march and chorus.

I consider this worse than to have praised a performance which did not take place. Had the well-meaning Mr. Fry come to the performance without his previous study, and his mind unclouded by his own imperfect conception of those novel melodies of Gounod, so highly and unprecedentedly sensuous, he could not have missed finding much of the work distinguished by a new kind of beauty — which it certainly had.

But then Gounod himself was no better. He fell short in the great American virtue of omniscience. It happened once that the brilliant French composer, Saint-Saëns, sent to Gounod a young pianist of whose talent he had great expectations. The young man, determined to put his "best foot first," played the first movement of the Schumann Fantasie in C, thinking that nothing was too good for so great a master. The novel music rather nonplussed Gounod; and after a slight pause he made some conventional praises of the young man's talent, and asked him if the piece was of his own composing. Even composers are not all gods.

Musical criticism is an art which springs up earliest in response to the demand of managers and singers for notices of performances and works. Since publicity and praise are the foremost motives with both these classes, whose interests are generally identical, this stage of criticism is peculiarly liable to come under the domination of mercenary motives. This liability is greatly increased when the newspaper press has not as yet arrived at the independence of true journalism — a very recent point of achievement. In a systematic development along these lines there would necessarily come a time when the more serious musicians would devote themselves to the discussion of principles and the beauties of musical works, leaving the ephemera of stage personalities in the background, where they belong.



WILLIAM HENRY FRY.

In the history of musical criticism in France this order of development is notably illustrated. For some reason, most likely because the political diversities of the country gave the press a license which it was long denied in Germany, and in consequence of the prominence of opera in Paris, composers themselves very early began now and then to publish critical or polemical articles upon musical topics. This had its origin as far back as the days of Rameau and Rousseau; and the later French opera composers, as we shall see, have kept up the fashion of making literary appeals to the public.

HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

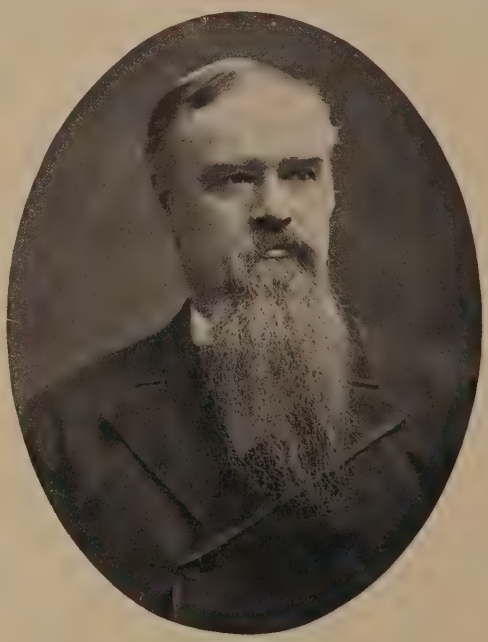
I have not just now access to material adequate for writing a complete history of French musical criticism, even if such an inquiry could be kept within practicable limits; but enough is at hand to indicate the rise very early in the nineteenth century of the first variety of musical criticism mentioned above, as an ordinary and staple incident of Paris journalism. Curiously enough the most venal mercantile principles of buying and selling prevailed between artists and composers on the one hand and the critics on the other. One of the famous laborers in this productive but dishonorable vineyard was an Italian named Fiorentino, who flourished during the second quarter of this century.

To illustrate this man's methods of doing business many anecdotes are told in musical circles. For instance, on one occasion a young singer who was about to make his début came to Fiorentino and said: "My dear Master, I am about to make my début on such a night, but I have no money left with which to offer you a suitable douceur for your invaluable support. I promise you, however, if you will trust me, that I will suitably remunerate you at the very earliest opportunity." The début took place. At the end of a long notice of everybody else in the program (who it is presumed had happened to be better furnished with money in hand) appeared a few lines more: "Mr. M. N. also made his first appearance. This young artist is full of promise, but we will wait and see how well he carries it out."

The celebrated tenor, Roger, was at the very height of his fame and a rich man to boot, and so did not really depend upon the support of this venal ally; but being kind-hearted, and realizing that the malicious attacks of which Fiorentino was quite capable, were also not desirable, sent the critic a magnificent gold watch, but without a chain. Some evenings later, when Roger was giving a great reception, Fiorentino appeared very late in the evening, when the festivities were at their height, elegantly dressed, with his ribbon of the Legion of Honor across his fine chest. He made his way through the crowded apartments to the host, who greeted him warmly, and then started in surprise at observing across his waistcoat a common garter of knit yarn. "My dear fellow," exclaimed Roger, "what have you there?" Whereupon Fiorentino drew out the splendid watch which was at the other end of the yarn garter. "You kindly sent me this beautiful watch, which of course I could not omit upon an occasion like this. But where is a poor critic to get a chain suitable to go with a present like that?" A day later he received the missing chain.

It is the great and only merit of this form of musical criticism that it soon wears itself out. A man gets too famous. When an incompetent artist by the expenditure of a few dollars can get himself praised in terms so fulsome as to make him the

laughing-stock among connoisseurs, there comes a time when the goods cease to be merchantable. Moreover, the praise loses its value in another way, the force of which this kind of critic generally fails to understand. It very soon happens that some artist of established reputation refuses to pay tribute, whereupon the critic abuses him soundly. Now, if in doing this he were competent to dwell upon and perhaps magnify the defects which every artist has, he might have his revenge without losing standing; but generally he is not clever enough to do this, but condemns right and left. The result reacts upon the critic; for if the greatest artists before the public do not get praise so generous as is awarded the most mediocre and incompetent performer, the critic's standing is very soon gone. In other words, Mr. Matthew Arnold's power outside ourselves, which makes for righteousness," seems to have a hand in the equities of criticism no less than in all other questions where morals enter.



GEORGE P. UPTON.

Much of the higher criticism in France has been concerning the opera. Rameau and Rousseau started the ball rolling; after them came various composers who were vigorous with the pen; foremost of these Gluck; then most of the French composers appealed to the public through the press; and in the new operas of Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, and the unheard works of Berlioz (which seem to have stirred up more echoes than if they had been actually heard complete), they found material of every variety, but all alike insisting upon its own preëminence of quality.

From that time on composers have been the most serious and persistent critics in France. The list is a long one, and very honorable. It includes such names as the following: First in rank, by reason of long service, and the clearness and vigor with which he addressed himself to revolutionary musical questions, the great composer, Hector Berlioz, who began with articles in the *Courier de l'Europe*, *Gazette Musicale*, and *Revue Européan*, and went on in the *Journal des Debats*, remaining in the latter relation until near his death. He was succeeded, I think, by d'Ortigue, and the latter again by the brilliant composer of "Sigurd" and "Salammbô," M. Ernest Reyer, who acceded to the position in 1866. M. Félix Joncières, as correspondent for various journals, and as regular critic upon *La Liberté*, has been one of the advanced advocates of the Wagnerian movement. Lately he has published his reminiscences of the first performance of the "Mastersingers" at Munich, and it is a very stirring production. Among the still younger composers are Bruneau, who from 1893–1895 was critic upon *Gil Blas*, and then succeeded Rety upon the *Figaro*. Rety, a good practical composer, wrote for many years over the signature of "Charles Darcours" in *Figaro*. Upon his health failing in 1893, he was succeeded as above, and died in 1895. In this enumeration it would be wrong to omit the very distinguished name of M. Camille Saint-Saëns, who, without ever having been regularly attached to any journal (at least in so far as the biographical sketches show) has produced a succession of essays upon the prominent polemical topics of the day, out of which have been made three collected volumes. In later times these essays have appeared in the different reviews, which in France take a place not unlike that of our magazines. These essays of M. Saint-Saëns are among the most incisive, common-sense, and striking contributions to the literary appreciation of music which have appeared in any country. A still younger composer, M. Victor Roger, author of twenty or more operettas, has been critic upon *La France*.

The more purely literary discussion of music by

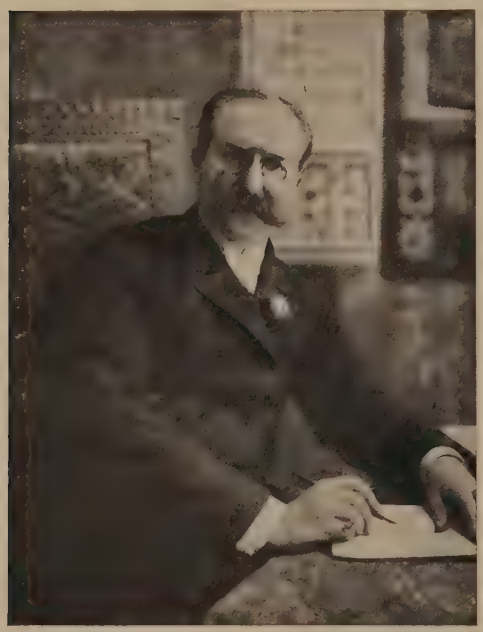
minds trained in a literary sense, began in France, I believe with the work of the late learned J. J. Fetis, who was for years critic upon *Le Temps* and the *National*, and about five years before his accession to the headship of the Brussels Conservatory established the *Revue Musicale*. Among other prominent names in this class are those of M. Julien Tiersot, of *Le Menestrel*, who is also a frequent contributor to *La Guide Musicale*, and is now assistant librarian at the Conservatory. A generation ago the names of the brothers Escudier were prominent; it is believed, however, that they never belonged in the list of serious critics. A later writer is M. Hugues Imbert, the Paris editor of *La Guide Musicale*.

Taking the French criticism as a whole, it must be credited with brilliancy and ardor, but, as a rule, not with clear insight or deep convictions. Nevertheless, I think it is entitled to the palm for clever and bright writing, often upon phases of art which in German hands lead to quite different literary results. Its merits as well as its defects are mainly those of the French character.

It is a curious phase of this development, that in Germany, where the art of music, or at least the art of symphony, is most fully developed, and lies nearest the heart of the nation, musical criticism in the newspaper press has had a comparatively insignificant development. At first the newspapers, which were generally of limited area, did not give space to matter of this kind. Moreover, the composers, from Bach down to Brahms, have all been averse to explaining or discussing their ideals and the methods in which they have sought to work them out. Even the romantic movement began without explanation. Schubert, who, in his "Erl King" and many other works, set the pace, never explained anything. He was content if his compositions might pass in the crowd without being trampled upon by those incapable of understanding them. Weber was little better. Schumann was the first who took up the pen as an observer of tendencies and qualities of work. But Schumann, although we laud him highly, was in fact but a rather haphazard critic. One even thinks in reading the collected articles from his paper, that he had not arrived at a full understanding of his position. Occasionally he made center shots. The two most celebrated cases are those in which he greeted the appearance of Chopin's Opus 2, and the coming of a young Messiah in music, in the person of the boy, Johannes Brahms. But when we read the Chopin article in the light of the present, we find that also imperfect. It welcomes Chopin handsomely to the higher walks of music, recognizes his genius, and so on; but all this bubbling over, nevertheless, was upon the far from masterly variations upon the Mozart aria, "*La ci darem la mano*." It is a work which no longer holds its place upon concert programs, nor is worthy to do so. For the time when it appeared, and as the work of a talented boy, it is strong, perhaps epoch-making. But as compared with a score or more of Chopin's later works, it cuts a very insignificant figure. Had this criticism been followed by others in which the really original and significant compositions of Chopin were discussed with like geniality, then would Schumann's fame as critic stand upon very much firmer foundation. But little or nothing of this meets us. On the other hand, we find many and many equally pleasant greetings to works of much smaller musicians, having in them not a whit of the divine spark. Possibly a part of this oversight of Schumann concerning the later works of Chopin may

W. J. HENDERSON.

have been due to his not receiving copies; but it seems impossible that the composer of the "Carnaval," "Études Symphoniques," "Fantasie in C," "Kreisleriana," and the like, should not by the year 1844 have seen such compositions of Chopin as the four Ballades, the four Scherzos, the two



LOUIS C. ELSON.

Concertos, the Studies and Preludes, the first Sonata, and the first eight Polonaises (including that in A flat), all of which appeared in print before Schumann resigned his editorship to Brendel. Upon other subjects, particularly upon many works by Liszt, Schumann writes in a very interesting manner, and with the insight to have been expected from so genial and intelligent an observer. This, however, is one side the present question; and be the influence of Schumann's critical writings what it may, he set a pace, and his work no doubt had much to do with the opening of the German newspaper press to critical articles upon music. Naturally the first development of this critical faculty showed itself in the three great German musical centers, Vienna, Berlin, and Leipsic.

In Vienna criticism dates mainly from the time of Dr Edouard Hanslick, who began his work upon the *Wiener Zeitung* in 1848; from 1855 to 1864 he was musical editor of the *Presse;* and since then he has written in the *Neue Freie Presse.* Besides his many critical articles, Dr. Hanslick has published a number of monographs upon musical subjects. In some respects his work has been singularly advantageous to the advance of musical intelligence; most of all, perhaps, in his maintaining that whatever of beauty a musical work may have, the beauty can have no other embodiment than in the musical forms of the work itself; and that whatever impression the work makes or ought to make upon the beholder, it must come directly from the music itself, and not from stories imagined in connection with the music. The underlying thought of this point (although I am not aware that Dr. Hanslick ever put it fully into expression) is that musical combinations as such have mysterious reactions upon consciousness, and by means of them the musical genius, guided by his own intuition rather than by pedagogical leading, often touches the deepest of these mysterious chords, where if he were to seek guidance from poetic conceptions and theories, instead of giving rein to his musical intuition as such, he would be much less likely to touch the real springs of the beauty and human expression desired.

The influence of such a writer as Dr Hanslick has been in some directions helpful, and has tended to accelerate development of talents congenial to him. I fancy such may have been the case with Johannes Brahms; but towards Richard Wagner Hanslick was always a most hostile opponent, and very likely his writings may have contributed a little to make the path of that iconoclastic reformer more arduous than it otherwise would have been.

Wagner himself was also a critic, and a very notable one. That he was habitually just, or in any way lifted above the narrow personal standpoint which is the main defect of polemic criticism, it would be idle to maintain. Upon some subjects, notably upon Beethoven, Wagner wrote with no small divination. He also, first of all great composers, defined his ideals and defended his methods in print before the works fully illustrating these principles had been worked out. This is one of the most singular occurrences in art, and proves how peculiarly intellectual and based upon reasoning processes Wagner's methods were, as opposed to those of Schubert, Beethoven, and Schumann, where intuition, deep personal experience of the medium, and art instincts were the motive forces, grand, epoch-marking, but for a long time unintelligible to the composers themselves — unintelligible

even after great works had been created illustrating them.

Many writers would compare the case of Wagner with that of Gluck, who also defended certain reforms, which he introduced into opera. But the cases are by no means parallel. Gluck merely harked back to a part of the original ideal of the music drama, cutting away certain excrescences which applause-loving singers had ingrafted upon the art of his day. But Wagner appealed to the future. He laid down new principles and formulated a scope for a music of the future before there was actually any music of this kind to hold up for example. This was one of the reasons why Wagner found himself at outs with all the professed critics; but the polemic turned in his favor, since it raised up a lot of new champions, not previously known as critics — such artists as Liszt, Raff, Pruckner, Bülow, and the like — who together were more than a match for the critics arrayed against them.

Among the later German critics such as the following are to be mentioned: Felix Draeseke, of Dresden, a brilliant composer in all directions, one of his operas ("Herrat") having been very successful, and long a partisan of Wagner and Liszt. Later he fell away somewhat from this acute partisanship. He wrote in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and published a considerable number of essays upon musical topics. Another eminent and influential Dresdener is Karl Soehle, who writes in the *Nachrichten*. Berlin naturally includes an influential group of sincere and scholarly musical critics, among whom are to be mentioned the late Dr. Bernhard Marx, who in connection with Schlesinger founded the Berlin *Allgemeine Musicalische Zeitung* in 1824 — (earlier, it will be noted, than Fetis founding the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris), and took an active part in all the living questions of his day. Dr. Marx was one of the first of the modern philosophical critics, and he also was industrious as a composer, and in many directions; but time has dealt hardly with his works. The paper he founded lasted only six years, but was revived later by Dr. Otto Lessmann, in 1882. Lessmann is one of the most notable and influential followers in this field, having been an advocate of the new school, writing with intelligence and power. He is primarily a teacher, and his writings naturally partake of the pedagogical tendency towards putting things upon philosophical basis. Another Berlin critic of long experience is Taubert; also Peter Raabe and Rudolph Buck, all belonging to the advanced school.

At Leipsic the name of Dr. Hermann Kretschmar naturally comes first to mention. He writes in the *Wochenblatt* and elsewhere, and has published many volumes of utility explorations (e.g., the three volumes of *Fuehrer durch dem Concertsaal*, devoted to analyzing with historical particulars the leading concert numbers — symphonies, overtures, operas, oratorios, cantatas, etc.). Dr. Kretschmar is a fine organist, an experienced and capable conductor, and a composer of talent. He is professor of musical science in the university. Another name very eminent in Leipsic is that of the eminent piano teacher, Professor Martin

BENJ. E. WOOLF.

Krause (the title being an honorary one), who writes regularly in the *Nachrichten*. Otto Segnitz is another influential critic in Leipsic, but I do not find his name in the dictionaries. In the Cologne *Gazette*, whose influence permeates Germany, musical matters are handled by Otto Neitzel, pianist, doctor of philosophy from Berlin, practical conductor of much experience, and the composer of several operas of talent, if not of actual genius.

Despite the German sincerity and love of art, and the ample personal qualifications of most of the gentlemen now occupying important positions upon German newspapers, well-written articles are by no means the universal rule, — personalities, polemics, and prejudices often taking the place of actual insight and openness of mind. This is to be regretted; but it is a condition which at no distant day will be done away with, and a better state of things prevail.

The notice of criticism would be incomplete if we neglect such eminent litterateurs as the late Professor Philip Spitta, author of the standard biography of Sebastian Bach, and Otto Jahn, author of the first real biography of a great composer ever written upon the "comparative method" (Mozart, 3 vols.). Dr. Jahn wrote in a variety of newspapers (*Grenzbote*, etc.), and published several volumes of collected essays. Dr. Spitta also wrote in a variety of papers (*Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, *Monatschrift fur Musicgeschichte*), and his own *Vierteljahrsschrifte fur Musicwissenschafte*, (*Quarterly Journal of Musical Science*, etc.)

The data are not easily available for giving a complete glance over the activity of other German cities in this direction. Suffice it to say, that it is becoming more and more the case that every musical center (of which there are many in Germany) contains a few thoroughly equipped writers, good musicians, composers, philosophers, and artists, who furnish the influential opinions for their vicinity. In this way the popular estimation of music is stimulated, guided, and made more intelligent.

The art of criticism naturally differentiates into two great divisions, — the one having to do mainly with public performances, and so with persons and with new works heard for the first time; and the other reviewing new works, as yet unheard, pointing out the force and direction of the new currents of the musical world. It is obvious that these two classes of work do not make similar demands upon those who do them. The journalistic critic needs to be a good judge of performance, and a ready, and, if possible, a witty writer. He has to see quickly, tell easily, and hit the nail on the head. It is remarkable how expert some of these men are, who, to judge by their purely technical knowledge of music, are no more than amateurs. Some of the most influential positions have been and still are filled by men of this class. One of the most influential and conspicuous was Mr. Geo. P. Upton, who for about thirty years presided over the musical columns of the Chicago *Tribune*. During most of that period the *Tribune* was the organ of the more intelligent Chicago citizens, and the representative of the solid and cultured element. Mr. Upton, who is well known from his handy little volumes upon the Standard Symphonies, Standard Operas, etc., conducted his department in a very public-spirited manner. He became the personal friend of all the best artists for a full generation, and he spoke of their work with accurate judgment and friendly appreciation wherever appreciation was at all legitimate. Moreover, he was the friend of all movements in favor of refined music, and did his best to assist in the appreciation of new works of every kind. His worth to the musical beginnings of Chicago was remarkable, and his authority undisputed, but always exercised in a kindly manner. He was aided in his work by his style of flowing and melodious English, and at times he had considerable enthusiasm. Since his cessation from the chair of criticism (he now presides over the editorial page of the *Tribune*) the place has not been so well filled; other newspapers have come to the front, and the power is more divided than formerly.

Another Chicago critic of amateur qualifications, but of considerable personal influence, is Mr. L. C. Glover, of the *Times-Herald*. His best work is in judging performance. In estimating the value of subject matter, particularly when really new and original, he has less authority.

In New York, also, men of amateur qualifications formerly exercised a good deal of force. Besides the *Tribune* reviewer, Mr. William Henry Fry, already mentioned, his successor, the cultured and agreeable writer, Mr. H. R. G. Hazzard, conducted the musical columns of the *Tribune* in the same spirit as Mr. Upton in Chicago. In later years a better qualified body of critics has gathered in the New York press, the list containing such names as those of Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, an enthusiastic lover of music, well read, and honest intending, who by reason of long tenure carries great weight in any direction he may care to go. Next him in length of tenure comes Mr. Henry T. Finck, the ardent advocate of Wagner and the modern school. Mr. Finck is a man of earnestness and also of certain minor individualities of taste. One of the latter was illustrated in his book about "Personal Beauty and Romantic Love." His biography of Wagner, although unbecomingly polemical in tone, is a

strong work. His critical articles are often bright, earnest, and well written. They have been for many years found in the *Evening Post;* and the time of writing naturally affords a leisure for calm second thought, such as the writer upon a morning paper cannot hope to command. In the *Times* a still younger man, Mr. William J. Henderson, has attained a very strong position, which he well deserves. Mr. Henderson comes from Princeton University, and has enriched his training in every way possible to afford him a broader basis for judgment. He is also a composer, and is entitled to speak with authority, which he does. The *New York World* for quite a long time availed itself of the critical services of perhaps the most popular operatic composer this country has ever produced, — Mr. Reginald De Koven, author of nearly a score of successful light operas, some of which have been great money-makers, and many excellent songs. Mr. De Koven has handled his subjects in the easy way peculiar to the man who knows that the world will neither be stopped nor violently disrupted, let him write as he will. Needless to say that his influence has been in the direction of wide toleration and room for all.

Of all the New York writers on music the most brilliant is Mr. James Huneker, for many years the Raconteur of the *Musical Courier*. He writes in the French feuilleton style, with brilliant banter, occasional abuse, and momentary lapses into poetry. When important new works fall under his notice, he rises to the occasion, and brings to bear upon them his technical skill as a practical pianist and musician, and very properly carries great weight. Mr. Huneker falls between and a little outside the two great classes of musical critics mentioned above, since he only occasionally reviews new works, and rarely or never notices concerts. Nevertheless, he is a very interesting figure.

It is natural that of all American cities Boston, where a symphony orchestra was first established, should have developed a strong critical body of men, who are sharp observers of performance, capable judges of new works, and public-spirited ministers of culture. My own knowledge of the work of these men is too imperfect for me to particularize as to preëminence of power. First on the list, because oldest and having set the pace, comes the name of the late John Sullivan Dwight, who in 1853 established the first musical periodical ever established in America for promoting musical culture. *Dwight's Journal* was a small sheet published fortnightly, and it did not try to "cover" all the concerts. It was meant as the organ of the new movements in music, and during its earlier years was almost exclusively devoted to promoting the claims of the music of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, and it looked somewhat coldly upon the extreme advances of Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt. Of American composers at that time there were few or none. The great value of *Dwight's Journal* lay in its sympathy with the modern romantic movement in music, and in translating fragments from the European writings of Wagner and the other new-comers. Its attitude was sweetly sympathetic and full of the New England idealism, like that which came to expression in Brook Farm, the Unitarian movement (which was more social than theological), the abolition movement, temperance, and the like. The *Journal*, therefore, became the inspiration of many young musicians, who but for this would have found no congenial expression of their half-formed musical longings and ambitions. It was a source of both light and heat. Later on, Dwight became more and more narrow; and there was something pathetic in his farewell editorial, written in 1882, in which he said that the claims of the new romantic composers which the *Journal* had so persistently pushed for so many years, having now been completely conceded, and no new composers coming on worthy to carry forward the standard, there seemed no good reason for continuing the work — accordingly he laid down his pen. Mr. Dwight was a graceful writer, pure and lady-like, and personally he was very influential in Boston for at least twenty years. The Harvard Musical Association, which began as a society of amateur lovers of good music, and later carried on chamber concerts, and finally symphony concerts in Boston, and secured the appointment of a professor of music in Harvard University, was largely his work; and the existing Boston Symphony Orchestra is a living monument to the value of the ideals he helped to bring into prominence.

Of the still active critics in Boston, the name of Mr. William F. Apthorp stands first, by reason of length of tenure. Well educated, originally hoping to be a composer, Mr. Apthorp brought to his work the general literary cultivation gained from Harvard, — familiarity with French and German musical literature, and long practical familiarity

with the concert-room. He has been connected with the *Evening Transcript* many years.

The present writer remembers well the sensations which he experienced in reading Mr. Apthorp's first important contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1873. The style was so new and the information so unusual, combined with the evident enthusiasm of a musician, that he at once recognized the coming of a new force in criticism. Later, Mr. Apthorp has not always fulfilled the early expectations; his work as editor of the "Program Notes" of the symphony concerts having led him more and more into indulgence in dry technicalities, to the neglect of musical ideals properly considered.

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The most genial and generally judicious (to my personal mind, so far as I know his work), is Mr. Louis C. Elson, of the *Advertiser*, who brings to his task a wealth of interesting and usually exact information, a wide personal acquaintance with composers and artists, and a cleverness in writing and a good humor, altogether rare, but certainly effective in combination. His influence has been, and still is, great, and his articles signed, as such criticism should be. Of the other Boston writers, I must confess to an information not sufficiently perfect to warrant judicial estimations. Among them are Mr. B. E. Woolf, formerly of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, now of the *Herald*; a thoroughly equipped musician, composer of musical works of even the largest forms, he has for years stood in the foremost rank of American critics.

Another gifted and prominent Boston critic is Mr. Philip Hale, a good practical musician, well versed in theory and literature. He is a sharp, and often a severe writer. His work on the *Journal* has always been bright, witty, and extremely readable. He, as well as Mr. Woolf, are notably severe in their musical judgments.

Owing to the proximity of England to the original homes of music upon the Continent, and the habit of bringing over composers, artists, and conductors of eminence, from the days of Händel down to those of Liszt, Wagner, Hans Richter, and Richard Strauss, a demand for musical criticism appeared very early, and led to the establishment of journalistic chairs for this department, the well-known Henry F. Chorley, of the *Athenaeum*, being the first illustration of the movement upon a scale of international fame. Chorley was a good example of the smaller Englishman, full of culture and a mild enthusiasm for music, adoring Händel and Mendelssohn, and weighing every new thing in scales previously tested by the great examples above mentioned. He was full of prejudices, and of inner penetration into the very essence of music he had no whit. But no doubt he did some good, and only occasionally harm. A later distinguished illustration of English work in this department is furnished by Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Musical Times*. Mr. Bennett is a writer of experience and good sense. He followed the late J. W. Davidson, who, as proprietor of the *Musical World*, made both friends and enemies for many years. Davidson was full of prejudices, and his likings and dislikes were alike inscrutable, but always in evidence. Within the last few years a great change has taken place in England. Schumann has at last come to his own, and with him all the modern romantic apostles and their later successors. Along with this extension of tolerance has come a better education in music, and hence a number of well-educated writers in sympathy with the modern school,

LAMOUREUX.

Among these I should place first Mr. W. H. Hadow, author of two books of musical essays; then Mr. Vernon Blackburn, of the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Mr. Fuller-Maitland, of the *Times;* and Mr. F. G. Webb, of the *Standard*, etc., Mr. J. F. Runciman, of the *Saturday Review*, are other striking illustrations of individuality, strong writing, and generally a preference for progress. Mr. Runciman, indeed, is excessively extreme in his opinions and prejudices, and in fact more striking than judicial. The younger men naturally bring to the business a fairer disposition; for it is a peculiarity of England, that despite its proximity to the continent of Europe, there is something in the air promotive of English bias and satisfaction with English standpoint.

There is one aspect of the English later criticism, however, which deserves praise: it is the disposition to support English original work in music. The process of bringing over striking personalities in the way of composers, conductors, and artists is so easy in England, and the enterprise so likely to be remunerative, that it is carried on most thrivingly; and since, in a work of this kind, newspaper support is indispensable, the pressure to make the critics support all these foreign importation is very great and often irresistible. Moreover, in this way many great musical personalities are made known to English audiences, and the praise of them and the irresponsible paragraphing about them tend to keep the English artist and composer in the background to an unfair degree. This is perhaps worse than the American situation, where an American conductor or composer stands no chance whatever against Germans — owing to all our orchestral players being German in nationality and education, or German-Americans educated in Germany. Later on the American will rise to an actual competition, and then the English situation will be measurably duplicated in this country.

In Belgium and Holland the art of criticism has flourished from time immemorial, but for some reason few of the writers have gained an international fame. One of the best known is Mr. Maurice Kufferath, editor of *La Guide Musicale*, one of the best musical periodicals in the world.

Concerning musical criticism in Russia, information is extremely meager, the language putting an impassable barrier between that world and this. It is known, however, that all the representatives of the new Russian school, from Tschaikowsky, down to Caesar Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Balakireff, have written more or less in the newspaper press. Tschaikowsky was not a Russian in the true sense, his desire being to make known to his compatriots the best that the remainder of the world was doing in music. General Cui, however, has written much and brilliantly in defense of a real Russian art. Undoubtedly the exercise of criticism is hampered in Russia by the restrictions of the press, and from this circumstance the writers find it safer to confine themselves to abstract topics or immediate personalities.

JAMES HUNEKER.

In Italy there are a number of brilliant and irrepressible critics. Among them one of the most famous was the late Marquis Francesco d'Arcais, of the *Opinione;* Girolamo Allessandro Biaggi (Florence, 1815–1897), who wrote various essays and criticisms in *La Nazione* and elsewhere, a very conservative critic; also Filippo Filippi (Milan, 1830–1887), a progressive critic upon the *Perseveranza*, one of the first Wagnerites in Italy; Lugi Torchi (born 1858), educated in Italy and Germany, a copious writer, professor of history and composition at Bologna. A younger writer is Signor Enrico Vall de Paz, of the Florence Conservatory, and editor of *Nuova Musica*, a good pianist and a

progressive critic. These and many others furnish the best work upon opera, the province of music natural to the country; but the later tendencies in German and Russian art are also coming to recognition in Italy as well as elsewhere.

In the light of reason and experience, what are we to say of the influence of critics and criticism upon the modern advance in music? Has the critic materially hastened the advance? Has he made it most determinate and influential? Or has he hindered it? Has he influenced the composer

HENRY T. FINCK.

towards novelty and originality? Or, failing to reach the composer, has he enabled the public to grasp the new principles more readily, and recognize with honor the struggling genius? These are forms in which this question comes up.

With reference to the nature of the modern advance in music, we must first recognize its twofold aspect: We have an advance which travels upon two legs; the composers advance when they have genius; the public also eventually grasps the advance, and itself in turn receives as ordinary parts of musical discourse elements which a generation earlier would have proven unintelligible.

Experience shows that the composer's originality has never been determined or even aided by criticism. The genius and the critic of the day are at outs with each other and always have been so, with very few exceptions, — fewer by far than is usually supposed. For instance, it is well known that in a sense Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, and Saint-Saëns were innovators, working at about the same time, and all holding each other in what diplomats call "distinguished consideration." Nevertheless, we have only to scan the private correspondence of these men, and often their published criticisms, to discover that no one of them had any very high opinion of the work of the others — saving only Liszt in the case of Wagner, whose dominating personality, brave flights into tonal regions previously unknown, and his ability to defend himself with speech or song at will, appealed to Liszt, who himself had something of the same brilliant versatility.

Berlioz admired Liszt prodigiously as a pianist and as an arranger of other men's ideas for the pianoforte; as an original composer he distinctly undervalued him. Liszt evidently thought that Berlioz had passed beyond the reasonable, and regretted that his opera of "The Trojans," which he brought out at Weimar, had not more geniality and musical plausibility. Saint-Saëns, like a good Frenchman, admired Berlioz, because he had the good luck to come a generation later, when Berlioz's place in art had begun to be understood; he adopted, indeed, many of the suggestions to be found in Berlioz's orchestration and ideas of form. Nevertheless, Saint-Saëns is far more moderate and quasi-classic than was Berlioz, his twenty-five years later notwithstanding. Wagner took the admiration of Liszt as sweet incense, but it did not throw him off the scent of pecuniary stress; and he encouraged, even patronized, Liszt as composer; and it is quite plain in his letters, between what he says and what he does not say, that he thinks Liszt's original works more brilliant than substantial. That his own example should have inspired Liszt to attempt things of such seriousness, naturally appealed to him as a delicate and a permeating compliment; but had he been asked what were the chances of long life to these works of Liszt, about which he wrote so politely, the answer would not have made agreeable reading at Weimar. Saint-Saëns, even as an operatic composer, gave Wagner only a moderate appreciation. He believed that Wagner had gone too far. He found the new works beautiful and dramatically strong in many places, but also distinguished by long and wide wastes of arid monologue, where vegetation and moisture were painfully lacking.

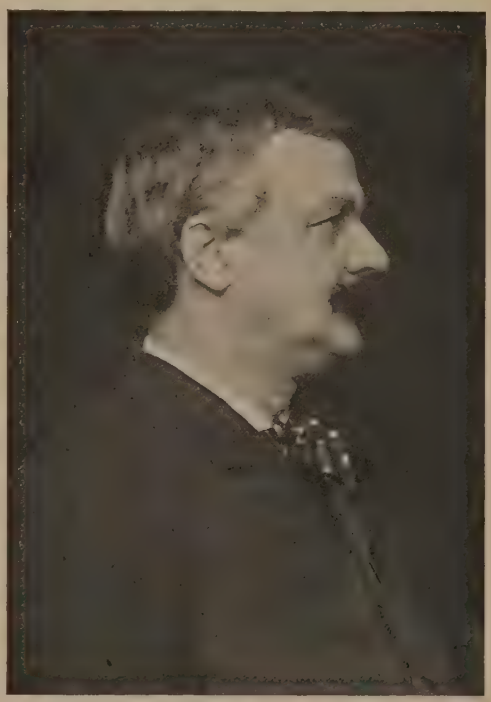
This which happened between these four greatest of the moderns has happened all along the line. Music is so far the expression of individuality that no man's music remains completely satisfactory to another great musician. He likes it with a reservation. In other words, he has resonance chambers in his being which reëcho to his own music, but do not so fully respond to that of any other. I imagine this was the case even with lesser men than the great four with whom we have been dealing. Mendelssohn with his enthusiasm for Bach, — are we to believe that he really thought Bach's music more beautiful than his own? Not at all. Mendelssohn found in Bach an inexhaustible fountain of musical treatment and moments of admirable dramatic expression; but I do not for a moment believe that he did not also recognize the fact, borne in upon him from so many sides as well as innate in the nature of the case, that in "St. Paul" and "Elijah" dramatic expression and beauty of style had been modernized to a degree which Bach himself would have been the first to admire. Naturally it is open to the musician to fancy what Bach would have said of Mendelssohn's fugues, and particularly of such trying transitions upwards by semitones as those in the chorus "Thanks be to God." But Mendelssohn was not thinking of that; he was thinking of the pieces which were his own, where everything was within the measure of his own genius — as in "Happy and Blest are They," "Oh Rest in the Lord," "Jerusalem," and "Great is the Depth."

Criticism has had no influence upon the advances made by composers. Every composer who has really made advances in art has done so from within and not from without. Neither teacher nor friend has had influence over his work; he has followed his own imagination, and his work expresses his own mind. As a rule he has not even talked in advance of what he was about to do; often he has not talked after he had performed the work. No men are so silent as geniuses. Genius is an inner conviction, an inner illumination, a clairvoyance, as Wagner calls it, which does not comport with appeals to the external world. Nor has criticism ever harmed advance in geniuses of the first order. Every advance has been met by objections from the critics. This had to be so, for nobody writes criticism except from a standpoint primarily intellectual; and the deeper things of music and of art are not thinkable in purely verbal forms, but only in terms of their own department — in color, in form, in music, in orchestral coloring. The critic forms his taste and acquires his principles of art from the study of the works of masters esteemed greatest, counting the estimation from the time when his schooling begins. Critics sometimes learn, despite the positiveness of their opinions; and often an elderly critic praises and enjoys art. But in the nature of the case criticism is conservative, and the critic conceives it from the standpoint of the past, just as Plato says that the ancient Egyptians had displayed in their temples models of songs which tradition approved. When new songs were written not conforming to like principles, the learned class, the priests (the self-appointed critics of those days), promptly condemned them; and this tradition of work has been practically operative down even to our own times.

One cannot but wonder what would have been the course of history in art, religion, and literature, if from the beginning mankind had recognized the truth now so well established, that we live under an order of evolution and progress, and that not the past but the future contains the Garden of Eden. Had this been the conception of life, the world might have been spared many of its wars; its religions would have been more tolerant, and its literature more bounding and free. Music would have gained from this conception more than any other art. Ancient Egypt, in an evolution of four thousand years, did indeed add to the number of strings upon its harps; and the sense of hearing became more acute, rising from appreciation of bass tones, corresponding with the speaking voice of men, to the higher and more thrilling notes of women, thus preparing the way for the enriching and reduplicating of voices and octaves in modern music. But with patterns publicly exhibited for the guidance of young composers, and with ecclesiastical authorities for judges of the extent to which improvement might be tolerated, progress in art was impossible. Like influences have retarded the progress of art down to our own days. If criticism could have had its way, nothing of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky, Schumann, or even of Beethoven himself, would have been allowed to gain authority.

The influence of criticism upon the public reception of real advance in music has perhaps in the long run been greater and of real assistance to progress. This has happened not through the willingness of the critic to encourage the un-

thinking public to receive works appearing to his standards excessive and forced; the truth-telling honesty of our craft has always steered clear of this sin. The critic has condemned to the public, as emphatically as to the composer himself, the crudities, excesses, and false ideals of every novelty which art has known. But then art is long, and life is short. A critic eventually dies; though, like other office-holders, he never dies until obliged, and he never resigns. A new critic arises, who as a child has happened to find in the condemned novelties new elements of human appeal. Art has gained an advocate, and his pen often hastens the reception of art-novelties which without such aid would have had to wait for some time longer. Prejudice is one of the crying sins of mankind; it has blocked the wheels of progress over and over again, and in music more so than in any other art.



PHILIP HALE.

The critic who roundly condemns an art-novelty, often assists it prodigiously, as a good round libel-suit often advertises a newspaper. Wagner was greatly aided along his path when he had thrown down the gauntlet to the critics in his published pamphlets. It called attention to him: it made him a personal question; it made his music talked about; people were anxious to hear it in order to have the pleasure of condemning it. Many who came to scoff remained to pray, although the number at first was painfully small. Wagner was a most discreet promoter. He found his career by degrees. Had his first works been written in the style of the "Götterdämmerung" and "Tristan und Isolde," it is doubtful whether any of them would have been heard until this day. But he educated his public, himself beginning little if any beyond his chosen model, Meyerbeer, with the melodious Gluck as a venerable example in the background. But by claiming so much, by advancing so that every new work presented something unlike the preceding, and by opening now and then novel vistas of beauty and expression, and always by his masterly handling of rich orchestral color, a color so rich and so beautifully changing in hue that it is an ever-present joy for the listening ear — this great master at last found his public and his place in art. Meanwhile the adverse critics helped the ball to keep rolling, no less productively than those who upheld his work, and pointed out its elements of novelty and lasting worth.

The critic's place in the department of progress is in the bureau of publicity and promotion. He is the literary artist who does something to intervene between art-ideals but half formulated and a public seeking for a practicable standpoint. He is an indispensable ingredient in the brew. He is a catalyptic substance, not himself entering into the combination, but by his presence facilitating the combination of other substances which under the stimulation of his presence recognize their affinity and act upon it. The new combination resulting is that of the composer and his public. Meanwhile the critic himself still remains one side, independent, unaffected, and ready to preside over a new combination. He is like a newspaper, — a something to be condemned, to be reviled, to be dreamed about, but still indispensable. Civilization without criticism is inconceivable. It is not the motive power; it is not even a donkey-engine for aiding in stowing cargo, though at times it appears to aid in this office. It is a sort of lookout in the bows, whose office is done when by clear seeing the question, "What of the night?" has been discreetly and truthfully answered.

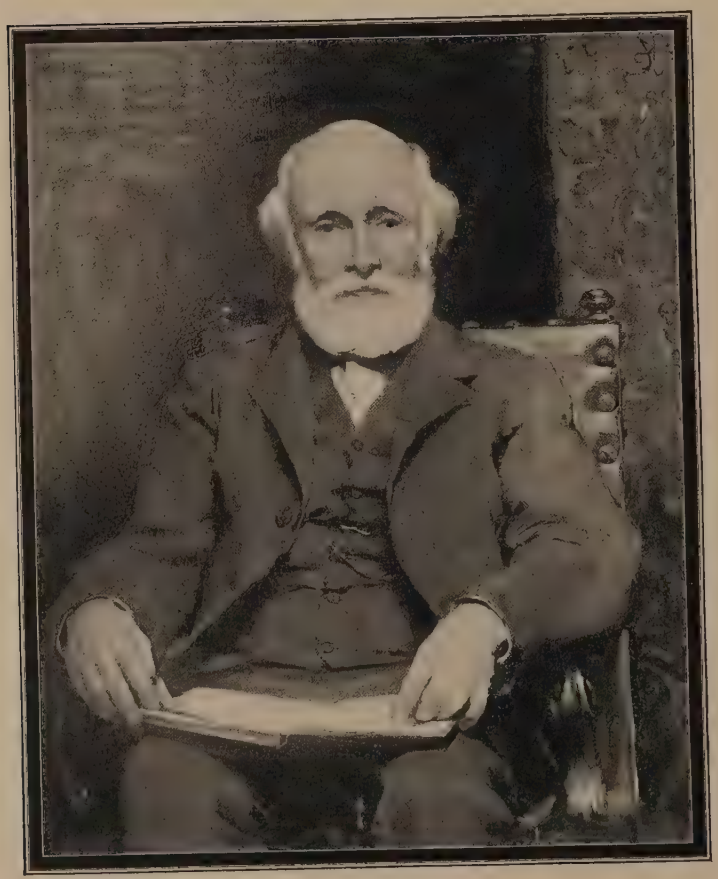
Meanwhile the critic ought to realize that in art

and life progress is the never-failing rule; that nothing has been fully found out, and the future has the main store of beauty still within its unfathomable grasp. The most we can look for is a glimpse now and then of novel peaks in the delectable mountains of our art; and for recognizing these when the fogs happen to part, one should keep his eyes and his head in sound state, and his heart in tuneful sympathy with the ideal, the everlasting, and the true.

W. S. B. Mathews.

[ADDITION BY THE EDITOR.]

[Among American writers upon musical subjects the name of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews is widely known. Mr. Mathews began to write upon musical subjects immediately upon his settling in Chicago, in 1867, and in 1868 edited the *Musical Independent*, published by Lyon & Healy. This enterprising and useful paper was suppressed by the great Chicago fire; and from about 1876 to 1886 Mr. Mathews wrote musical criticisms upon the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Morning News* (now the *Record*), and the *Tribune*. In 1890 he retired from newspaper work, and in 1891 founded the magazine called *Music*, which is still flourishing. Mr. Mathews's work is properly more that of a teacher than of a critic, subject matter of music interesting him more than mere qualities of performance; but he has exerted a great influence in criticism also.]



JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

THE
GREAT CONDUCTORS

CONDUCTORS AND CONDUCTING

IN many senses, music is a new art — a youngling only four or five centuries out of its minority. But if music is a new art, conducting is a newer. And the conductor is a development of less than one century.

Perhaps it might be more strictly true to explain that conducting is, for all its novelty, not by any means the invention of our century, but rather a revival — or, as a contrapuntist might phrase it, an old theme's reappearance "in augmentation." For as a certain non-polyphonic music has existed for untold ages, and as the singing of choruses began at a time when man's memory runneth not back to the contrary, you may be sure that the first conductor was some primeval personage whose hirsute appearance would put to shame the best sweep of back hair that our own musical Samsons can cultivate. The beginnings of the drama are to be sought, they say, in that time-befogged occasion when the first drunken reveler presumed to leap upon the altar of the god of wine, and indulged in rhapsodies to which a groundling hiccoughed repartee with such success that the impromptu became an institution. So the origin of time-beating must be granted to the very abysm and backward of the past; for it is evident that if a decent college yell cannot to this day be achieved unless some scarlet-faced, rag-throated youth rises to the fore with a bright-ribboned bâton and a husky "Now all together"! the need of some metronomist must have been felt early in history, particularly in the songs of worship and the camp-fire shivarees — the time of the actual march songs could well be kept by what military folk call the "cadence" of the feet. Indeed, Berlioz tells of an occasion when he despaired of quickening the blood of a senile chorus leader sufficiently to keep him in time with the proper speed of a certain orchestral work, and hit upon the device of having the chorus, which was hidden in the wings of the theater, simulate marching, and actually "mark time" at the proper speed.

Beating time thus with the feet was one of the earliest forms of the high art of the conductor; and in Roman days the worthy who wore wooden shoon or metal, and clogged the time on a sonorous board, was called Pedicularius.

Some form of time-beating must have existed, too, in the performance of those masterpieces of Greek — "tragedy," it is called, though it would more truly be termed grand opera, for, after all, Æschylos, Sophokles, and the others were in complete fact musicians who, like Wagner, wrote their own librettos. The "books of the opera" are all we have left. Of the music, time has not spared us even the "gems," to say nothing of the full score.

The Greeks called the leader of their choruses a coryphaeus, a word that has lost a deal of its severity in the course of time. Among the Romans there was a functionary who kept the rhythm with a clapping of hands, sometimes enforced with bones or shells like castanets. And he was called a Manuductor, — a good name for those shallow-souled leaders of orchestras who are good for nothing more spiritual than the waving of a stick through the air.

This castanetted leader must have made a deal of noise, a thing imputed nowadays a severe fault, Berlioz, indeed, objecting strenuously (he did everything strenuously) even to the soft preliminary tap on the desk some conductors use to call their orchestras to order; he protested at the same time against that obtrusion of the public tuning of instruments indulged in with weird cacophony by almost every band, and known to fame from the one person who ever expressed a liking for it, as "the king's piece."

The conductor has become more and more noiseless with the progress of musical civilization; though as late as 1768 it is evident that he struck his desk at every measure, for at that date Rous-

seau was objecting because the auditor at the opera in Paris was "shocked by the continual and disagreeable noise made by him who beats the measure."

After Roman times the conductor disappears into the gloaming of the Middle Ages. He reappears hazily in the fifteenth century traditions of the Sistine Chapel after an isolated twinkle in an ancient manuscript picturing old Frauenlob, or Heinrich von Meissen, seated on a raised place, and beating time with a long stick in his left hand, and one finger of his right hand extended. A choir is ranged below him, two or three of whom are acting apparently as assistant conductors. Frauenlob is believed to have founded the Meistersinger; at any rate, he founded a guild of singers at Mainz in 1311.

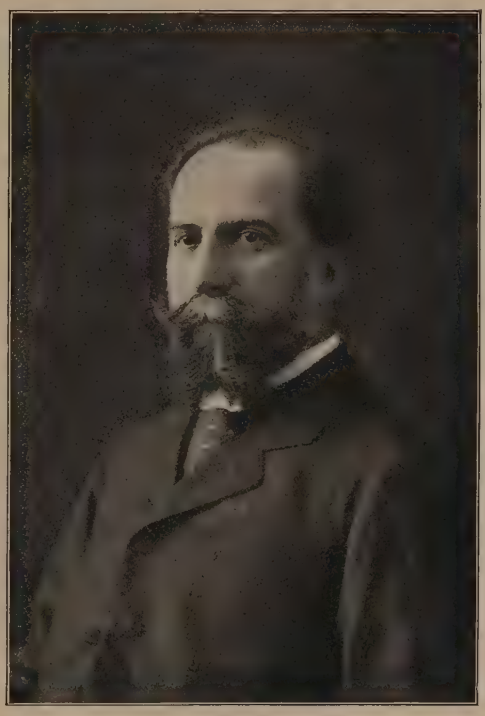
As music became more systematized and musicians more sophisticate, the need of a separate time-beater seemed to diminish; and generally the conductor laid aside his bâton, or *solfa* as it was once called, and became one of the instrumentalists, going to the harpsichord, from which he superintended the tempi, alternating between striking chords and leading the other musicians. This method of conducting was developed in the early Italian opera, and was possibly used in what is believed to be the first of all operas, Peri's "Dafne" (though even the trio of revolutionists that conspired to the making of this work called their innovation a revival of the manner of the ancient Greeks, who, they said, "sang their tragedies throughout on the stage"). "Dafne" had its first performance privately in 1597, the year, by the way, when "Romeo and Juliet" was printed in a pirated edition.

LA TRAGÉDIE—GREEK CHORUS. *François Flameng.*

As late as 1651 the beating of time with the bâton independently still persisted; for a harpsichord made by Andreas Ruckers of Antwerp, and plainly dated 1651, has upon its soundboard a painting representing an orchestra of monkeys, one of whom stands erect, and waves a short stick. But the use of the harpsichord by the conductor was coexistent with the use of the bâton, and in certain places quite superseded it, though never entirely; for a statement by Johann Bährs of Nürnberg would show that in 1719 conducting with the bâton or a roll of music prevailed, and an engraving published at Nürnberg previous to 1725 presents a conductor with a score before him and a roll of music in each hand. Beneath him is an inscription which might well be a motto for conductors, "Myself silent, I cause the music I control." Other engravings show a similar method, or represent the conductor with a violin in hand.

Conducting with a violin was doubtless employed by Lulli when he first went to Paris, and became Monsieur Lully, the most French of the

French, and the founder of French grand opera; for he was first a leader of a corps of violinists and the organizer of the best orchestra in France. In his operas later he made use of harpsichord conducting, substituting for the *recitativo secco* of his native Italy, the accompanied recitative since characteristic of French opera.



WILHELM GERICKE.

This method was taken to England probably by Lully's pupil, Pelham Humphreys, who ridiculed his countrymen, according to Pepys, for the bad time they kept. Germany doubtless learned the art of conducting, as she learned the art of painting, from native masters who got their schooling in Italy. Heinrich Schütz was studying in Italy from 1609 to 1612; and in 1615 he was Kapellmeister at Dresden, where he developed, through many vicissitudes, a good orchestra. Schütz was dead two years before the great conductor Reinhard Keiser was born. Keiser was the director of the opera at Hamburg; and when debt drove him into hiding, Händel, who was a young violinist of eighteen, took his place at the harpischord as conductor. This method he carried to England with him.

I have surmised that Lully conducted first with a violin and later from the harpischord. Eventually the two instruments were used in collaboration, the violinist standing by and indicating the time by the movements of the bow and of the head of the violin, as the leader of a small theater orchestra does to-day. From this function the violinist got the name of "leader" or "Concertmeister," which still persist. So important a personage did this leading violinist become that Wilhelm Cramer on one occasion peremptorily declined to obey the bâton of Dr. Phillip Hayes. Hayes died in 1797. It was in 1791 that Haydn was in England giving concerts at which he presided at the harpsichord, while the violinist Salomon beat the time as leader; it was for this personage, who was both manager and leader, that the "Salomon Symphonies" were written. In Mr. Henderson's valuable book on "The Orchestra" it is stated that "The Creation" was given at Vienna in 1808, with Kreutzer at the harpsichord and Salieri as leader; and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" was given there in 1815, with Umlauf at the piano and Wranitzky as leader; while Zelter was accustomed to beating time at the Berlin Singakademie with a pupil assisting at the harpsichord.

In 1820 Spohr, a violinist himself, came to London, and participated in four concerts with the Philharmonic Society, which had been founded seven years before. At the first concert the program designates, "Leader, Mr. Salomon; at the pianoforte Mr. Clementi." [Among the other conductors have been Cherubini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Wagner, Gounod, and Richter.] Spohr, at the third of his concerts, would, according to precedent, have been the leader of the violins, while Ries presided at the piano. Spohr, however, being eager to secure an especially good rendition of a MSS. symphony he had written in London, prevailed upon the directors, with some difficulty, to let him lead with a bâton. This was the first appearance of the conductor's stick at a Philharmonic concert, though the practice must have been growing on the Continent. The new *régime* was now fairly launched, though as late as 1829 we find Mendelssohn conducting a symphony at a Philharmonic concert from the piano. The piano is not commonly considered an entirely satisfactory instrument in the orchestra; and we may

be glad that the conducting of symphonies from the piano-stool is no longer in vogue. It was not until 1846, however, that the name of the leader ceased to be given with that of the conductor, and ahead of it, in fact. In the old days a further disadvantage was the fact that the leader rarely led two concerts in succession. The innovation brought to London by Spohr for concerts did not obtain at the opera until Chelard came to conduct a German opera company in 1832.

ARTHUR NIKISCH.

Wagner, in his book "On Conducting," from which I must be constantly quoting (since along with Berlioz' "Chef-d'Orchestre" and Gevaert's and Prout's works, it belongs to the four gospels of orchestral scripture), says that in the days of his youth — he was born in 1813 — "orchestral pieces at the celebrated Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts were not conducted at all; they were simply played through under the leadership of Concertmeister Mathai, like overtures and entr'actes at a theater. At least there was no 'disturbing individuality' in the shape of a conductor."

From the position of a mere time-beating, chord-striking nonentity, who had little or nothing to say of interpretation, to the modern conductor, with his despotic authority and his ethereal "readings," is a long step. With all its evils, the step has made for progress. It has not wanted most enthusiastic and cordial opposition; that is a thing which progress never has lacked.

The autocratic position of the conductor is objected to by some critics who sneer at his poetry and carp at his presuming to give "interpretations," though it is hard to see why interpretation is to be despised, or how it is to be avoided; for if music is anything more than machinery, or a progression of cogs and bands, it must be informed with spontaneity and conviction. To have spontaneity and conviction it must be digested and then spun out (as a spider digests flies and then spins them out as gossamer). In that spinning out, assimilation and personality play an inevitable part. In fact, he who gives an academic reading is actually doing so because his soul is non-individual, is academic, unspontaneous, cold. Be sure of one thing, that the man who rails at the individuality of another is doing so because he is otherwise, and radically otherwise, constituted.

Of course there is always a possibility of excess; and the evil extreme has been vigorously rebuked by Mr. William F. Apthorp, who writes: "The modern conductor actually commands the orchestra under him, holds it, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, plays upon it as if it were one instrument. He can fairly say, 'L'orchestre c'est moi!' Conscious of his newly found duty to 'interpret' the work he conducts, appreciating his right and power to 'be a poet,' he is sorely tempted to look upon the performance as really his own, and not the orchestra's; that is, to look upon it as an individual outpouring, not as the resultant of the concerted energy and feeling of the players under him. All the initiative is his, everything is done in his way, except the occasional solo passages, where, no matter how obedient the player, at least something of that player's individuality can hardly help showing itself. It seems to me that this attitude of the modern conductor is at the bottom of much of what I will venture to call the lawlessness of modern orchestral performance in general. As the conductor looks upon the orchestra as an instrument whereon to play — with his bâton — he

gets insensibly to look upon himself as, to all intents and purposes, a solo performer, and is thus naturally tempted to arrogate to himself all the license that properly belongs to one. Here lies the trouble . . . For he strikes at one of the very roots of orchestral performance, which latter is essentially concerted and not personal."

Against this view must be quoted that of Berlioz, who names the necessary gifts without which "power, empire, and guiding influence completely fail him," and goes on to say, "The performers should feel that he feels, comprehends, and is moved: then his emotion communicates itself to those whom he directs, his inward fire warms them, his electric glow animates them, his force of impulse excites them; he throws around him the vital irradiations of musical art. If he be inert and frozen, on the contrary, he paralyzes all about him, like those floating masses of the polar seas, the approach of which is perceived through the sudden cooling of the atmosphere. His task is a complicated one. He has not only to conduct in the spirit of the author's intentions, a work with which the performers have already become acquainted, but he has also to give them this acquaintance, when the work in question is new to them. He has to criticise the errors and defects of each of them during the rehearsals, and to organize the resources at his disposal in such a way as to make the best use he can of them with the utmost promptitude. For, in the majority of European cities nowadays, musical artisanship is so ill-distributed, performers so ill-paid, and the necessity of study so little understood, that economy of time should be reckoned among the most imperative requisites of the orchestral conductor's art."

EMIL PAUR.

Those who object to the autocracy of conductors and their "readings" complain chiefly of individuality in the interpretation of the classics. This is the stranger in view of the fact that some sort of "reading" is in this case absolutely unavoidable; for the earlier works are lacking in tempo marks. The fathers of music wrote their compositions for choruses or orchestras of which they were members, and could accordingly dictate the movement they desired. The lack of standard in the arrangement of orchestras, which retarded for so long the development of instrumentation, kept the matter of tempo also chaotic. Bach used only one tempo mark in his two volumes of the "Well-Tempered Clavier" — the word "largo," which referred rather to the spirit than the time. Even on the occasions when these words were more freely used, they were used vaguely and contradictorily. There is a dispute even now, for instance, between musical lexicographers as to the significance of "andante;" the word means, of course, literally "going," and some have maintained that "andante molto" means a rather rapid rate while others have held that it meant a very slow one. Similarly the word "andantino" literally means slower than "andante," while others use it of a slightly more rapid movement. Furthermore, the context must always be considered: "Lento" in a Chopin Valse amounting to "allegretto" elsewhere; and "moderato" having a very different meaning in 3—2 time from that it bears in 3—8 time.

The desire for some standard was long felt, and many experiments were made before the year 1816 brought Maelzel the opportunity of stealing and patenting Winkel's invention and winning immortality in the letters "M.M." But even the metronome is meant to give only a hint of the time, and not a rigid rule.

Beethoven dealt with it humoristically in a familiar work; and Wagner, after using it for a time, found it so misleading that he discarded it completely.

The metronome itself then gives only a general average of movement; and, though a Mendelssohn now and then furiously opposes any deviation from this standard time except at places specifically indicated, the more romantic composers, notably Wagner, who upbraided Mendelssohn's attitude bitterly, have besprinkled their compositions with *accel.* and *rit.* It is impossible, too, at least for me, to believe that the old classics, when they were red-blooded with life, did not compose and conduct with much license to the mood. Nothing is so disheartening and enervating as inelastic tempo; and Wagner insists that the only reason for the success of Beethoven's works, or at least their escape from the hands of the ultra-classic conductors, is the fact that his scores had been published for the piano and their real virtue thus learned.

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ANTON SEIDL.

With the older composers, then, it is absolutely necessary that the conductor make his choice of tempi, for in the case of most of them there is no tradition more authentic than a verdict long *post mortem*. Gluck and a few others have had their own tempi preserved in the traditions at Paris, the Händelian ideas have been preserved at London; but such luck is rare. The importance of finding the correct — or a correct — tempo is vital, for upon it may depend the entire appeal of a composition. It is only necessary to reel off Hamlet's soliloquy on death at a glib rate, or to drone Mercutio's fantasy on Queen Mab, to realize the all-important virtues and vices of tempo. Wagner tells how a work of his, which was heartily applauded when he conducted it, was hissed under the misguidance of another director (Reinecke), and he records with delight an experience he had in conducting the overture to "Der Freischütz." The adagio of the introduction had been habitually taken, he says, as a pleasant or comfortable andante. When he interpreted it with its proper deliberation, an old 'cellist told him he now heard it correctly for the first time since von Weber's death, while von Weber's widow, he says, "became touchingly solicitous for my welfare in the position of Kapellmeister."

As the orchestra increases in variety and virtuosity the conductor's difficulties increase. The mere ground of these difficulties is astounding to one who does not know their details, or has never stopped to consider them. They have been well described by one of our finest poets, Sidney Lanier, who — O rare poet! — also knew something of the actualities of music, and was an orchestral performer, — a flutist if the horrible truth must be told (and one who predicted that "the time is not far distant when the twenty violins of an orchestra will be balanced by twenty flutes," and who wanted women to play them, since their delicate lips gave them a peculiar advantage). Lanier worded the complexity of conducting vividly, in his volume "Music and Poetry" (Scribner's): "The conductor must read simultaneously all the bars written for each class of the instruments in his orchestra, the notes being written under each other, those for the piccolo and flutes at the top, those for the double-basses at the bottom, and the rest between. But this large collection of notes which have thus to be instantaneously read, is written not only in different keys, but in different clefs; the horns and clarinets may each be playing in different keys from the other instruments; the tenor trombones will be playing notes written upon a still different system; the violoncellos, notes written

upon a still different system; the double-basses and bassoons and bass-trombones and drums, notes written yet upon another system. And this is not half; for while the conductor's eye is reading these notes his ear has to watch over each of his sixty to a hundred and fifty instruments, and instantly report the least failure of one to play exactly what is written; and this is not nearly all; for besides, the conductor's arm must keep up the unceasing beats of time, and must make the different expression signs, i.e., the signals for loud or soft, slower or faster, and the like. Fancy, in other words, that you had a class in elocution, of sixty pupils, all of whom simultaneously read aloud to you, — some in Greek, some in Hebrew, some in French, some in Latin, some in English — and that the least fault in pronouncing any of these languages, or the least error even in intonation or inflection, must be detected. This is a fair analogy of the labor of the orchestral conductor."

The conductor apparently must know the army of instruments under him. Though I heard of one rising genius who while conducting was overcome with horror, *coram populo*, at finding the clarinets all askew with the other parts, and only learned later that such things as transposing instruments abounded. He thereupon speedily and surreptitiously took to the text-books. He could not have gone long, however, without a rude and public awakening at some rehearsal; for orchestra parts are notoriously fallible, and the conductor must play errand-boy to and from his desk, writing in correct notes where the copyist has nodded.

The ideal conductor will know much about all the instruments. He gains a power not to be had otherwise by being able to play them, or play at them. Haydn played many instruments, but confessed that he was "no conjurer on any instrument." Mozart, like Bach, was a multifarious virtuoso; at the age of fourteen he gave a concert in which, among other minor matters like conducting a symphony of his own and playing at first sight a clavichord concerto, he would improvise and sing an aria on the clavichord, and improvise a violin part in a trio. Beethoven played the violin, the viola, and the organ as well as the piano. Gluck played the harpsichord, the violin, and the 'cello, preferring the last; he also sang. Lully played the guitar as well as the violin. Niels W. Gade played the guitar, the organ, piano and the violin. Berlioz, so marvelous a virtuoso in composition, could play only the guitar and the flageolet — of all instruments! Wagner played the piano no better than he wrote for it. Conducting was his livelihood and he had a deal of the most unpleasant sort to do, and had also no little distinction apart from his career as composer to the Future. (This screed of mine, indeed, is written just two doors from the house where Wagner lived when he was conducting the London Philharmonic concerts.) He was also a notable figure in the formation and direction of conductors. Of his school and influence are Richter, Seidl, Mottl, Hermann Levi who was given the accolade of conducting the first performance of Parsifal at Bayreuth, and Felix Weingartner, who has been a prominent figure among the knights errant of Wagner's Round Table. In this work Liszt too had a large part, for he was a great conductor, according

WALTER DAMROSCH.

to Wagner, who, before they had become friends, heard Liszt rehearsing "Tannhäuser" and wrote: "I was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in creating this music he felt in performing it." In this last sentence resides a canon of the art of conducting.

The most important endowment of a conductor is the ear analytical; for conducting is largely a matter of what the chemists would call qualitative and quantitative analysis. Those who have first undertaken to vivisect an orchestral volume of tone will well remember the effort to distinguish between the oboe and the English horn (which is

CARL ZERRAHN.

really a lower oboe), between the low tones of the flute and the clarinets; to decide that a certain effect is produced by the bassoons doubling the 'cellos, and the flutes the first violins; as the painter with an analytic eye picks out of a patch of green grass the gamut of colors it runs. The conductor must have not only the analytic ear but what one might call an imaginative and synthetic ear. He must be able to construct in constant variety a stream of tone that shall never be an opaque and monotonous color, but shall be constantly varied as the surface of a river which reflects the differing greens of the bank and the shifting humors of the sky. No composer is so antiquated that he should be denied this saving variety; it is essential to his vitality, and it can always be obtained without desecration of the score, by the mere study of balancing and changing the balance of the tone, altering the relative values of the different instruments and choirs of instruments.

This is the poetical and creative realm of conducting. There is a very important field of negative and critical activity. The conductor must have an alert mind for defects due to laziness or ill-timed ardor on the part of his cohort. He must spot the violinist who is out of tune, the contrabassist who is slovenly, the oboist who is addicted to the "goose," or *couac* as the French term the accidental squawk of reed instruments; he must have a special watch for that besetting sin of orchestral performers, the skipping, simplifying, or transposing of difficult leaps and passages. He must, so to speak, be making constant diagnoses; and as the success of a practicing physician depends upon his instinct for glancing at a husky throat or a coated tongue or a syncopated pulse, and telling whether it is the liver, the kidneys, the spleen, the stomach, the heart, or the imagination that is to blame; so the success of a practical conductor will depend upon his ability to make a diagnosis of his orchestra in all pathological conditions, and decide whether the trouble is due to anaemia or hyperaemia; whether the remoter desks of the second violins are too young, or the first violinist too old; whether amputation or grafting is necessary; whether special exercise and rehearsal are needed by certain members or no. The necessity for a radical reconstruction of an orchestra frequently confronts its conductor. Meyerbeer engaged a new flutist, and paid him out of his own pocket, on one occasion; and it is only a step of this kind or of radical removal of some offending element that can sometimes save a conductor's prestige, for the only possible way of judging a conductor is by the musical effect he produces.

Discipline and drill are often the only requirements of a poor orchestra. Without training together, a hundred virtuosos would make outlandish cacophony. The chief aim of practice for a pianist should be the perfection of his physical welfare to such a point that in the public concert the small details of finger dexterity and dynamics shall be taken care of subconsciously, leaving the upper brain free to revel in the larger matters of phrasing and interpretation. The same ideal should govern the conductor; and the rehearsals should be as frequent and as careful as the endowment of the orchestra can be stretched to permit. Any

HERMANN LEVI.

well-equipped band can give some sort of performance of any work at first sight. This fact is likely to mislead organizations into merely perfunctory and nominal rehearsal, which results naturally in careless, and therefore repellent, performances of classics, and a slothful and stupid attitude toward novelties.

Such great drill-masters as Spontini find their orchestras mobs and leave them regiments. Mendelssohn had his orchestra under such discipline that he would frequently lay down the bâton after the first measure or two, and leave the orchestra to keep of itself the paces he had so strongly set at rehearsal. Richter is fond of laying aside the bâton in what would ordinarily be considered a crucial rhythm, — the movement in five-four tempo in Tschaïkowski's Pathetic Symphony (see article on "Symphonies"); while, according to Mr. John F. Runciman, Lamoureux had his musicians under such training that there was an "entire absence of that murmur which one has come to regard as characteristic of the orchestra," that murmur being due to the numberless and "continuous slight discords caused by some of the players being various degrees in front, and others various degrees behind; the scratching produced by uncertain bowing, or by an unfortunate fiddler finding himself a little behind the general body, and making a savage rush to catch them up; the hissing of panting flutists; and the barnyard noises produced by exhausted oboe-players." Mr. Runciman believes that precision can become excessive, and that a little irregularity is preferable to an "appalling lucidity."

One of the indirect, and yet most acceptable, benefits of exhaustive rehearsal is the repose of manner it permits the conductor, as nothing is more trying or inartistic than the obtrusion upon the sight of the audience of a frantic figure all arms and hair trying to keep his stars in their courses; he resembles and suggests the leader of a forlorn hope trying to rally his panic-stricken heroes under imminent defeat and disaster. There is something singularly reassuring and comforting in the quietude, even though it verge on stolidity, of a Thomas or a Richter.

There is also a comfortable feeling that a conductor has studied his score well and will give a spontaneous interpretation of it, when one sees him conduct from memory. This custom is believed to have originated in the great head on little von Bülow's shoulders.

An immediate and delightful benefit of discipline is the surety of attack. Anton Seidl, whose lack of discipline was by some critics fiercely upbraided, was the only conductor I ever heard give a sharp yet delicate attack on the opening chord of that omnipresent trifle, Grieg's "Anitra's Dance;" the effect was inexpressibly delicious. A constant obstacle to precision of attack at the beginning of a movement is a foolish superstition in some orchestras that there is something undignified in having the conductor beat a preliminary measure; the result is that these bands frequently "get away" like a badly-trained boat crew.

Precision of attack, whether upon the beginning of a movement, a phrase, or a measure, depends largely upon the nicety with which the conductor marks the time. An ambiguous and wavering bâton is sure to produce a slovenly and bewildered

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performance. This is not the place to go into the technic of batonation. The curious can find elaborate diagrams in their Grove, Riemann, and Berlioz; but it is evident that the process becomes somewhat complex in beating twelve-eighth time, or seven beats in a measure, or syncopation.

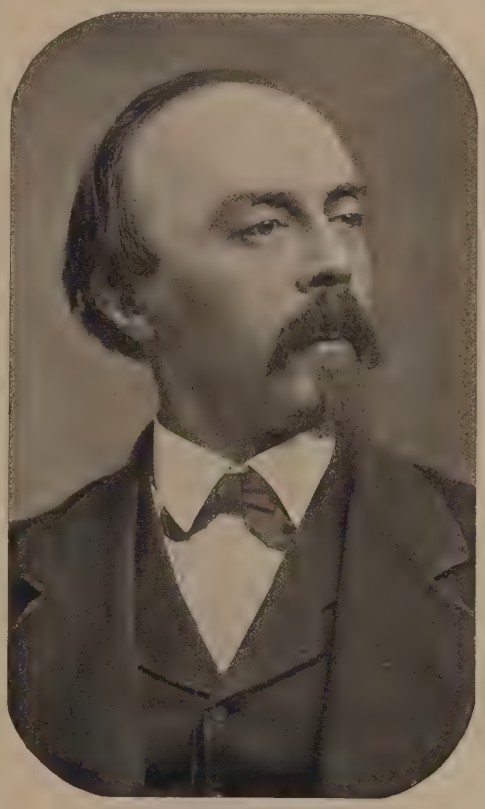
The ballroom scene of "Don Giovanni" has three bands playing in three different rhythms simultaneously. In the conducting of hidden choruses with orchestral accompaniments electricity has been brought to the rescue. The fact might be emphasized, to the diminution of conductorial gyration, that it is sufficient to use only wrist movements for the actual mechanics of time-beating, reserving the arm for the broader phases of interpretation.

The physical side of conducting can hardly be too much considered. The conductor has it in his power to do one of three things: fill the eye pleasantly, and heighten the impression of the music with his own presence; sink his personality, and nullify his presence to such a point that he is hardly thought of, and the music itself gains all the attention; comport himself with such violence and awkwardness that the music is heard as through a spasm, darkly. Of the first sort Nikisch and Kaltenborn are notable for their graceful, yet serious and poseless appearance, gesticulating — you might say, interpretatively, and with congeniality to the mood of the music. In the second class belong sober and trustworthy veterans like Thomas and Richter. In the third — but perhaps it would be better to name no names here; we know only too well the frenzied personages who brandish a bâton like the whip of Tisiphone, and belabor the atmosphere as Michelangelo used to assail the block of marble in which he saw an imprisoned ideal. It is one thing to employ this maniacal assault and battery upon the cowering musicians and the stupefied audience for such an effect as that Beethoven sought when, in certain climaxes, he would crouch down on his platform, and at the last moment of the crescendo spring fiercely to his full length (his full length was not much, but the effect was startling); it is one thing to grow violent at the climaxes, but what excuse is there for the habit some conductors have of gathering themselves into catapults, and letting fly full force at the tympanist when all that is desired is a subdued flutter, or of wreaking their whole energy upon the extraction of a weary tootle from the oboes? The logical reduction of this practice of obtrusive personality must have been reached in the conducting of Jullien (adored of Berlioz). He had his jeweled bâton and a pair of new kid gloves publicly handed to him on a silver salver, and heightened the effect of climaxes by having garden rollers run over sheets of iron, and red fire set off to add thunder and lightning. He conducted with such melodramatic ferocity that one humorous paper, fearing that he would kill himself by the violence that used to drop him exhausted into a velvet chair at the end of a number, proposed that, "in order to save his strength and the nerves of the audience he should have a corps of aides-de-camp stationed around his position. They should convey his instructions to the different wings of the orchestra. If the triangle did not advance sufficiently quick, an aide-de-camp should be dispatched to him, with orders to step out a little quicker. If the ophicleide came out a little too strong, another aide-de-camp should be sent to him, with a request to retreat rapidly, and fall back upon the piccolo. These musical officers would ease Jullien of the heavier part of his labors, and spare the public the painful sight of a conductor brow-beating — for it is a curious fact that should be noted that Jullien's brows beat time beautifully — his grand army of instruments around him."

FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN.

Conducting that attracts attention excessively or unpleasantly has the final demerit of making the conductor an interloper between the composer and his audience; he becomes a befogger and bemuddler instead of an interpreter and elucidator; he is, in fact, to use an electrician's phrase bordering dangerously on a pun and a bull, a non-conductor. It is such gymnasts that justify the hidden orchestra idea.

The conductor, who must stand so many tests, is again tested by his sense of rhythm, which is the life-throb of music, and the proof of the circulation of its blood, and by his sense of the dynamics of music, particularly of climax. The conductor who knows no delicacy below a mezzo-forte, and the conductor who has a pianissimo and a fortissimo but no gradation between, and the conductor who makes so much of minor climaxes that nothing is left for the *dénouement*, and the conductor to whom a genuine nuance is unknown, are so common that they make up the great mass. Berlioz complains of the leader who reduces everything to a moderato, until one believes that his "blood seems to circulate moderato;" and of him who exaggerates gradations until the gradations become blemishes, and the "accents yells;" and Wagner complains of those who love to take a final allegro at such speed that they "worry it to death."



HANS VON BULOW.

No conductor is completely equipped who has not a true fortissimo which he can sustain without flagging, a true pianissimo which does not lose intensity or sustentation, and a large series of shades between. Climaxes may be secured in the manner of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony or of Beethoven's frequent *sforzati;* climaxes of equal power may be had by abrupt pianissimi; but the noblest effects are secured by a gradual cumulation of power capped with a sharp crag of thunderous sublimity. This climax requires such control, such repression with expressure, and such a deliberation and fullness of resource, that it is almost the rarest possession to be found among conductors.

The subtleties of transition are numerous and trying. It is possible to prepare for an andante in the midst of the fierceness of an allegro, and *vice versa;* and while Mr. Henry T. Finck has a certain right to make his iconoclastic remark that "the separate movements in a symphony or a sonata have no more real connection than the separate cars of a railroad train," yet there is just so much the more reason why a conductor should employ all his adroitness in seeming to connect the successive movements, and justifying by some artistic logic even the most whimsical and radical alterations of time and spirit. Wagner devotes several pages to suggestions in this matter. Mr. Runciman phrased the idea well when he said, in speaking of a performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony: "There was not one of these remote and almost imperceptible leashes which M. Lamoureux did not, with infinite deftness, discover and utilize in the binding of his most noble composition into its right and significant coherence."

Nuances are to music what rosy cheeks and willowy grace, and all the fascinations of coquetry or tenderness, are to womanly thralldom. They make the difference between a portrait in which the informality and magnetism of the subject are happily caught, and one in which his head is bound fast in a clamp while he sits amid photo-

graph-gallery scenery on a rustic chair and reads, with an inhuman expression, a photograph-gallery book. The poor composer is, in the conductor's hands, a sitter for a portrait to be publicly exhibited. It is in the power of the conductor to make him either a living thinker or an insensate and glassy dummy out of a wax-works show.

The opportunities for nuance are too infinite for particular mention. Under this head come all the momentary thrills and digressions and outbursts, as well as the color and mood of whole phrases. Take the first few measures of the *Vorspiel* to "Tristan und Isolde" for a familiar example; beginning with a single voice, there is a crescendo ending in a sforzando, which is generally taken as an abrupt and harsh shock. But *sf.* is a term always relative to the context, and this particular

CAMILLE CHEVILLARD.

example is surely meant to be a soft shudder of mingled love and anguish; so Anton Seidl took it and so does Richter, who, by the way, begins this *Vorspiel* with the greatest ritenution I have ever heard employed, seeming, in the case of almost every note, to follow out the idea of Wagner, who quotes an imaginary utterance of the ghost of Beethoven admonishing, "Hold my fermata firmly, terribly! I did not write fermatas in jest, . . . then shall the very life of the tone be squeezed out to the last drop of blood" (*"dann soll das Leben des Tones bis auf seinen letzten Blutstropfen aufgezogen werden"*).

But the ritenuto is not the only way of producing an emotional effect. A sudden flurry of allegro in a slow movement will often procure a splendid thrill: for want of a better illustration, let me refer to the opening phrases of the barytone solo in the beginning of the vocal parts of the Ninth Symphony. The cadenza, when taken in strict time, produces an effect of the most artificial and trivial Italian bravura; taken with a liberal rubato, beginning almost presto and ending majestically, it becomes what it was meant to be, an exultant, passionate outpouring of joy.

Music for the orchestra is bound to be more or less contrapuntal. The decision as to the relative importance of simultaneous voices, or the themes, is one that often requires a Solomon-like judgment. Some conductors seem to take seriously Solomon's device of calling into play the sword; and the infant which they cannot rightly place they cut into bits, and distribute, with unsatisfying effect. It is sometimes possible to keep a number of voices equally prominent, though the effect is likely to confuse the non-analytical mind, while the trained hearer can always select from the subdued accompaniment of the principal theme the counterpoint the composer is driving at. It seems to me that the two opposing schools are typified in Mottl and Richter, at least in Wagner music; Mottl seeming to be engaged in carrying along on an equal footing the different themes and the different choirs of instruments, while Richter aims rather to keep one element well to the fore, and the others somewhat smothered. The latter is more nearly Wagner's ideal, judging from his constant reiteration of the necessity of lyricism in conducting.

As the conductor's chief function is reduced to its smallest terms, the beating of time, so the time he beats is, in a sense, the sum total of his success or failure. The modifications of tempo and of shading are the fine points of his attainment; but the standard he sets himself in the matter of tempo is the whole skeleton and frame of his being. We have Mendelssohn pretty well summed up as a conductor when we find that his motto was "What goes fast goes well" (*Chi va presto va*

sano), and find Wagner wrought almost frantic by Mendelssohn's impatience of deliberation, and his intolerance of rubato, and find that even Robert Schumann complained to Wagner that he could not enjoy Mendelssohn's performance of the Ninth Symphony because of the speed at which he took it.

And yet there is nothing more exhilarating than a brisk and dashing vivacity at the proper moment, as there is nothing more depressing than the dragging of the tempo until all rhythm is lost and all unity in the droning progress, "which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along." The result of this snail-like enthusiasm is often a direct fatality. Wagner, who complains bitterly of Mendelssohn's way of taking a finale as if he were cracking a whip, is equally rueful of the opposite tendency, which made out of his twelve-minute overture to "Tannhäuser" a twenty-minute ordeal, and stretched the two hours and a half of "Das Rheingold" into three.

FELIX WEINGARTNER.

The making up of programs is a function of the conductor, or at least one in which he plays a very large part. It is in his power to compile a list of compositions that shall test the endurance of the most gluttonous classicist, or to make of his concerts periods of delight and stimulation that shall send the hearer away in a mood, not of over-fed and bloated lethargy, but of exaltation and spiritual refreshment. Some program-makers would seem to believe that the ideal dinner consists of five successive heaps of roast beef with never a wine or a sherbet or a cate to renew hope and brighten the palate. With these monstrosities the giving of concerts is not the promulgation of art, but the submission to the public of Herculean labors; and music is not a delight, but a penance, something to be sat through at all costs of ear-ache, flesh-annoyance, and ill-dissembled boredom.

In his capacity of program-maker, the conductor can also be a king-maker, a Warwick selecting a worthy sovereign from the crowd of contemporary music-makers, and enforcing his claim to public respect. The conductor, it is true, must never forget his sacred prerogative as a priest, constantly elucidating the power and beauty of the classics; but he ought not to forget, on the other hand, that his duty to his generation does not end with keeping the classics bright before it, but includes, also, the high privilege of furthering musical evolution, and of giving voice to the messages locked up in the manuscript scores of new living composers, helpless, mute, and inglorious without the aid and recognition of the conductors in power.

Long after the vibrations of his bâton and the harmonies it has evoked have died away, the memory remains sweet of that conductor who has identified himself with some worthy cause, some worthy personality, and has fought against public and critical inertia or opposition until the unknown composer or the struggling school of music has gained the ear and the heart of its own time and the respectful mention of all posterity, a mention in which the name is not forgotten of the conductor militant.

Though the native composer of America has

found that the typical conductor has established against him a prejudice difficult to overcome, rather than a prejudice in his favor, still this country owes to a few leaders its education, in much less than a century, from a period of downright musical barbarism to a state not so far inferior, all things considered, to that of the average

FELIX MOTTL.

European audience. The condition of things musical in our country in the earlier part of this century would be appalling if it were not so amusing. Not a single conductor of the very first rank has been native to America, except Mr. van der Stucken, and he was educated abroad; he has, by the way, been the most active and spontaneous of conductors in behalf of promulgating the high achievements of American composers, among whom also he is to be given a high place.

Accounts of early concerts in America, and that, too, at a time when Europe was enjoying such mastership as Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Schubert, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Spontini, Spohr, Berlioz, and Rossini, show a condition almost aboriginal. In 1825, when Manuel Garcia — called by one critic of the day, "our musical Columbus" — gave his season of opera in New York, the following criticism of his orchestra is interesting as showing the prevalence of combined piano-conducting and violin-leading: "One soul seemed to inspire and a single hand to guide the whole band throughout the magic mazes of Rossini's most intricate flights, under the direction of Mr. De Luce; while M. Étienne presided in an effective manner at a fine-toned piano, of which every now and then he might be heard to touch the key-note just loud enough to be heard by the orchestra, for whose guidance it was intended." A criticism dated 1833 finds the same state of affairs: "The leader of a large and superior orchestra undertakes a duty *sui generis*. His eye, his ear, his attention, should be everywhere; his own playing is of little consequence; the 'principal second,' as it is termed, will take care of that."

In those days an orchestra of twenty-five was considered "superior." In 1828 only one oboist was known to be at large in all America. In 1835, at the New York opera, this complaint was justified: "The first clarinet has to play the first oboe part, and the second clarinet the part of the first, and, consequently, the second parts of either instrument are not represented. The bassoon has to play a part written for two bassoons, and, consequently, plays notes which, as they were intended in many parts to produce the effect of a duet, are so much nonsense when played by one instrument." In 1831 the overture to "William Tell" could not be properly rendered because there were not six 'cellists to be had, and an English horn and oboes had not been imported. "We once indeed saw a French gentleman named Hulet produce an instrument which he said was a hautboy," says a writer of the time; "but when he proceeded to use it at a rehearsal of sacred music, the most profound musicians doubted its nature, and many disputes took place as to whether it should be included among that species of music known as the cat-call, or whether it was the instrument used in the show called 'Punch and Judy.'"

There is surely something beautifully primeval in the picture of the "most profound musicians" in America as late as 1830 solemnly debating whether an oboe were a cat-call or a humble purveyor of the leading-motives of a Punch and Judy music drama. By 1839, however, two oboes appeared in a wonderful concert with an orchestra of forty-six instruments; and in 1843 a sensation was made by the first English horn.

After this, Yankee enthusiasm turned towards

music; and the development was very rapid, and continues as satisfactorily as is humanly possible. In this growth we owe much to foreign ability, but it requires some inherent fertility to make the labor of the tillers worth while. Take the Wagner crusade as an example. "Tannhäuser" was given in New York in 1859, soon after its first, and before its second, performance in Vienna, and two years before its first notorious performance in Paris, a reputedly artistic city in which "Tristan und Isolde" had its first hearing nearly forty years later.

This early initiation into Wagneria was under Carl Bergmann, who came to America in 1850, not yet thirty years old. In 1848 Theodor Eisfeld and Carl Zerrahn came over as young men; while in 1845 Theodore Thomas arrived as a prodigy at fiddling, aged ten. This was an eventful five years of immigration for the destinies of musical America. These three men developed into just such purveyors of, and insisters on, classic music as the country vitally needed for its soul's salvation from downright musical barbarism. There is much yet to be done; there are whole communities in which orchestral pioneering of the most rudimentary sort is needed; but there are at least a few districts where the musical sophistication is as high as that anywhere abroad. And before one grows unduly meek, and adopts a Uriah Heep 'umbleness regarding our status, he should pause to realize that few of the foreign cities support their best music without liberal aid from the state to supply the liberal annual deficits, and he should remember what odious opposition has met the great geniuses of Europe in the very circles most boastful of their cultivation.

The one certain way of getting the people to like good music is to get them to hear it often. To entice those who are born far from the centers where opportunities abound, it is necessary that it be presented to them in a shape in which they will enjoy it, and want more of it. This is the high and holy mission of the brass band.

I have sketched, or merely silhouetted, the conductor in various aspects. But, as in all the other arts and the other fields of music, analysis and criticism finally resolve themselves down to the impenetrable mystery and inviolable charm of personality. Knowledge is a useful thing, discipline is important, a quick and steady head in the crisis that constantly threatens chaos is a good thing; it is well to have the *tempi* orthodox; it is desirable that in that great organ we call the orchestra, the conductor should know the stops, and have them in such control that the pipes will speak when spoken to without overblowing, stuttering, or ciphering. It is advisable for those intending to be born leaders to select a pleasing presence. But these are but as sounding brass and tinkling triangle if the conductor lack personality. It is inevitable that something go wrong somewhere in every human enterprise — an allwise Providence did not put critics in the world without providing them a means of existence. They do not sing, but carp and caper for their supper. There never was and there never will be a conductor that did not, or will not, furnish fat pasturage for the critics. That is the natural result of the infinite detail of the conductor's province. The same fact is his greatest glory — provided always that he does not get himself lost in this Schwarzwald of detail; provided he is its master and not its victim.

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RICHARD WAGNER AS CHEF D'ORCHESTRE.

From a drawing by Gustave Gaul.

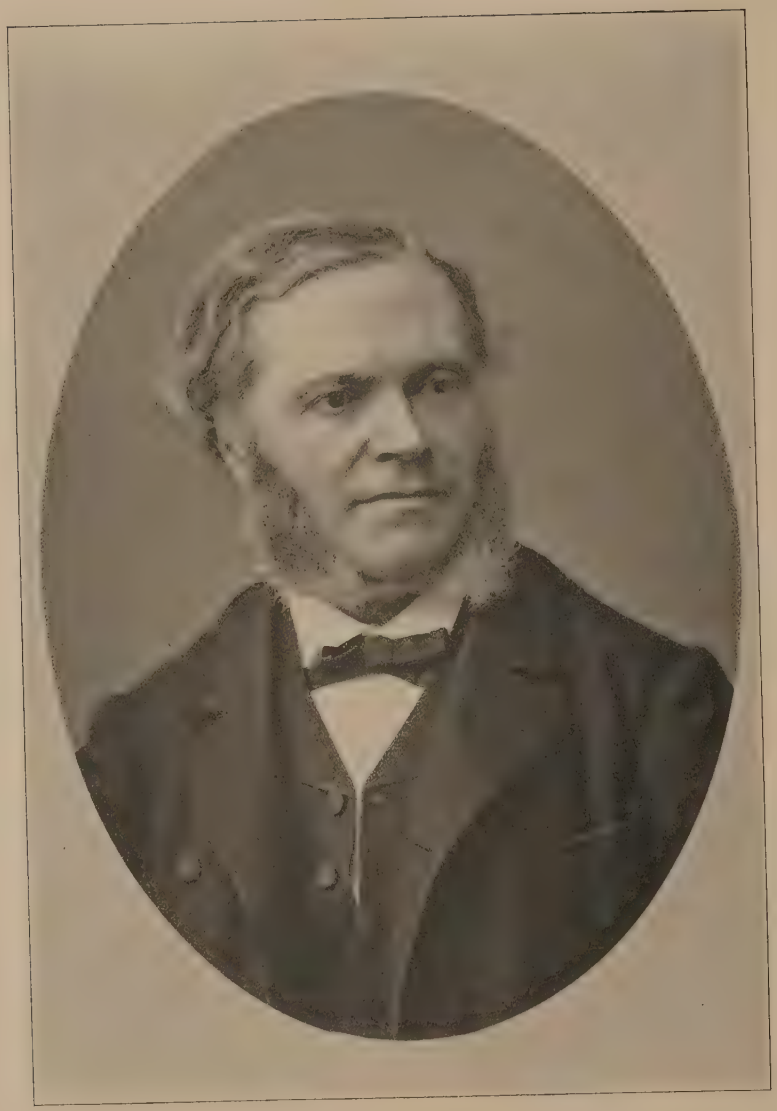
The ideal conductor is he who is not, as originally, a mere manuductor, but is a blacksmith at rehearsal, and a poet at performance. The ideal conducting is that which so perfectly interprets the composer's work that it seems not to be at all the reeling off by rote of another man's ideas, but the eloquent, the impassioned, the convincing,

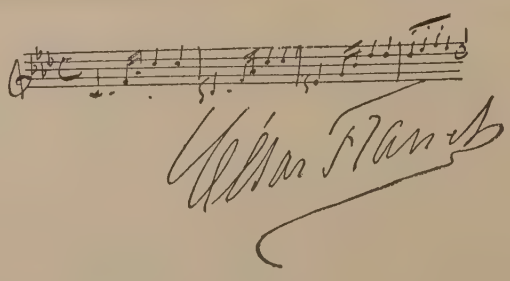
because self-convinced, the spontaneous outpouring of the conductor's own spirit; an inspired improvisation on a lyric instrument of endless resources masterfully employed and unified.

A BRIEF LIST OF FAMOUS CONDUCTORS.

It may be interesting to classify the conductors that have made most fame according to the instruments they have played. The pianists and the violinists have by all odds the best of it. Among those who were originally singers were: Orlando di Lasso (1529–94); J. A. Hasse (1699–1783); Niccola Porpora (1686–1766); Karl Hanke (1754–1835); K. G. Reissiger (1798–1859); Michele Costa (1810–84); J. F. von Herbeck (1831–77); A. Randegger (1832–). Organists: Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672); William Hayes (1706–1777); J. F. Doles (1715–97); Giuseppe Sarti (1729–1802); C. A. Pohlenz (1799–1843); Friedrich Schneider (1786–1853); Franz Lachner (1804–90); Ignaz Lachner (1807–95); H. Esser (1818–72); E. Kretschmer (1830–); Ed. Lassen (1830–); Joseph Barnby (1838–96); H. Kretschmar (1848–). 'Cellists: Julius Rietz (1812–77); H. D. Leslie (1822–96); Luigi Mancinelli (1848–). Flutists: J. A. Hiller (1728–1804), also singer; Carl Zerrahn (1826–). Trumpet-player: G. Martucci (1856–). Clarinetist and Violinist: Augustus Manns (1825–). Oboist: Joseph Gungl (1810–89). French Horn: Hans Richter (1843–). Pianists and Harpsichordists: Dionys Weber (1766–1842); J. G. Schicht (1753–1823); C. M. von Weber (1786–1826); L. van Beethoven (1770–1827); H. R. Bishop (1786–1855); H. Marchner (1795–1861); Julius Benedict (1804–85); Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47); Robert Schumann (1810–56); Franz Liszt (1811–86); Ferd. Hiller (1811–85); Wilhelm Taubert (1811–91); L. A. Jullien (1812–60); Sterndale Bennett (1816–75); Chas. Halle (1819–75); Franz Wullner (1824–81); Hans von Bülow (1830–94); Carl Reinecke (1824–); Ed. Lassen (1830–); Felix Dessoff (1835–92); Arthur Sullivan (1832–); Johannes Brahms (1833–97); B. J. Lang (1837–); J. F. Barnett (1837–); Giov. Sgambati (1843–); Edv. Grieg (1843–); Wilhelm Gericke (1845–); C. S. Heap (1847–); Felix Mottl (1856–); F. H. Cowen (1852–); Wilhelm Kienzl (1857–); Frank Damrosch (1859–); Walter Damrosch (1862–); Felix Weingartner (1863–). Violinists: J. B. deLully (1633–87); F. J. Gossec (1734–1829); Wilhelm Cramer (1745–99); Johann Salomon (1745–1815); Karl Stamitz (1746–1801); J. A. P. Schulz (1747–1800); Antonio Salieri (1750–1825); Rodolphe Kreutzer (1766–1831); François Habeneck (1781–1849); Ludwig Spohr (1784–1859); Hippolyte Chelard (1789–1861); Joseph Strauss (1793–1866); Joseph Lanner (1801–43); Johann Strauss, Sr. (1804–49); Ferdinand David (1810–73); Niels W. Gade (1817–90); Theodore Eisfeld (1816–82); Luigi Arditi (1822–); Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825–99); Leopold Damrosch (1832–85); Charles Lamoureux (1834–1900); Theodore Thomas (1835–); Ed. Strauss (1835–); Ed. Colonne (1838–); Friedrich Hegar (1841–); Adolf Neuendorff (1843–97); Henry Schradieck (1846–); C. A. MacKenzie (1847–); Ernst von Schuch (1847–); Arthur Nikisch (1855–); Emil Paur (1855–); Wilhelm Kess (1856–); F. X. Arens (1856–); John Phillip Sousa (1856–).

Rupert Hughes





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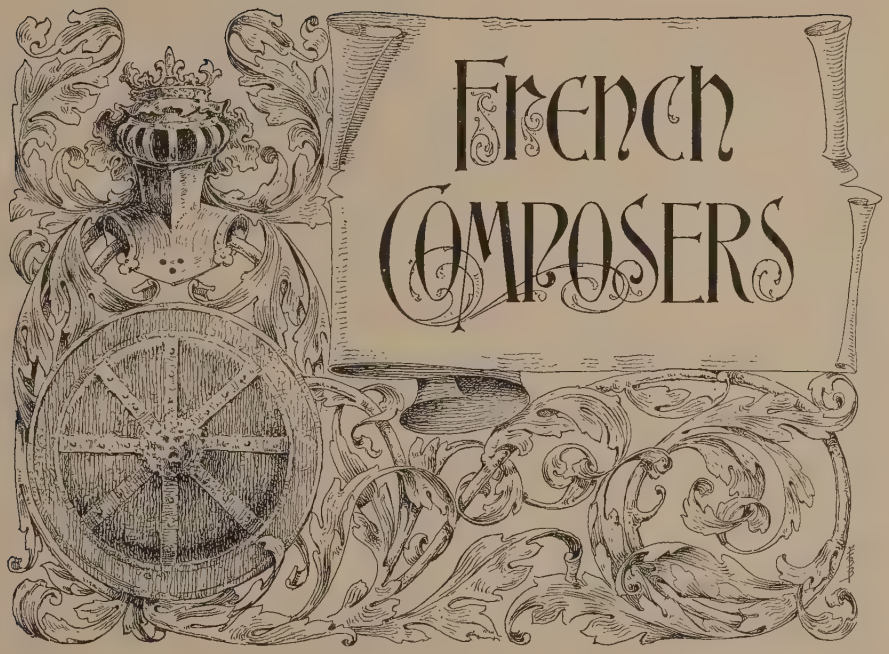
French
Composers

CÉSAR AUGUSTE FRANCK

WHAT a characteristic figure is this artist of the nineteenth century, whose profile stands out so boldly from the surroundings in which he lived! An artist of another age, whose work makes one think of that of the great Bach! Franck went through this life as a dreamer, seeing little or nothing of that which passed about him, thinking only of his art, and living only for it. True artists are subject to this kind of hypnotism, — the inveterate workers, who find the recompense of their labor in the accomplished fact, and an incomparable joy in the pure and simple toil of each day. They have no need to search for the echo in the crowd. They do not think for a moment of soliciting the favor of the multitude, or of abandoning by the slightest concession that which they believe to be the true and the beautiful. Franck's work is not, and will never be, of the kind over which the great public grows enthusiastic; and his triumph, dreamed of by his pupils and his friends, will have narrow limitations. His species of talent addresses itself to the ultra-refined in music. An admirer of the primitive great, he caught from them a spark of their genius. He lived in their atmosphere. He sang through preference the praises of the Deity; and he associated himself rather with the angels than with poor humanity, for Heaven itself surely opened its gates to let him hear celestial hosannas. If his work be sometimes lacking in charm, there is revealed a characteristic unchangeable line which was not affected by the contemporaneous movement. From chosen pages, which rise to a great height, it would be enough to mention first of all "Les Béatitudes." His admiration for the early giants, for the fathers of the musical church, did not prevent him from admiring the charms of Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart, Méhul, Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz, and Wagner; but his own tendencies and his own sympathies went out toward the old naïve musicians to whom he was a successor.

The head of César Franck, although it was full of intelligence, was of no great distinction, no more than the carriage of his body. In fact, there was nothing that struck you at first look. The high forehead, the little eyes, expressive, full of vivacity, the thick nose, the prodigiously large mouth, the little chin, and especially the lower sides of the face encased in white whiskers, gave him rather the appearance of a petty country lawyer than that of an artist. His earthly envelope, wanting in idealism, appeared to be an accidental lodgment for a soul that soared aloft. Calmness was a distinguishing feature of César Franck. His goodness was great. His smiling face, his frank welcome, showed an imperturbable kindness of spirit and a serenity of soul that could not be disturbed. He was one of those rarest of characters who consider goodness the best thing on earth. His tenderness for the suffering and the humble was without bounds. In the midst of the ideal, where his thoughts were in the midst of poetic dreams that haunted him, he did not forget the absent, nor did he forget to throw a look of pity on the unfortunate.

Franck belonged to an epoch when there was need of the profoundest study in orchestral polyphony. The marvelous works of the great masters which had been played at the concert-halls opened a new field to the young French composers and called for special instruction. Franck, borne intuitively toward the richness and fullness of symphonic form, arrived at the psychological moment to be master of this class of superior rhetoric in music. He drew to him this contemporaneous generation which desired and searched in the intimate union of instruments with human voices, in orchestration more intelligent, if not the abandonment of the old formulas, at least their rejuvenation and the adoption of a form more in sympathy with

modern tendencies. Was the influence exercised by Franck on his circle a happy one? If the master had educated only certain pupils, whose profession is perhaps excellent, but whose ideas are yet to come, or who, not knowing how to disengage themselves from purely scholastic form and the ascendency of a certain school, have written only so far impersonal compositions, without doubt his instruction might be open to discussion; but many who received his lessons and counsels, and were his pupils and friends, have proved indisputably by their works that his influence was far from having been injurious. Not struggling to imitate him slavishly, they gained from his instruction and marvelous technic a great facility in orchestration. Their talent grew and was strengthened through the impetus given by him, who launched in the musical world a rich profusion of new harmonies. It would be enough to cite the names of d'Indy, Rousseau, Pierné, to establish decidedly the superiority of Franck's instruction. Both science and poetry are revealed in the composer of "Les Béatitudes," but the former gets the better of the latter. This statement will serve as a prop to the thesis sustained by certain thinkers, who claim that between these two powers there is always an unequal contest, and that the understanding of the one nearly always results in the destruction of the other. This is an extreme theory. The union of science and poetry is necessary, as in every branch of art. It is an express condition of the perfect burgeoning and complete efflorescence of genius, but it is not necessary that the former should absorb almost entirely the latter. Poetic spirit should represent in a lively and richly colored manner the phenomena which science can translate only by formulas. It is probably because that in the brain of Franck there was an exact balance between the scientific and the poetic elements, between the formula and the dream, that you find in his compositions a more marked feeling for harmonic processes than for melodic ideas. I do not say that he had not the gift of melody: many pages prove the contrary of this; but he was in love with counterpoint, he aimed at harmonic originality; and his scientific side is noticeably first in all his compositions.

As there was a reaction in the case of Berlioz in France, long after his death, when French critics and concert-goers felt the need, through patriotic motives, of opposing a Frenchman to Wagner, so there was a great reaction in the case of Franck. Perhaps this reaction set in shortly before his death. A school of composers had already gathered around him, and the critics were less hostile in tone. At a festival organized by Pasdeloup at the request of some of Franck's pupils, several of his works were applauded even by the public. His death brought quickly the favor for which he did not care during his life. Coquard said of his master, "Franck had made unto himself an atmosphere of his own thoughts and affections, an atmosphere that was undisturbed by foreign currents; his soul delighted itself with its own ideal of art and philosophy; and in the contemplation of serene beauty, his soul brought forth great and sometimes sublime works. His work was conceived in the calm joy of ecstasy, without thought of public opinion, and this dream lasted beyond the day of performance. When works by Franck were performed in public, he heard nothing but the music; and if the interpretation seemed to him adequate, he was the happiest of men. It was not that he despised the indifference of the public; he had not so much as a suspicion of it."

Around the organ of the Conservatory, and that of Sainte-Clotilde, of which he was the organist for so many years, was grouped a band of disciples. It is easy to remember him at the organ, playing for the first time to his friends pieces remarkable for richness and variety of polyphonic combinations. An admirable portrait was sketched from life by Jeanne Rongier. Seated before the manuals, leaning forward slightly, he touches with his left hand the keys, and with his right he draws one of the stops. The head is three-quarters in view, the eyes half closed; the master seems to hear voices on high chanting gently their mystic songs. It was not only the mastery of his instruction, it was the goodness of soul and the sweetness of reception which captivated his pupils. Perhaps he gained this affability, this beneficent attitude, from contact with the ecclesiastic atmosphere which he breathed, and in which he passed so many hallowed hours. In sacerdotal costume, he would have given you the illusion of a priest about to ascend the altar. His pupils held him as a saint, and have for him to-day a touching veneration. They called him "Papa Franck," but there was nothing disrespectful in the familiar name. They thought themselves all his spoiled children. His soul, sensitive to beauty of every kind, ready to receive that which was new, free from jealousy, welcomed most warmly the compositions

of his contemporaries, who, luckier than he, knew success. "One of his last speeches," says Coquard, "was concerning Saint-Saëns, and I am fortunate enough to reproduce it faithfully. It was four days before his death. He felt a little better, and I told him about the Théâtre-Lyrique, in which he was much interested. I spoke to him of the opening evening of 'Samson et Dalila,' which had been most successful, and I expressed my admiration for the master-piece of Saint-Saëns. I see him now, turning towards me his poor suffering face, to say almost joyously with that vibrant accent which his friends knew so well, '*Très beau! très beau!*'"

It is chiefly in his great organ pieces that his relationship to Bach is revealed. In the sonata, quintet, and quartet, the dramatic element plays a part which steps out of the frame of chamber music. The feeling is always powerful, but always melancholy. The themes of short dimensions return persistently, and thus a uniform coloring is produced, — a thing to fatigue occasionally the hearer, especially when he is not prepared. The canonic form was so familiar to him that he at times abused it. But the richness of color and the polyphonic element give always the grand style to his ensemble. His symphonic poems, his compositions for chorus as well as orchestra, his oratorios, disclose the same qualities and the same faults. The beginning is almost always fortunate. There are pages of beauty, force, and concentration; but unfortunately, passages are at times too long spun out and there is a breaking of the spell in compositions wherein the workmanship, though of the highest quality, is too apparent. And yet I listen gladly to J. Guy Ropartz:

"I am aware that there are critics who dispute Franck's claim to a durable fame. I am also aware that we are still too close to him in time to deliver final judgment. But when one cannot deny that a musician had a gift of spontaneous, passionate melody and a wealth of resource in harmony — and there is no one but admits that Franck's system of harmony was all his own, and that he contributed an incredible number of new harmonies to the musical world — or the solidity of construction, or that skilled development that makes development beautiful, it is difficult to deny him the title of genius."

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César Auguste Franck was born at Liége, December 10, 1822; he died at Paris, November 8, 1890. The family had lived for years in Belgium; and, although Franck was a naturalized Frenchman, that country still claims him as one of her chief musical glories, and his fame has been spread in a large measure by the untiring efforts of Belgians, — among them notably Ysaye. Franck's first studies were at the Liége Conservatory, but in October, 1837, he went to Paris and entered the Conservatory of that city. He studied the piano with Zimmermann and composition with Leborne. He took several prizes: in 1838, the first piano prize; and he took this under unusual circumstances. When the fugue was given him as an exercise to read at first sight, he transposed it to the third below, and played it with singular brilliance. The crowd of listeners was enthusiastic; but some of the professors, conservative, respecting tradition, regarded his conduct as extravagant, and questioned for a moment the advisability of rewarding him. In 1840 he took the first prize for counterpoint and fugue, and in 1841 he took an organ prize as a pupil of Benoist. He was expected to take easily the *prix de Rome*, but he left the Conservatory in 1842 without competing for the one prize that is so dear to young French musicians. The story goes that his father, thrifty man, wished his son at once to put into practical use his musical talent, and determined that he should be a virtuoso; but his son had no taste for such a stormy life, and he began immediately to teach and compose. It is true that at an early age he thought of dramatic success; for in 1848 he wrote an opera, "Le Valet de Ferme," and gave it to Adolphe Adam, who was then managing the Opéra National; but the opera was not performed on account of the bankruptcy of the manager, and no one knows anything about the music. From this date until about 1870, the life of Franck was devoted exclusively to his lessons and to his duties as organist. At first he played at Saint-Jean-Saint-François, and in 1859 he was chosen organist of Sainte-Clotilde, a position which he kept until his death. A mass for three voices, organ, harp, 'cello was performed at this latter church April 2, 1861. In 1872 he succeeded his teacher, Benoist, as organ teacher at the Paris Conservatory. The next year he was naturalized.

The life of Franck is a chronological list of his compositions; for this life was without adventure, excitement, or diversion of any kind. To many it would seem a life of drudgery, without recompense or reward. When he was not giving lessons or

composing, he was in the active service of the church, in which he was a most faithful believer.

Hector Berlioz often complained, and loudly, that he was unappreciated; and yet his works during his lifetime excited the warmest discussion, and drew upon him the attention of Europe. His compositions were played from St. Petersburg to New York. He was active as a newspaper critic, as well as a composer. He was the subject of caricature and jest. Such men as Schumann, Paganini, and others, expressed their praise of him in most extravagant terms. Franck was known intimately only by his pupils. By the world at large he was considered only as the organist of a church, who wrote strange and mystical music that was without understanding, force, or beauty; and only just before his death did he enjoy the knowledge that his name was familiar and respected outside of his parish. Even about his own works he spoke timidly, although he was always ready to praise the compositions of others. At his funeral the government was hardly represented; and when his body was buried in the cemetery of Montrouge, the eulogies, which are customary on such occasions, fell from the troubled lips of his pupils. Gustave Derepas has given an interesting account of the simplicity of Franck's life. Even at the age of sixty, Franck gave instruction from eight to ten hours each day. He taught pupils not only in Paris, but he corrected the exercises of those in the provinces, and gave them advice by letter. He arose early, and went to bed late. Sometimes, during the course of a lesson, he would write passages in obedience to the interior voice that was ever prompting him to composition; and some of his longest and most important works have thus been put upon paper in sections without stumbling or stammering. He was the teacher of Chabrier, Gabriel Fauré, Benoît, Coquard, Chausson, Bruneau, Augusta Holmès, Vincent d'Indy, Duparc, Cahen, Bordes, de Bréville, Thomé, Rousseau, Chapuis, Marty, Lucien Hillemacher, Huë, Pierné, Ropartz, and many others of the young French school. One of his pupils thus described his method of instruction: "You would show him your composition. Did a passage shock him? He stopped, played it, played it again, reflected, and again tried it. I have seen him stop at the piano for five minutes over one measure, over two chords, and take as much pains as though the question were of the greatest importance. He appeared to be affected disagreeably by the progression. You would await anxiously his decision. All at once his face brightened, and he said, in his kindly, fatherly voice, 'I like it now, now. At first I did not like it; but now I like it.' . . . If a passage which pleased him had some fault, judged by orthodox doctrines, or a fault that purists would have officially characterized as enormous, he would say, smiling imperceptibly, and with charitable, rather than ironical, good nature, 'They do not allow that at the Conservatory, but I like it very much.' . . . Musicians taught by him possess firmly grounded, one may say profound, knowledge; but each has kept his own individuality."

The first works of César Franck were four piano trios; piano pieces, — among them transcriptions; and certain songs. The trios are dated 1842–1843. The piano pieces date from 1843 to 1845, and the songs, — *Sept Mélodies*, — 1845–1846. It has been said that no one of these early works shows the departure of Franck's music from the reigning conventionalities. This statement is hardly true, for the first piano trios excited favorable and unfavorable criticism (so much so that we find von Bülow hesitating, yet eager, to produce the trio in F-sharp minor during the years 1854–1856); and although there is abundant evidence of the French musical spirit as it then existed, and although there are even traces of the operatic style of Meyerbeer, there are also hints at the harmonic system, that Franck employed in his later and still more ambitious works, and there are also suggestions of the peculiar melodic structure that distinguishes his work, whether it be in great or small proportions. A more important work was a biblical eclogue, entitled "Ruth." The text was by Guillemin. This work was given at a concert in the Conservatory Hall, Jan. 4, 1846, with marked success. Meyerbeer and Spontini, who were present, praised it warmly, the aristocracy deigned to compliment the composer, and even the press had a share in this sudden and fleeting glory. After Franck became organist of Sainte-Clotilde, he wrote sacred music for his church, — motets, offertories; he wrote harmonium pieces (1864), and in 1868 he published the celebrated six organ pieces, which appeared in another edition in 1879. The "Final" is the best-known of these pieces, but the "Pastorale" is a composition of striking originality and exquisite beauty. The series is a most valuable contribution to the organ literature of the Nineteenth Century.

Coquard tells us that during the siege of Paris, Franck set to music a prose ode, breathing hope,

which had appeared in the Figaro; but the ensuing defeats prevented the performance.[1]

It was not until about 1870 that the desire awoke in him to write music of longer breath; from that date his labor was unceasing. It was in 1870 that he finished the prologue and the first beatitude of his great oratorio, and during the winter of 1871–1872 he composed at a spurt the oratorio, "La Rédemption." Undoubtedly his preference for the form of oratorio was due to the absolute sincerity of his religious feelings, and to that fervent Catholicism which drew at the day of his funeral a noble tribute from the curé of his church. It was not because his one attempt at opera had failed. He chose oratorio from a desire to express in music his religious convictions. "The Rédemption," text by Édouard Blau, was performed April 10, 1873, under Colonne, at the Odéon, when the recitatives in verse were declaimed by Mounet-Sully. The text of this work is perhaps as philosophical as it is religious. Pagan man is given over to discord and vice and war. He has no other ambition than earthly pleasure; but the coming of the angels announces to him the birth of Christ, and he rejoices and sings his happiness. The ages pass; in vain are persecutions; faith triumphs over all obstacles. But modernity enters, faith is lost, and man again is prey to sterile agitation and a bitter longing for happiness. To him the Christian world and the pagan world are alike, and the earth again is given over to war and to doubt and to blasphemy. Only the angels weep for the errors of mankind. By prayer alone can man obtain pardon and then immunity, and the angels unite in supplication for mercy from the Deity. This work was entirely revised in 1885, and in its new form was given at a concert of the Opéra, November 17, 1895.

The foundation of the Société Nationale, of which he was afterward president, allowed him to bring into notice some of his early works — his trios, the *Andantino quietoso* for piano and violin — some of his offertories and songs. The fourth trio, dedicated to Liszt, who admired him and had given him advice concerning the preceding trios, is in one movement. In 1878 — at the Exhibition — Franck, as well as other organists, played at the Trocadéro; and here his group of three organ pieces — "Fantaisie, Cantabile, Pièce héroïque" — was performed October 1st. To the mass performed in 1861, he added the celebrated "Panis Angelicus," composed in 1872; and the complete work was produced at Easter in 1878, at Sainte-Clotilde. It has been said of Franck that he was a Bach who had read the score of "Parsifal." But the mysticism of Franck is unique; it is founded on the command, "Love one another." Such works as the violin sonata, quartet, quintet, symphony, raise the soul without dizziness toward celestial contemplation, and awaken in man the sense of that which is divine. They provoke contemplation rather than ecstasy; and this absolute music is perhaps of loftier religious feeling than are his works expressly for the church. Thus this mass is one of a militant believer, who affirms his faith in the midst of doubts and contradictions, and tells of a faith gained by personal effort, not accepted merely as a dogma. The composer prays, not as a devout one who bows, but as a sailor who in the storm stretches his arms towards the sky. Only the "Panis Angelicus" is meditative. The rest of the music moves with vigor, power, virility, and here and there a dramatic accent betrays the humanity of the Nineteenth Century.

The mass, published again in 1879, was performed at other churches.

In his first trios Franck had tried, though timidly, to attain a certain ideal by introducing into chamber music a unity of thought that would bring the different movements into closer relationship. He attained this in his Quintet for piano and strings which was first performed at a concert of the Société Nationale, January 17, 1880, with Saint-Saëns as the pianist, and Marsick, Rémy, Van Waefelghem and Loys. It was of this work that Gevaert said to Franck, "You have transformed chamber music. You have opened a new way." Some regard this composition as superior to the Quartet. I quote Ernest Chausson: "I am at a loss for words to express adequately my opinion of a work so powerful and divine. Nearly forty years have gone by since the trios were written. The workmanship and the harmonic scheme are entirely different. The composer does not hesitate to employ all keys, all progressions; but in spite of this luxuriance there is a well conceived

[1] Servières in the Guide Musical of February 10, 1895, speaks of a collection of music belonging to Duparc which contains two unpublished pieces by Franck: "One was written in 1870, during the siege, to verses published under the title 'Paris' by the Figaro at the moment when there was hope of victory, the other to verses by Victor Hugo entitled 'Patria,' dated 1871." — Ed.

and logical scheme. Although the work is ornate, there is no blurring of the outline, and the impression of unity is complete."

"Les Béatitudes" was begun in 1870, and it was published in 1880. Fragments were performed at concerts in Paris (1878, 1880, 1887); but the first performance of the whole work was at Dijon in 1891 at the commemorative festival of Saint Bernard, and the first performance in Paris was at a Châtelet concert, Colonne conductor, March 19, 1893. The writer of the poem, Madame Colomb, took for her text each one of the beatitudes, and, to shun monotony, caused Christ, Satan, the Angel of Pardon, the Angel of Death, and the Holy Virgin to appear as characters in the drama. "Les Béatitudes" is the masterwork of Franck, the one that is the freest from monotony in spite of its length, a superb oratorio of solid architecture, which will endure after the rapid and ephemeral success of other works. A Satan of colossal proportions conquered by Christ — humanity, a victim of all earthly miseries, regenerated by the Redeemer: such is the motif of this poem, to which Franck by the happiest effects of contrast, by skillful orchestration, by an astonishing truthfulness of dramatic expression, by melodic richness, by a skillful uniting of voices and orchestra, has given a lofty, superb flight. What accents of tenderness, of compassion, in the voice of Christ preaching the gospel! What bitterness in the voice of Satan struggling until he avows defeat, and what dramatic intensity of his rebellion, especially in the eighth beatitude! What happy effects drawn from orchestral and vocal polyphony! Observe the skillful gradations between choruses surcharged with sadness, and those filled with vehement power. What intensity of expression in the famous quintet, "The Peacemakers"! Is not the third beatitude a masterpiece? The one in which the mother weeps over the empty cradle of her child; where the orphan deplores its lot; where widows mourn and will not be comforted, and above all, in the regions of serenity, the voice of Christ exclaims, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The grand hosanna, which terminates the last beatitude, is the crown of the whole edifice. In this work the austerity of the oratorio form is warmed by the tenderest inspiration; Christian mysticism finds expression in terms of ineffable sweetness; melodic grace never descends to finicism or insipid sentimentalism; there is sincere compassion for the humble, the sufferers, the afflicted; depth of feeling is equalled only by the most consummate contrapuntal skill, purity of style, elegance and boldness of harmony; scholastic formulas and polyphonic complexity melt into a flood of exquisite melodies.

In 1880 Franck was a candidate for the chair of musical composition at the Conservatory, but the government preferred Delibes. Not discouraged by this rebuff, he brought out "Rebecca," a biblical scene for solos, chorus, and orchestra, at the annual public concert of the Guillot de Sainbris Society, March 17, 1881. Imagine the sketch of a cantata for the *Prix de Rome*, with only two characters instead of three, — and this is the libretto of Paul Collin. If "Rebecca" belongs to the same species of oratorio as the earlier work "Ruth," there is little resemblance of style, except, perhaps, in the introductory chorus and in the chorus of the camel-drivers. The melodic simplicity, the delicate choice of modulations, and the coloring recall the grace and originality of certain pages of "Ruth," but the feeling is more modern, and the harmony is finer.

This master of absolute music tried his hand at symphonic poems. His first attempt in this direction was "Les Eolides," which is intended to illustrate lines from a poem by Leconte de Lisle. It was played for the first time at a concert of the Société Nationale, May 13, 1877. The chief feature of this singular and fascinating work is the harmonic skill which prevents monotony following the constant repetition of a theme without great distinction. The orchestration is exquisite throughout. His second symphonic poem was the "Chasseur Maudit," the ballad of Bürger, known in English as "The Wild Huntsman." The demoniac side of this celebrated ballad did not appeal strongly to Franck. At any rate, the infernal element in the composition is much the weakest. The composer was more successful in his treatment of the sacred music at the beginning, and it is evident that his chief emotion was that of a devout man shocked by the blasphemy of the hunter. His imagination flagged when he came to portray in music the demoniac ride. The first performance was at a Pasdeloup concert, January 13, 1884. A new descriptive work for piano and orchestra was played at a Châtelet concert, March 15, 1885. The subject was Victor Hugo's "Djinns." Diémer was the pianist. The introduction of the piano to play an important part in a

THE INTERIOR OF THE TROCADÉRO.

descriptive orchestral work is always a hazardous experiment, and in this instance it is decidedly injurious to the sentiment of the composition. A far finer work is the Variations symphoniques for piano and orchestra, a brilliant composition, in which the theme lends itself to most ingenious and refined rhythmic transformations. This was first played at a concert of the Société Nationale, May 1, 1886, with Diémer as pianist. In the month of August, 1885, Franck was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. From the year 1880 to the year 1890, the last period of his life, Franck composed remarkable chamber music, — perhaps the most individual music of his career: Prélude, choral, and fugue for piano, 1884; prélude, aria, and finale for piano, 1888; a charming and original sonata for piano and violin, 1886; a string quartet in D, 1889. The first of these recalls the finest works of Bach in this direction, and the second is the worthy companion. The skill with which the themes of this latter are varied, and furnish secondary episodes, modulate, and are brought back to the original tonality, is prodigious. Here is the perfection of harmonic nuances in the chromatic style. The sonata for piano and violin was played for the first time at a concert of the Société Nationale, December 24, 1887, by Mme. Bordes-Pène and Rémy. It is a work of absolute originality. The first movement is melodious and clear; the second, of free and unusual order, is full of fire and passion; the intermezzo, in the nature of a recitative, has intensity; and nothing could be gayer or franker than the finale, with its remarkable canonic dialogue between the violin and the piano. Concerning the quartet, which was played for the first time at a concert of the Société Nationale, April 19, 1890, I quote from Ropartz: "The construction of the first part recalls the first movement of the symphony, but it is still more massive. The *poco lento* is a kind of introduction played upon a sonorous phrase by the first violin fortissimo. This serves as a centre, which reappears under fugal form; then there is a return of the allegro in the key of G minor, second part, and conclusion of the *poco lento* repeated for the third time in the original key. The second part is a winged and airy scherzo, a fantastic dance of immortal beings; especially remarkable is the persistent recurrence of F sharp minor, for although the visits of the minor discords may tend more or less to take one far from the original key, there is invariably a return. The trio is full of charm and poetry, and the scherzo in conclusion is a reminiscence of this trio. The larghetto, one of Franck's sublimest achievements, sprang from the overflowing heart of the master, as though he wished deliberately by the length to give the lie to those who pretend that the leading characteristics of contemporary French music are brevity of idea and flippancy of theme; the second theme follows, wailing, a cry of human pain and agony, and the first theme is repeated; a passionate cry, and again the haunting burden recurs, but only the first few measures; it rises to the point of passion, and dies away in ecstasy. The finale is in a certain way the summing up of the preceding movements. It is as though the musician, haunted by memories, had laid them one by one by willful repetition, when, after an astounding exposition, after developments which display an unusual facility of invention, the artist is once more haunted by the *poco lento*, and divers themes are intermingled persistently, until triumphant and sonorous, the larghetto brings to a close the greatest string quartet since the later ones of Beethoven."

Franck wrote two symphonies: One, a program symphony with chorus, "Psyché," text by Sicard and Fourcaud; the other, a symphony of absolute music. In "Psyché," which was performed for the first time March 10, 1888, at a concert of the Société Nationale, Franck has shunned any personification of the divine beings who in the Grecian myth symbolize the ideal and the human soul. It is the orchestra that paints the sleep of Psyche, her abduction by the Zephyrs, the joy of nature in the gardens of Eros, the love scenes, the sufferings of Psyche after her disobedience, and, at last, the glorious apotheosis. Between these orchestral pieces, choruses of incomparable grace and freshness suggest mystery and divine fatality. The hearer is conquered at the beginning by the skill in writing and by the loftiness of ideas. He will admire the "Sleep of Psyche," which recalls, not from its musical contents, but in its lineal form, Wagnerian ideas. He will recognize the talent of the composer who translates into music the strange sounds of the breezes in the gardens of Eros just before the abduction of Psyche. The tenderness of the theme, which represents Psyche reposing in the midst of flowers, and held as queen by rejoicing nature, is charming beyond compare. He will recognize a certain kinship between the motive of the voices that sing to Psyche, and that

of Lohengrin to Elsa, where the knight commands her not to ask his name or country, and he will retain in his memory certain other pages of the score; but he will also regret the want of variety and the uninteresting lengths which bring alloy to the charm.

The symphony in D was first performed at the Paris Conservatory, February 17, 1889. The orchestration is more severe and more monotonous than in "Psyche." It moves in masses. Ropartz has said, with reference to Franck's orchestration: "Some object that it lacks color, flags amid tame modulations, and becomes monotonous on account of a lack of light and shade. I know there are composers whose orchestration swims with picturesque detail, and whose palette is more brilliant, more varied; but I do not hesitate to affirm that one must hark back to the greatest masters of the symphony to find any orchestration as solid and as well built as that of Franck." However this may be, there are less lightness and color in this symphony than in either "Psyché" or "The Wild Huntsman." While Franck preserved the general plan of the classic symphony, he has attempted to make his work freer and more modern by the reappearance of the chief theme in the different parts of the composition. This preoccupation of the unity of thought had haunted him in his first trios. It had been realized in his quintet, and he wished to apply it to the symphony. The work opens by an interrogative phrase, an austere phrase, exposed by the 'celli and the double basses. A fiery allegro follows in which two melodic phrases, one graceful and tender, the other warm and passionate, lend themselves to an extended development. The peroration includes the reappearance of the introduction with full orchestra and in canon. The second movement begins with a melancholy tune played by the English horn; the plaintive character brings up the memory of a romance of Schumann; the theme of the scherzo is in triplets in the lowest register of the violins, nor does this scherzo lack its own trio, which, with another motiv, completes the charming genre picture; and again the melancholy phrase occurs with the scherzo, in one of those combinations of two apparently dissimilar passages which were so dear to Franck. The finale includes two brilliant phrases of youthful ardor, which are combined, with extraordinary skill, with the reappearance of themes already heard in the preceding movements, and among them the initial theme raises its head, the generator of nearly all the melodic ideas that occur in the symphony.

The last works of Franck were six duos for female voices; songs, among them one of peculiar beauty and breadth entitled "La Procession," in which the Lord is borne across the fields while the branches of the trees rustle in holy joy and awe, while the wheat bows, and birds sing at the sight of the raised Host; a hymn on verses of Racine (1888); the One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm (1887), composed for a blind asylum, and performed January 26, 1896, at a Conservatory concert; three chorals for organ, which are marvels of counterpoint (1889). Fifty-nine pieces for the harmonium were published after his death under the title "L'Organiste" (1892). A Franck festival was organized January 30, 1887, at the Cirque d'Hiver, by the friends and pupils of the master under the direction of Pasdeloup. The program consisted of "Le Chasseur Maudit," the symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, the second part of "Ruth," march with chorus from "Hulda," the prologue and numbers three and eight of "Les Béatitudes."

I shall refer only briefly to the operas of Franck. Neither of them was given during his lifetime. The composer, who was an innovator in other branches of his art, did not feel called upon to follow the dramatic movement evolved in our day. "Certainly the artist's hand is discernible on every page of the score, but one cannot credit Franck with having been a great dramatic composer." The first of these operas is "Hulda," libretto by Grandmougin. The opera was begun in 1879. The orchestration was finished in 1885. Extracts from the opera were given at various concerts in Paris; but the opera as a whole was not performed on the stage until March 4, 1894, when it was produced at Monte Carlo, with Deschamps-Jéhin as the heroine, and Saléza as the hero. (First performance in France at Nantes, December 9, 1899.) The story is a savage and bloody Norwegian one of the eleventh century, founded in part upon Björnson's drama "Hulda" (1858), although it differs from that piece in certain points. Franck's second opera, "Ghiselle," was sketched, but not orchestrated, with the exception of the first act. The orchestration was completed by de Bréville, Chausson, Rousseau, and Coquard. The subject of the opera is taken from a Merovingian legend offered the composer by Thierry. The music was written in 1888–1889. It would be interesting to know who gave advice to Franck concerning the choice of his text. By

what aberration could this singer of the angels, God's chosen people, paradisiacal joys, find any pleasure in the monotonous horror, violence, and blood of the librettos of "Hulda" and "Ghiselle"? In "Hulda" there are gentle episodes, but "Ghiselle" is one shriek of melodramatic terror and murderous fury. "Ghiselle" was produced at Monte Carlo, April 6, 1896, with Emma Eames as the heroine and Vergnet as the hero. There was a fine irony in the juxtaposition of the names of César Franck and Monte Carlo, — the production of an opera by a musician who was the most unselfish and the most hostile to intrigue of any of our century, at a theatre supported by a gambling-house. It is perhaps unfair to judge of a posthumous work completed by others; but Franck's own music in "Ghiselle" shows a fatigue which does not appear in his last organ compositions or chamber music.

At his return from vacation at Nemours in the fall of 1890, Franck seemed in excellent health, but toward the middle of October, the physicians ordered him to rest; pleurisy set in and was aggravated by other disorders. He died serenely as he had lived. His last words were: "*C'est bien; c'est bien.*" The funeral was November 10, at Sainte-Clotilde. Among the pall-bearers were Saint-Saëns, Delibes, Bussine, Coquard, Dallier. Gigout was the organist, and he played Franck's Cantabile in B, and two pieces from "La Rédemption." Colonne, with his orchestra, paid last tribute to the musician whose works he had performed at the Trocadéro and the Châtelet. The curé, in touching language, told the virtues of the dead composer, and at the cemetery of Grande Montrouge, Chabrier, in the name of the Société Nationale de Musique, of which Franck had been president, spoke as follows: "César Franck, Franck, dear Papa Franck, as we still say to-day with respectful familiarity, as we shall say to-morrow, as we shall always say, remembering that he was not only an admirable artist, one of the great among the greatest of the immortal family, one of the few of the elect, who, calm, brave, tranquil, unwearied, without haste and without delay, passed almost silently here below on the way to the great predecessors, but also the dear regretted master, the most modest, the sweetest, the wisest of all. He was the model, he was the example. His family, his pupils, immortal art, — this was his whole life. Toward the end of autumn, when he came back to Paris, we asked him, 'Well, master, what have you been doing? What do you bring back?' 'You shall see,' he said, rather mysteriously. 'I think that you will be satisfied. I have been hard at work, and I think I have worked well;' and he said this so simply, with such naïve honesty, in his big, deep expressive voice, taking us by the hands and keeping them a long time, serious, thinking at the same time of the joys which he had experienced in composing, and the pleasure that it seemed to him you too would take in hearing the new works. And these works were the admirable quintet, the piano and violin sonata, 'Les Béatitudes,' 'Les Eolides,' and last winter a true masterpiece, the string quartet. So, from year to year, Franck seemed always to surpass himself. A last farewell, master, and our thanks because you have done well. We salute in you one of the greatest musicians of this century; and we also salute the incomparable teacher whose instruction has brought to light a generation of robust musicians with beliefs, and with deliberate thoughts, armed from head to foot for the severe contests which are often long disputed. Here was a just and righteous man, a very human man, who never thought of self, who gave only the wisest counsel and the kindest advice."

Many tributes have been paid Franck, but perhaps the most touching tribute is that of Henri Gauthier-Villars: "In days when so many exist only for Barnumism and by Barnumism, expose works utterly devoid of talent, make public the condition of their health, and tell their amatory affairs to boom their compositions; when masters or at least men who might have deserved the name, employ all the tricks of cheap playactors and all the mean devices, Franck remained honest, beyond attack, proudly devoted to thankless toil, bound up in his art alone. He was glad to ignore the preferences of the public, the delights of amateurs, who are more unjust, perhaps, than the great mob. And had he known them, he would not have tried to satisfy them. He lived, far from the world, a stranger to the quarry of appetites. Composers seeking applause, composers who exploit the Muse and constrain her to prostitute herself to all, could not disdain, mock, pity too contemptuously this poor genius. And now this poor man is dead, loved — how devotedly, how deeply! — by a little band of the faithful to whom the masterpieces of his mind and heart had revealed a new world, sovereign impressions, ineffable emotions! The day that we learned of

the death of this noble artist, so singularly overlooked, we were convinced that few realized the loss to art. Even cultured persons, even persons in touch with musical affairs, asked with an astonished air, 'Who was Franck? What did he write?' Some, however, knew him. 'He was a teacher somewhere across the Seine, — a conscientious teacher, whose lessons were much cheaper than those given by Marmontel.' At the funeral ceremonies, the management of the Conservatory — that institution which Franck honored by his professorship — did not dream of being represented. To-day (1894) no one disputes the claims of this master who was so long obscure. Orchestra leaders, amateurs, critics, the public, who forgot the living Franck, who looked down on this remarkable artist to whom the composition of a sonata was the great event in existence, are eager to perform, to appreciate, to understand his works. The story of genius with us is the story of the Knight and the Swan. 'The moment you recognize him, he must depart from you.' Less happy than Lohengrin, the musician cannot before his departure proclaim his fame and rights before the people on their knees. He goes without the opportunity of imposing on doubting hearers, the dazzling, overwhelming revelation of the graal of which he is the militant apostle, and the truth is disclosed only when he has vanished, when the glory of the nimbus fades in the mysterious distance of the horizon."

[See the essays by Hughes Imbert, Georges Servières, Guy Ropartz, Gustave Derepas, A. Coquard, Étienne Destranges, and Henry Maubel, from which the materials of this article have been derived. — ED.]

ANGEL PLAYING LUTE. *Il Rosso.*

SAINTE-CLOTILDE CHURCH.

VINCENT D'INDY

BY PHILIP HALE

PAUL MARIE THÉODORE VINCENT D'INDY was born at Paris, March 27, 1852. His family came originally from Verdieux (Ardèche), and, although his boyhood was spent in Paris, he was in the habit of passing the vacation season in the picturesque country of his ancestors. His father, a man of large income, was fond of music, and played the violin not too disagreeably. His mother died soon after his birth, and his father took to himself a second wife. Vincent was therefore brought up by his grandmother, Madame Théodore d'Indy, who was herself an excellent musician, and spared no pains to initiate him into the rudiments of music. Thanks to her care, he lived for many years apart from the madding world and annoying social diversions. It was she who led him in his early years to the study of the great masters, and this education, which was imparted wholly by a woman, left its imprint on his manners and even on his appearance, after he had reached man's estate. One might say that an intelligent woman, charged with the education of the man, fashioned the pupil in her image. D'Indy began the study of the piano at the age of nine, and he made such rapid progress, that at the age of fourteen he was a proficient pianist, with a decided preference for the works of Bach and Beethoven. His grandmother kept him scrupulously from compositions of a frivolous nature. She thought that in music, as well as in literature, a child should have for models, outside of the principles of grammar, only sane and strong works; her pupil studied each day the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, and breathed in the atmosphere of these composers. From 1862 to 1865, he studied the piano with Diémer, and soon after, he studied harmony with Lavignac. Under the direction of the latter, he made rapid progress. He furthermore attended the classes of Marmontel in order to perfect himself in piano fingering.

Now one of d'Indy's uncles (Saint-Ange Wilfred d'Indy) was an amateur, who from 1840 to 1865 enjoyed no little popularity in Parisian parlors and halls in which his romances, chamber music, and *opéras de salon* were performed. Although this man was extremely fond of Italian music, he nevertheless had a catholic taste, and it was he who first showed his nephew, in 1867, the famous treatise of Berlioz on instrumentation. D'Indy studied this with enthusiasm, and his horizon was suddenly enlarged. Two years later he became acquainted with Henri Duparc, who was already thoroughly familiar with the works of Wagner, and it was not long before d'Indy became a convert to the Wagnerian theories. These two musicians, with friends, were in the habit of performing, in a humble way, the most serious of works, such as Bach's "Passion according to Matthew," and they were in a way, the forerunners of Lamoureaux. By this time d'Indy's decided talent for music led his father to abandon the intention of making his son a lawyer. The young man was allowed to follow his own inclination. Then came 1870. D'Indy took an active part in the defense of Paris, notably at the battle of Montretout, and yet, during his service as a soldier, he found time to work on the sketch of a grand opera, the text of which was founded on Victor Hugo's "Burgraves." His first composition, however, was written in May, 1870, "La Chanson des Aventuriers de la Mer," words by Hugo, for baritone and male chorus. His grandmother died soon after the armistice, and, to satisfy thoroughly certain hesitating members of his family, he sought, influenced by Duparc, the advice of César Franck in 1872 and showed him a string quartet. Franck, although he received him with his usual kindliness, proved to him that the quartet was badly written in every respect; nevertheless, he found in it certain good qualities, and instead of discouraging him, he urged him to set himself at work. D'Indy began study with Franck in all branches of com-

position, and in 1873 he entered his organ class at the conservatory, where he remained two years, and succeeded in taking a first *accessit*. Believing that the study of composition at the conservatory was not wholly serious, he became the private pupil of Franck. It is not unlikely that pupils of César Franck at the conservatory, during this period,

MADAME JEANNE RAUNAY.
As Guilhen in Fervaal.

suffered alike with their master, who was, if not exactly under the ban, only tolerated by the more conservative, who shuddered at his reputation of being an "independent." In 1873, d'Indy became acquainted with the "Deutsches Requiem" of Brahms, and his admiration for it was so great that he determined to go a pilgrimage, in the hope of seeing the composer and of obtaining advice from him. He went to Weimar, where he met Liszt, and he was in a way his pupil for some time. He then went to Vienna and found that Brahms had gone to Bavaria. He followed him, and finally found him at Tutzing, but whether Brahms was not in the mood to receive strangers, or whether he was absorbed by works that demanded concentration of mind, the interview was short and unsatisfactory, although the young Frenchman bore letters from Saint-Saëns and Franck.

The first work of d'Indy which was performed in Paris was "Overture des Piccolomini," the second part of the "Trilogie de Wallenstein." It was played at a Pasdeloup concert, January 25, 1874. The influence of Schumann was clearly marked and the overture was afterward materially changed. D'Indy felt the need of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the details of the orchestra; for this purpose he entered the Society of the Châtelet concerts as chorus leader and second drummer, and he filled this position until 1878, when he retired on account of a disagreement with Colonne, the conductor. In 1876 his "Symphonie Chevaleresque: Jean Hunyade," was performed by the Société Nationale, and his overture "Antoine et Cléopâtre" was played at a Pasdeloup concert, February 4, 1877. A Spanish song for baritone, "La Chevauchée du Cid," was sung at a concert of the Société Nationale in 1877. It was remodeled into a scene for baritone, chorus and orchestra. The legend is as follows: the Cid of Almodovar goes on horseback to pursue the Moors. Peasants arm, and follow him over the country; women encourage the troops as they go by, and salute the glory of the Cid, who sings his war song and disappears on the horizon in the sunshine. In this form the ballad was sung by Quirot at a Colonne concert, February 3, 1884. March 24, 1878, is the date of the first performance of the "Forêt Enchantée," an orchestral legend founded on a poem by Uhland. It is a romantic work and in the style of Weber and Schumann rather than that of Wagner. The quartet for piano and strings was played the same year.

The "Trilogie de Wallenstein," begun in 1873–74, and finished about 1881, serves as a preface and musical commentary to the dramas of Schiller. "La Mort de Wallenstein" was performed March 14, 1880, at a Pasdeloup concert, and "Le Camp," March 30, 1884. Different movements were played also at the Concerts of the Société Nationale, as well as at Angers and Antwerp. The first complete performance was March 4, 1888, at a Lamoureux concert. I quote from Mr. Stanley V. Makower's translation of an "appreciation" by M. Hugues Imbert: "The distinguishing feature of the symphonic music of Vincent d'Indy is that it paints with forcible truth, marvelous vividness, and astonishing vigor the various episodes in the drama of Schiller. For instance, in the first part

CHURCH OF SAINT SULPICE, PARIS.

(*Le Camp*), after the slow waltz comes the savage dance with its determined rhythm, the sermon of the Capuchin father given to the bassoon, the theme of Wallenstein energetically illustrated by the trombones, and then the final tumult, in which we hear a few notes of Wallenstein's theme thrown out by the trumpets amid the *fortissimi* of the orchestra. In all this you will recognize the mastery of the musician who has approached very nearly to a musical translation of a scene crowded with movement. You will find not only the painting of events and acts, but the painting of the moral sentiments which animate the persons in the drama. Is there anything more exquisitely tender than the love episode between Max and Thekla (second part)? With what felicity do the two themes of the lovers unite and embrace each other; yet with what inevitability are the ideal transports of the happy pair stifled by the intervention of Fate, whose fell design has been suggested in the brief introduction by the horns! The third and last episode is the death of Wallenstein. Very dramatic is the opening, in which strange chords that recall the splendid sonority of the organ, characterize the influence of the stars on human destiny. These chords are the poetical rendering of this beautiful saying of Wallenstein in the 'Piccolomini' (Act II., Scene 6). Yet the mysterious force which labors in the bowels of nature — the ladder of spirits that stretches from this world of dust up to the world of stars with a thousand ramifications, this ladder on which the heavenly powers mount and dismount ever restless — the circles within circles that grow narrower and narrower as they approach the sun their centre, — all this can be beheld alone by the eyes of the heaven-born joyous descendants of Zeus — those eyes from which the veil of blindness has fallen. After several episodes, an ascending progression of the basses brings back the complete statement of Wallenstein's theme in B major, which ends in a very widely constructed movement, in which the *starry* chords of the opening are reproduced, covered over with the wind instruments, while the quatuor winds its way rapidly in and out of them, and the trombones thunder out the fate-fraught song. Soon calm is restored, and the sound dies away gradually in a long pianissimo of the stringed instruments."

D'Indy's first work for the operatic stage was "Attendez-moi sous l'orme," in one act, libretto founded by Prével and de Bonnières on a comedy by Regnard. It was produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, February 11, 1882, with these singers: Mlles. Molé and Thuillier, and MM. Barré, Piccaluga, Barnolt, and it had nineteen performances. There were widely opposite critical opinions. Some found the music charming; others said that the composer was too fastidious in harmony and too disdainful of melody. D'Indy was not eager, however, to gain fame or money by making concessions to bad taste. In this he differed from many young French composers of talent, who, in their zeal to acquire fame suddenly, would write operettas at the expense of their artistic conscience. A suite for piano, "Le Poème des Montagnes," written in 1881, and dedicated to Chabrier, was composed in the country, and impressions of nature on a sensitive soul play an important part in it. This series

IMBART DE LA TOUR.

As Fervaal.

of little pastorals and amatory pieces is treated with a masterly hand, although perhaps at times the musical thought is hidden under too sumptuous dress. And here, again, are hints of Weber and Schumann. The rhythm is distinguished, and the performance is, at times, extremely difficult, for the composer has introduced alternately in the

"Danses rhythmiques" the *tempi* 14—16, 8—16, and 10—16.

"Sauge-Fleurie," a legend for orchestra after Robert de Boneières, was composed in 1884. This poetic fairy-story fascinated the musician, who, as a child, was exceedingly fond of the fantastic tales of Hauff, Andersen, and others. The young fairy, Sauge-Fleurie, walks by the edge of a lake o'ergrown with jonquils. A young prince, chasing a stag through the forest, sees the fairy and is struck with wonder at the sight. Now to her the love of man means death, but she prefers to give up her immortality for the joy of knowing even for a moment the love of so handsome a prince. She gives her life, and her lover swiftly makes off to the hunt.

The first performance was at a Lamoureux concert, January 25, 1885.

D'Indy had for some time played an important part in the administration of the Société Nationale de Musique, and, although César Franck was nominated president after the resignation of the old committee, d'Indy exercised honorary powers, and the real work fell upon him and Chausson. In 1886, d'Indy took the prize offered by the city of Paris with his dramatic legend in a prologue and seven scenes, — "Le Chant de la Cloche" ("The Song of the Bell"). This work, of which the words as well as the music are by d'Indy, is founded on Schiller's well-known poem. It was written from 1879 to 1883, and it was performed at the expense of the city of Paris at the Éden theatre, February 25, 1886, under Lamoureux's direction. The score is very complicated, and the orchestra plays the most important part. The most beautiful passages are the "Song of Love," the "Vision," and especially the "Fire," of which the ingenious developments and overwhelming effects reproduce with marked intensity the poetic thought of Schiller. One of the jury expressed himself as follows: "'Le Chant de la Cloche' is not perhaps a masterpiece, but it is reasonable to hope that a composer who starts like this may reach to the summit of perfection. The whole picture of the 'Fire,' certain parts of the 'Vision,' the Latin chants, and the apotheosis-chorus of the last tableau are the work of a master. The author springs from the musicians whom he has most studied — Berlioz, Wagner, Franck. He is a little too fond of polyphony, of complex writing. As soon as he introduces into his compositions a little more melody, a little more of what the old Italians called *bel canto*, as soon as he shall shake himself free from foreign influences, I think we shall find ourselves confronted with a man of whom our country will be very proud. Up till now I see no one with us, or indeed amongst other nations, who has greater strength. The competitions of the City of Paris has not until now produced work of this quality."

The symphony in G, for piano and orchestra (Op. 25), was played at a Lamoureux concert, March 20, 1887, with Mlle. Bordes-Pène as pianist. "In introducing the piano," says Imbert, "not as a solo instrument but as a part of the ensemble, the musician has followed the example given by Saint-Saëns in his third symphony. Although I do not believe in the addition of the piano to the orchestra, because the timbre of the piano does not go well with the timbres of the other instruments, I recognize gladly the fact that d'Indy has made the most of the resources offered by this instrument. The symphony is divided into three movements, which are only variations of a theme that is constantly transformed. A mountain song inspired the composer. The English horn at the beginning of the first movement plays the pastoral theme, which, in turn, is developed by various instruments. In the second movement the piano dominates; the rhythms are in most striking opposition, and the combinations are most fantastic. A viola solo, sweet and tender, calls from the horn, and other interesting themes admirably portray scenes of rustic life, and the apotheosis of the third movement is a sunny kermess which abounds in spirited and humorous rhythm."

It was d'Indy whom Lamoureux called to his aid to direct the choral studies and the *musique de scène* for the performance of "Lohengrin" at the Éden Theatre, May 3, 1887, a performance that was unique and memorable.

Other interesting compositions by d'Indy are the suite in D "dans le style ancien" for trumpet, two flutes and strings (June, 1886); the nocturne in G flat minor (November, 1886); Promenade for piano (August, 1887); Sérénade et Valse for small orchestra (August, 1887); Trio for piano, clarinet, and 'cello (October, 1887); "Schumanniana," two piano pieces (October, 1887); Fantasia for oboe and orchestra, "sur des airs populaires" (December 23, 1888, Lamoureux, Weiss, oboist); "Sur la Mer," chorus for female voices (1888); "Tableaux de Voyage," thirteen piano pieces (1889); "Helvetia," three waltzes for piano (1884); "Karadec," music for a drama of André Alexandre

(May, 1891, Société Nationale); string quartet No. 1 (1890); "Tableaux de Voyage," orchestral suite in six parts (1891); cantata for chorus and orchestra, for the inauguration of the statue of Augier at Valence (Drome), June, 1893. "Lied maritime," for voice and orchestra (1896); "Chansons et Danses," for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons (1898); "Clair de Lune," for voice and orchestra (words by Hugo), 1880; "Ste. Marie Magdeleine" cantata, for solo and female chorus (1885); "Deus Israel," unaccompanied motet for six voices (1896); quartet for strings, No. 2 (March, 5, 1898). Of this second quartet a critic wrote: "All were moved by the beauty of this music, so well named 'pure music,' by sonorous expression, by the melting charm of a certain phrase of the *très lent* which speaks directly to the heart, because it comes directly from the heart, by that — by that something which stamps a masterpiece and cannot be explained." He also collaborated with Tiersot in "Chansons populaires recueillies dans le Vivarais et le Vercors" (Paris, 1892), and he is the editor of "Choix de Madrigaux de Solomon Rossi, transcrit en notation moderne et précédés d'une notice sur le Chittarone."

One of the most important of his later works is "Istar," a set of symphonic variations, which was performed at a Ysaye concert, Brussels, January 10, 1897. The story is taken from the old Assyrian Epic "Izdubar." Istar, the woman of Erech, descends to the Shades. "Toward the immutable land Istar, daughter of Sin" (probably another name for Anu), "bent her steps toward the abode of the dead, toward the seven-gated abode where He entered, toward the abode whence there is no return." At each gate, and there are seven, a warder stripped her; of high tiara, pendants, precious stones, breast jewels, girdle, rings from feet and hands, and "at the seventh gate, the warder stripped her; he took off the last veil that covers her body." Thus she gained and took the Waters of Life. "She gave the sublime waters, and thus in the presence of all, delivered the SON OF LIFE, her young lover." With each removal of raiment or jewels, a variation of dazzling brilliance hints at the theme upon which it is built, but this theme is not heard in its entirety until the last variation, when it is proclaimed by groups of instruments in unison and octaves, and afterward in full harmony, and this theme appears when Istar stands revealed in all her splendid nakedness. For daring originality, poetic thought, subtle charm of expression, this symphonic poem is one of the most remarkable works of the modern school.

D'Indy wrote incidental music for Catulle Mendès's tragedy "Médée," which was first performed at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, October 28, 1898, with Sarah Bernhardt as the heroine and Darmont as Jason. The suite formed from this music was first played at a Colonne concert in Paris, March 5, 1899. The suite consists of Prelude, Pantomime, Dance, Medea waiting, Medea and Jason, The Auroral Triumph. In Mendès's tragedy, Medea has been forsaken by Jason. She plots vengeance and gains permission from Creon, who has banished her, to remain in the city until she may seek advice from Hecate. Jason swears to her — for she meets him and reminds him of their former and mad love — that he married Creusa only for political reasons; that he will leave her his wedding night to seek Medea's arms. Medea waits in vain. The moon is turned to blood; the wedding feast is over; the lights in the palace are extinguished; the doors of the palace are closed. Then, furious, Medea contrives the terrible presents that will destroy Creon, her rival, Jason and the children. Then, then will she rise triumphant in her mountain-car and ascend to the Sun, her father.

D'Indy's "Fervaal," a musical action in prologue and three acts, libretto in prose by the composer, was given for the first time at the Monnaie, Brussels, March 12, 1897 (Jeanne Raunay as Guilhen, Imbart de la Tour as Fervaal, and Seguin as Arfagard). It was begun in 1889, and it was not finished until 1895. Certain portions of the opera were performed in concerts at Paris before the work was produced as a whole. The reproach was made against d'Indy that such a performance of fragments was unworthy of the musician who wrote in accordance with the high ideas which were first expressed by Wagner. They who made this reproach forgot that Wagner himself allowed performances of fragments long before the operas themselves were heard on any stage; and, furthermore, d'Indy made the following reply: "If I have given a fragment to the Opera for concert use, it is because — how shall I explain it? — because I have no feeling of coquetry about the performance of my work in public. I have thought the chief and true part to be played by an artist is to *create the work;* and once this is done, completely done, whether the work be a picture, a statue, or an engraving, in a word from the moment that a work exists, the artist has a right to free himself abso-

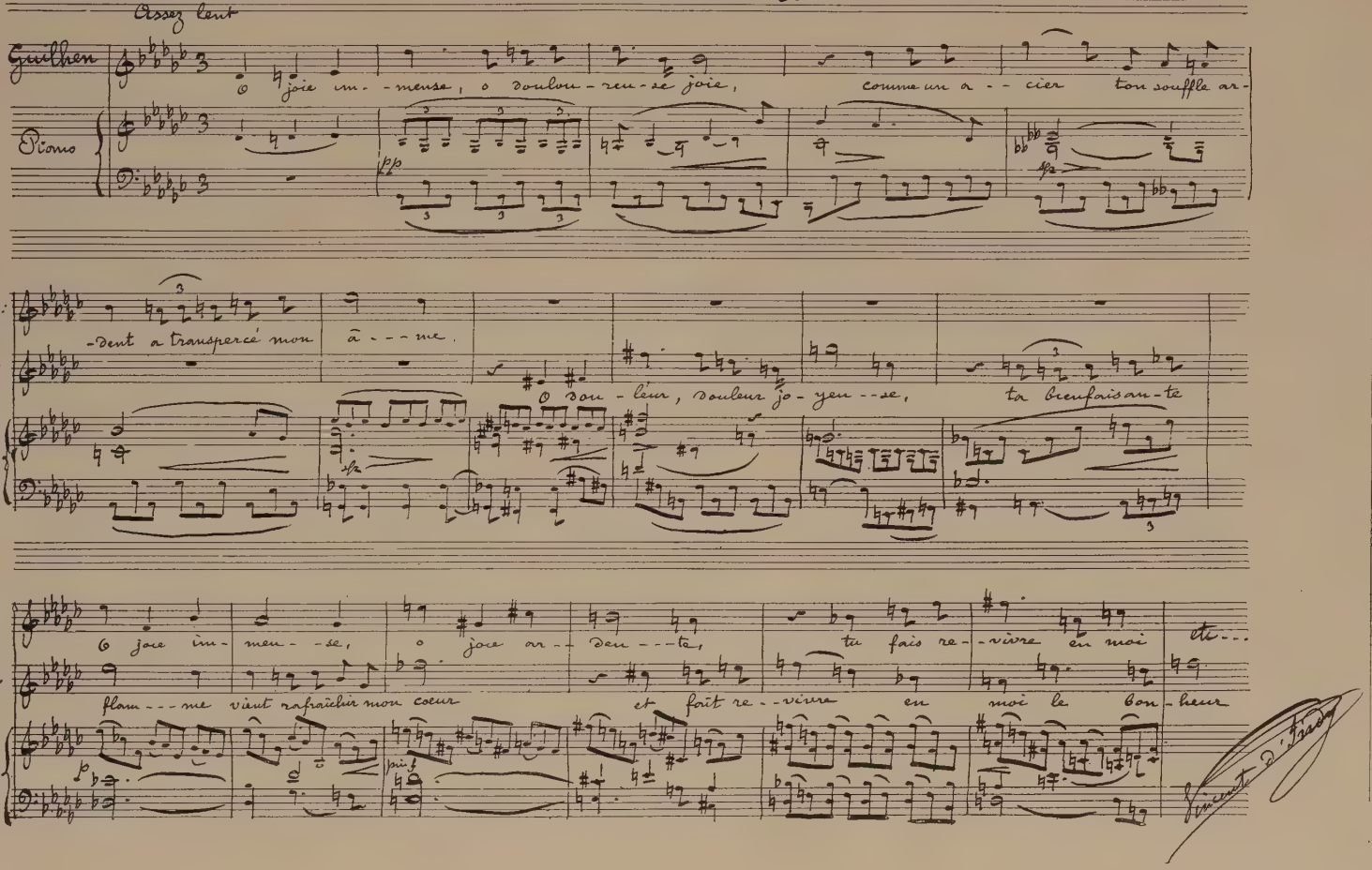
lutely from concern as to what may happen afterward. If the work is good and beautiful, it will live as a whole, in spite of the mutilations and outrages of traffickers in art. If it is a bad work, no absurd pains in the performance, no rich clothing, will save it from forgetfulness."

"Fervaal," like Massenet's "Hérodiade," like Reyer's "Sigurd" and "Salammbô," saw foreign footlights before it was heard in its own country, for it was not performed at the Opéra Comique, Paris, until May 10, 1898. The persons in the drama find their fate in the region of the Cévennes. While the action is not prehistoric, it is sufficiently remote to permit the introduction of legendary matter. Fervaal, descended of a divine race, will save those of his people who adhere to the Druid religion, if, like Parsifal, he remains pure. In an attack by the Saracens, he is captured in company with the old Druid Arfagard, and brought before Guilhen, the daughter of the Emir who has conquered the country. She falls in love with the hero. He is fated not to leave the enchanted spot where she holds him until he has fallen victim to her fascinations, but Arfagard reminds him of his duty, and he returns to his own people in the mountains. Chosen their chief, he declares a holy war against the enemies of his country; but he has sinned, and his sin brings about the defeat of his people. In the last act, Fervaal wanders on the snowy mountain side among corpses. Arfagard prepares to sacrifice him as an expiatory victim, when the voice of Guilhen is heard in the distance calling her lover. Fervaal strikes Arfagard and throws himself into the arms of the Saracen maiden, who is well-nigh frozen and at the point of death. She dies from cold and exhaustion, and Fervaal, in a wild state of religious fervor, climbs ridge after ridge, bearing her body, and shouting the triumph of the new god, Jesus.

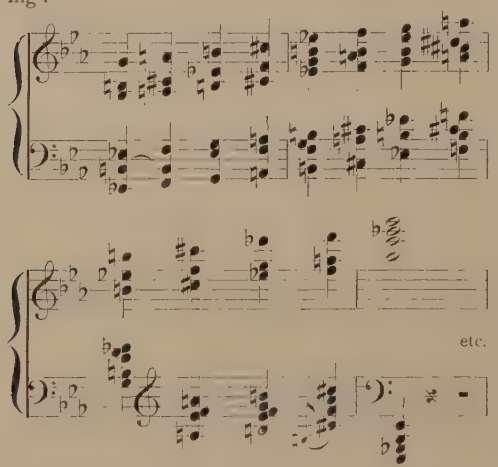
This opera excited the hostility of many, and the extravagant praise of a few. We refer the curious to Étienne Destranges's "Fervaal; étude thématique et analytique" (Paris, 1896); and "Fervaal devant la press" (Paris, 1897). Mr. Wm. Barclay Squire wrote his impressions, after the performance in Brussels, as follows (The Musician, May 12, 1897): "As times go, M. d'Indy, in spite of his forty odd years, is to be counted among *les Jeunes*, and if 'Fervaal' is to be considered a profession of faith, he must be looked upon as the most conspicuous example of the influence of Wagner upon French music. In his earlier instrumental works which have been heard in London, such as the 'Wallenstein' Trilogy, and the 'Forêt Enchantée,' the influence of Germany was not so apparent; but from the first to the last bar of 'Fervaal' there can be no mistake about the matter. By this I do not mean to say that M. d'Indy is a plagiarist; plagiarism is the refuge of weakness, and whatever other faults may be laid at his door, M. d'Indy is strong enough to stand on his own legs, and to cut a very pretty figure to boot; but one of the most interesting features of 'Fervaal' is that, without precisely copying Wagner, he has drunk so deeply of the Wagnerian fount that his whole mode of expression and inspiration seem to have been steeped in the draught; and yet, in spite of it all, the work shows clearly its French origin, and the results of the teaching of that remarkable man, César Franck. It is precisely owing to these causes that 'Fervaal' is an interesting phenomenon to the student who would try to foresee the future course of musical drama. In England Wagner's influence on opera has been slight, for the very good reason that English opera is practically nonexistent. In France it is otherwise, for opera has continued to flourish there as it has done in no other country in recent years. After shutting their ears for some time, French musicians have suddenly come under the influence of the most strongly-marked musical personality of the age. With the quickness and impressibility of their race, they have felt the force of the Wagnerian theories keenly, and 'Fervaal' must be regarded as the strongest and most complete result that has yet appeared of Wagnerian influence on French music. As I have already said, the book, which is from the composer's own pen, is not a good one. I remember the late Mr. Carl Rosa once saying to me 'There is no human interest in a turban,' and in 'Fervaal' the turban is combined with the equally uninteresting Druid. . . . 'Fervaal,' even in its present shape, is not a brand-new work. The piano score and libretto were published two years ago, and from internal evidence I should guess that the composition of the work was spread over a considerable period. In the earlier scenes the composer seems to be feeling his way; he is not quite at home in the method he has adopted, and there is a tentative character both in the vocal writing and the orchestration which seems to show that M. d'Indy was not always at his ease. His use of leading themes is not very happy, for the themes themselves are too few and too lacking in contrast for their purpose,

Fervaal.

Acte I. Scène 2.


Assez lent
Guilhen
Piano
ô joie im- -mense, ô douleur- reu-se joie, comme un a- - cier ton souffle ar-
Guilh.
Ferv.
-dent a transpercé mon â- - - me.
ô dou- leur, douleur jo- yeu- -se, ta bienfaisan-te
G.
Ferv.
ô joie im- meu- -se, ô joie ar- - deu- - -te, tu fais re- -vivre en moi
flam- - -me vient rafraîchir mon coeur et fait re- -vivre en moi le bon-heur

while his orchestration seems deficient in solidity, and the flow of the music is so continually broken that the general effect is rather patchy. It is not until the last two acts that the composer's full strength shows itself. In spite of grave defects of construction the scene of the gathering of the Celtic leaders is dramatic and striking; while in the last act, though Fervaal's final soliloquy is undoubtedly too long, the music rises to a height of emotion and expression which approaches more nearly to Wagner than has been achieved by any other of his followers. The scene of the frosty mountain-side, its snows fitfully lit by moonlight, while a thunderstorm growls in the distance, is indeed extremely full of poetry, and it is no small praise to say that it gave a hardened opera-goer like myself some of those thrills which I remember having experienced the first time I heard 'Nibelungen' and 'Tristan.' It is upon this act, if I am not mistaken, that the future fortunes of 'Fervaal' will rest. The dramatic situation lends itself to a more lyrical treatment than the rest of the work, and not only is the book better here, but the music, both in sonority of orchestration and in continuity of melody, is far superior to anything else in the work. If all 'Fervaal' were as good as this, there could be no doubt as to the verdict to be pronounced on it; but unfortunately there is much in the score which I cannot help thinking the composer himself will some day see to be seriously wrong. Such hideous progressions as the following:



even though they are intended to represent primordial chaos, would be hardly tolerable in M. Bruneau, and M. d'Indy is too good a musician to indulge in ugliness for mere ugliness' sake. Though the example quoted is, perhaps, the most extreme instance of the kind, the whole score teems with passages almost as repellent, and the difficulties it presents both to singers and instrumentalists, are so colossal that it is a matter for constant wonder that they can ever have been surmounted. That this has been done redounds infinitely to the credit of the company of the Monnaie. It is said, and I can easily believe it, that no fewer than twenty-nine orchestral rehearsals were devoted to 'Fervaal,' and when, in addition to this, the frightful difficulties of the vocal parts, both for the soloists and chorus-singers, are taken into consideration, the production must be looked upon as a really remarkable event."

M. Alfred Bruneau, in his "Musiques d'hier et de demain," writes as follows concerning the art of d'Indy: "Nobody will dispute his extraordinary skill in the art of writing, constructing a work, and in realizing his conceptions; his surprising technic, unsurpassed gifts as an orchestral writer, a marshaler of tones. One might easily wish him more originality, spontaneity, less dryness and reserve in the conception of a work and in the choice of the constituent elements. . . . I do not know whether d'Indy will ever be an innovator. Certainly he is not that at present. The day is at hand when Wagnerian pieces and Wagnerian music, I mean by this imitations of Wagner, will become impossible on account of their frequency, and on account of the very triumph of their models, and also because of the incessant evolution of *snobisme*. Each one has a right to follow in his glorious course and even go beyond the prodigious German poet, and to adopt the plan of reform so magnificently traced by him, but on the express condition that he opens the roads on his own land, and applies his ideas to the national spirit; that in a word, he creates, and advances, always advances, guided by the youthful inspiration which springs from the pure sources of his own race. . . . That which astonishes and disturbs me is that M. d'Indy should compose 'Fervaal,' which he certainly considers as a sort of a dramatic manifesto, in place of having taken an unexplored path. He has directed his steps toward Wagnerian gardens, the gates of which have for a long time been open or forced; immense gardens, it is true, which, however, are now familiar to us, for we have run over them so often; magnificent gardens, whose beds of superb flowers have been trampled on and ravaged by the

crowds ever ready to begin again. M. d'Indy very skillfully, and very deliberately, has made both by libretto and music an essentially Wagnerian work. This is admitted even by one of his most faithful biographers, M. Étienne Destranges, who in an interesting pamphlet attaches to this the importance of an act of faith, and, enumerating the Wagnerian merits of the work, states, among other things, that the title of the musical action given to 'Fervaal' is in a measure the translation of *Handlung* by which Wagner designates 'Tristan' and the dramas of the 'Tetralogy.' As for that matter, on each page of the score as well as in details of the scenery — is it necessary to cite the curtain which opens and shuts? — by the choice of themes and their development, the composer affirms his tendencies with a decisiveness and an audacity which are indeed not displeasing. That M. d'Indy, who has much talent, who is absolute master of his profession, who desires to derive benefit from contemporary *snobisme*, is late in following a tide, and thus diminishes the considerable effort that he has made, does not prevent 'Fervaal' from being one of the most interesting, and at times, most remarkable of works, worthy, surely, of any discussion that it may provoke, and if I regret to see an artist take the opinion of the crowd and be disturbed by the prevailing fashion, I do not any way intend to abstain from honoring as is fitting his patient and obstinate labor; but I declare it would be deplorable for impotent people to take the excuse of this essay, to impose on the public Wagnerian imitations, which if they were tolerated would end in bringing reproach to the just name of the honesty and the capacity of our composers. Wagner, mocked at first, has been the god before whom the world bows, only, because, a good German, he glorified his country in his music as in his poems, and created the sublime work which we all admire, while he at the same time remained faithful to his race. Thus did he give his detractors and his adorers a superb and useful lesson which should be remembered. Everything in 'Fervaal' is Wagnerian: the persons, the symbols, the themes, the orchestration. Like Parsifal, Fervaal, last descendant of the gods, is foreordained to a holy mission. Like Alberich, he has cursed love. Like Siegfried, and Sigismund, and Parsifal, he has grown up in a solitary and far distant forest, raised by Arfagard, who will be his Kurwenal. . . . Guilhen is sorceress like Kundry, and lover like Isolde. Arfagard, like Wotan with Brünnhilde, tells the Son of the Clouds a long story of genesis, and Fervaal tells Guilhen the story of his infancy, as Sigismund told his to Sieglinde and to Hunding. . . . These characters, these Wagnerian symbols, require Wagnerian music and Wagnerian orchestration. I do not speak of the development of themes, of the instrumental groupings of which we know the models; each page of his score, through the themes and the symphonic formulas, awakens in us remembrances sometimes vague, sometimes precise, which refer to some familiar page of the German master. But what is the use of insisting on this point? This score overflows with the loftiest, the surest, the most decided talent. It commands respect, which is at the same time a melancholy respect, admiration which is actually astonishment, by the prodigious effort to which it bears witness; but it rarely moves, and it often bores and grieves. For however miraculous the work may be, subject in its conception as in its realization to a genius far remote from ours, written rather in the coldness of obstinate reasoning than in the joy of human creation, it will not advance our art one step. Thus, the conception of barren love, of happiness in death, breaks my heart more than I can say, because it is repugnant to French ideas. These mists in the midst of which it may please us to live when we go into the country where they always rise, are they then to veil our sun, to discourage our heart, and fall on our heads in icy, heavy rain? Why does not the master-workman in sounds who has written this score understand that the battle is no longer on the field where he has pitched it, that the times march, and that one already demands something else than that which he has given us with his extraordinary talent? A melancholy comes from his immense and magnificent force that is almost wasted, since this force might have been gloriously employed."

D'Indy attended the first performances of both "The Ring" and "Parsifal," at Bayreuth. He was made President after the death of César Franck of the Société Nationale de Musique. In 1893, appointed by the Government to be one of a commission to reform the Paris Conservatory (the scheme came to nothing), he prepared "Projet de Réorganization du Conservatoire de Musique de Paris," which raised a tempest, so that a coalition of the professors of the Conservatory succeeded in obtaining the rejection of the commission. The Minister of Fine Arts offered him in 1895, after the

death of Guiraud, the place of professor of composition at the Conservatory, which he refused, for he wished to be wholly free. He founded in 1896 with MM. Charles Bordes and Alexandre Guilmant a music school named the "Schola Cantorum," where he teaches composition. It is the purpose of this school to form artists, not virtuosos. There were, in the year 1899–1900, over fifty pupils.

VINCENT D'INDY.

Now (1900) at work on a new music drama in two acts, "L'Étranger," he is chevalier of the Legion of Honor (since 1892), commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain (since 1896), a member of the Institut de Belgique, and of the Bevoordering de Toonkunst of Holland.

As far back as 1889 M. Gauthier-Villars described D'Indy as "a shadowy beauty, with locks of sombre hair, pale complexion, and with profound eyes. A pupil of Franck, he owes much to his master. He was the first who recognized him and glorified him, but his own individuality is sharply defined. The title of master cannot be refused to the French musician who has written 'Le Chant de la Cloche,' the 'Wallenstein' Trilogy, the Symphony on folk-songs in the mountains of Ardèche, and so many exquisite musical poems of original color. But he should follow his own individuality more completely. He should be a little more careful, without abdicating any of his principles, of the sensations which his harmonies produce on the ear of the hearer, and should be suspicious of involuntary romances which sometimes come to him from Wagner and Duparc."

D'Indy is a man of musical progress in the whole meaning of the term. His works proclaim his faith. There is no need of asking him to what religion he belongs. He has been prominent in

Vincent d'Indy

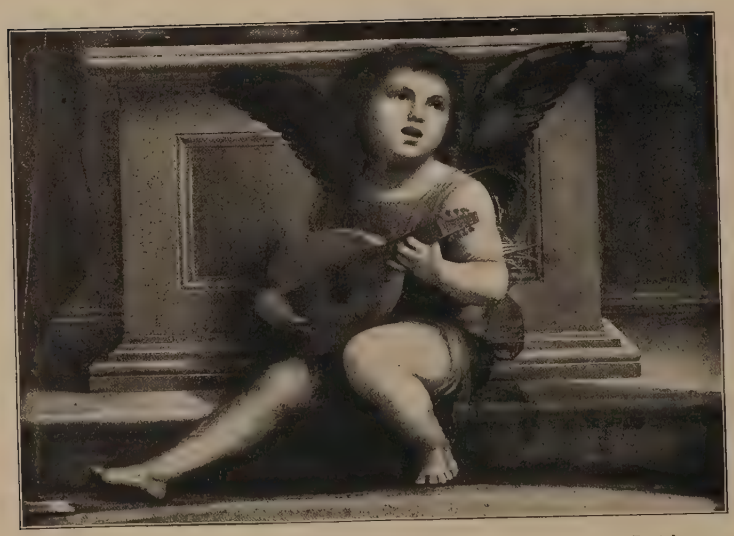
the musical movement which has been so well developed in France since the foundation of the Pasdeloup, Colonne, and Lamoureux concerts. Listening to the marvelous works of the great masters of the symphony at these concerts, composers and amateurs had the veil lifted from their eyes. D'Indy was one of the first to initiate himself into these beauties, and to understand the important part that the orchestra should assume. The numerous journeys which he made in Germany to hear, either at Bayreuth or at Munich, the musical dramas of Wagner, contributed in no small measure to enlighten him concerning the transformation and evolution of the musical drama. He is a thorough master of the orchestra. He is above all, audacious. Perhaps one sometimes misses sensuous charm: there is too often the austerity which is the distinctive mark of his master, César Franck; and sometimes, one is tempted to believe that for him beauty exists only on the condition that it be somewhat rude and enigmatic. D'Indy himself bore witness of his artistic preferences when he accepted from Lamoureux the direction of the choral rehearsals for the performance of "Lohengrin" in 1887. The perseverance with which these rehearsals were held produced a marvelous result. Never had any one heard choruses so beautiful. Never were choruses managed on the stage with such ensemble, with attitude suiting action, with gesture and everything reproducing the nuances of a score as difficult as that of "Lohengrin." As a matter of record, it is well to state that there were forty-six separate chorus rehearsals, six ensemble, twenty on the stage with the piano, five with the orchestra, and two dress rehearsals.

In nearly all of his music D'Indy shows himself to be a profound lover of nature. In a letter written in 1887, he spoke as follows of the scene at Vernoux: "At this moment I see the snowy summits of the Alps, the nearer mountains, the plain of the Rhone, the woods of pine which I know so well, and the green harvest which has not yet been gathered. I assure you that it is pleasant to find oneself here after the labors and the vexations of the winter. What they call at Paris 'the artistic world' seems afar off, and a trifling thing. Here, you are in true response, and at the veritable source of art." In literature d'Indy is what might be called an old romanticist. In his childhood, the only books that he loved were folk-tales or fantastic stories, and he has preserved this taste for dreamy and imaginative literature. Later, he read eagerly the works of Poe, Hoffmann, and Uhland. When he was twenty, he adored Dante, and the bust of the Italian poet is by that of Wagner in his study. He was especially fond of "Purgatory," and he long dreamed of using it as the theme of a symphony. Then other gods appeared to him, — Schiller, Goethe, Molière; and Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Tempest" tempted him to composition. And later Flaubert made a profound impression upon him, nor could he read without strong emotion, the monstrous and splendid "Temptation of St. Anthony." Still later, he studied the works of Tolstoï, who, to him, represents the school of painting that he prefers, — the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, — for he believes that the epoch of the Renaissance was injurious to true art: the impossible alliance that it attempted between the contemplative art of the lands of mists and the lineary art, well defined in the Midi, could produce works beautiful only in form, but without any intellectual bearing on the progress of art. He goes even still farther. He confesses frankly that he experiences a greater and more artistic stimulus in the presence of the Assyrian art of the eighth century before Christ than in the presence of the art known to Pericles. He will remain for hours in contemplation before the pictures of certain primitive German or Flemish painters, while the marvelous compositions of the Italian painters of the Renaissance, and even those of Raphael, leave him entirely cold. Rembrandt impresses him because he preserved the pure art of the primitive painters and yet infused therein a wholly modern feeling, which was stifled in the eighteenth century. So that one may well trace in his preference for the colossal and rude works of earlier times, and in his disdain for the charming creations of the Renaissance, the determination begun by him, to keep far from his music all that seems to him to have the least affectation, or that which is merely graceful or tender.

D'Indy conceals sentiment and deep sensibility beneath a rather forbidding exterior. In public he is reserved, just as in private his affability is pronounced. Tall, with long hair swept back, with a rather narrow forehead, which widens near the temples, with eyes deep set under arched brows, with a long face and fine sharply cut features, with small mouth and mustache, his general bearing suggests infinite self-control. The face reflects willpower, individuality, firmly rooted convictions. He

is indeed a modest man, who seems always afraid of fatiguing the public with his own personality, but this personality has broken through the natural reserve and won the admiration of discriminating musicians. Realizing that the gifts of fortune should be employed by those who possess them as instruments of high intellectual activity, he is one of those, unfortunately too few, who hate the commonplace and cultivate the ideal and the religion of beauty.

[Founded on the biographical sketch by Hugues Imbert, and on information given by the composer himself.]



ANGEL WITH LUTE. *Fra Bartolommeo.*

EMMANUEL CHABRIER

[Founded on a sketch by Hugues Imbert.]

THERE was nothing in the childhood of Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier to indicate his future musical fame. There was no hereditary influence, for his father, a lawyer, and his mother had no interest in music. Born at Ambert (Puy de Dôme) January 18, 1841, he died at Paris, September 13, 1894. His childhood was spent in the lovely valley of the Dore, and it was not until 1856 that he went to Paris to finish his studies and enter the law. In 1862, his father, who hoped for him a brilliant future, placed him with the Minister of the Interior. Chabrier spent his spare time in studying the piano, and in enlarging his musical relations. Popular in society, where his keen wit and enormous humor were relished, he sought every opportunity to study the masters and take part in chamber-music. His favorite composers were Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Berlioz. He had prodigious skill as a pianist, and his left hand was a constant wonder, even to virtuosos. He studied composition with Semet and Aristide Hignard, and the piano with Edouard Wolff, but he was chiefly self-taught. Of course there was a conflict between his love for music and the duties of his office. He therefore resigned his position in 1879, and devoted himself exclusively to his art. Amiable, gay, fond of his joke, with his hearty laugh, which was at times not without a touch of malice, Chabrier had gathered about him a number of artists and amateurs. There was Saint-Saëns, with his prodigious musical memory, and his truly Parisian playfulness; Massenet, "with his air of the repentant Magdalene;" the actors Grenier and Cooper; Manet, the painter; Taffanel, the famous flute player, and others. Here at his rooms was exquisite fooling, as well as serious work. Were there sonatas by Bach, or four-handed piano arrangements of symphonies by Schumann, there were also delirious parodies, as when Saint-Saëns took the part of Gounod's Marguerite. There were strange instruments, as a singular organ with bizarre stops, which imitated cannon, drums, etc. So it was no wonder that one fine spring evening the noise through the open windows drew a crowd in the street below, and someone shouted, "If I were your landlord, I should be so happy to have you for a tenant that I should not ask you for rent."

Nevertheless, Chabrier worked with the utmost assiduity, and these impressions of his joyful youth are found in some of his orchestral works, as well as in a little *opéra-bouffe* in three acts, "L'Étoile," libretto by Leterrier and Vanloo, which was performed at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris, November 28, 1877, with Paola Marié as the heroine. The music was praised as "very pretty — perhaps too pretty for the species of operetta." It was performed 34 times that year, and 13 times in 1878. The story of "The Merry Monarch" in which Mr. Francis Wilson disported himself so gaily was founded on this libretto. A little piece, "L'Éducation Manquée," was produced at the Cercle de la Presse, Paris, May 1, 1879. His piano pieces, "Dix Pièces pittoresques," were published, and in 1881, Lamoureux, who founded the Société des Nouveaux-Concerts at the Château-d'Eau, engaged Chabrier to drill the choruses, and prepare with him works of Wagner, which for a long time he had intended to produce at Paris. Chabrier was thus inoculated thoroughly with Wagnerian theories, and through this connection with Lamoureux his own early works were brought to a hearing. He was busy, even then, with the score of "Gwendoline."

As the result of a journey, which he made in Spain, he composed his orchestral rhapsody "España," a masterpiece of piquant rhythm, fascinating melody, and dazzling brilliance, which was first performed at a Lamoureux concert November 4, 1883. The "Scène et Légende," from the first

act of "Gwendoline" was performed with Mme. Montalba as soprano at a Lamoureux concert November 9, 1884. Lamoureux also produced the prelude of the second act of this opera November 22, 1885, and the overture November 21, 1886. "La Sulamite," words by Jean Richepin for mezzo-soprano, female chorus and orchestra, was produced at a Lamoureux concert March 15, 1885, when Mme. Brunet-Lafleur sang the solo part. When it was sung at Brussels in 1896 M. Maurice Kufferath wrote: "It certainly does not want color or emphasis, but as a composition it is almost incoherent! There is not a vocal phrase which has an expressive figure positively defined; the prosody defies common-sense; the voices are tortured capriciously; the orchestration jolts, is brutal, harsh, and sometimes singularly clumsy; the harmonic progressions are offensive and not always correct. And yet there is a singular charm in this work, full of happy detail, orchestral discoveries, piquant effects of contrast, alive and vibrant to the last degree, with sonorous patches of extreme brilliance. There is a striking resemblance between Chabrier and the painters whom he so admired and loved — Manet, Pizzaro, Claude Monet. He is thus, indeed, of his period, and he will remain one of the characteristic figures of contemporaneous French art. He sees only color in music; the rest is as nought. Novel rhythms, unheard of associations of metres, bold and often ravishing instrumental combinations — these he searches out, and he finds instinctively extraordinary things which make you overlook a certain vulgarity of ideas, and they result in expressing in original fashion the intense passion of the poem, which is inspired by 'The Song of Solomon.' After all, this is the main thing."

Like many other French musicians, who could not hear in their country at that time the works of Wagner, which were excluded through deplorable Chauvinism, Chabrier went to Brussels and to London, to hear these music dramas, which upset theatrical convention, overturned false idols, and opened by the marvels of their poetry a vast field for the composers of the future. He was often seen at the meetings of a club of friends who were devoted exclusively to the study of Wagnerian works. This club was called "Le Petit-Bayreuth." There was a little orchestra, which was assisted by two pianos, and among those who took part were Humperdinck, Camille Benoit, and Wilhelmj. Lamoureux, Garcin, and Charpentier were of the orchestra and d'Indy played the drums. It has for a long time been a reproach justly made against Parisian managers, that unknown men, no matter what their ability may be, are unable to gain access to the opera houses as well as concert halls. There is a surprising list of works by Frenchmen, which produced for the first time, either in Germany or in Belgium, have afterwards been received warmly in Paris, and acclaimed enthusiastically — but only after other nations have found them good. Thus Chabrier's "Gwendoline," an opera in two acts, was first performed, not in Paris, but at the Monnaie at Brussels, April 10, 1886, with Mme. Thuringer, Bérardi and Engel as the chief singers. It was performed at Carlsruhe in 1889 and at Munich in 1890. It was even performed at Lyons before it was produced at the Opéra, Paris, December 27, 1893, with Mlle. Berthet, Renaud and Vaguet as the chief singers. Of the performance at Paris, M. Alfred Bruneau wrote:

"They played 'Gwendoline' too late at the Opéra.

"No one was more overflowing with life, spirits, joy and enthusiasm; no one knew how to give to tone more color, to make voices sing with more exasperated passion, to let loose with more of a shock the howling tempests of an orchestra; no one was struck more cruelly, more directly, in his force, than Emmanuel Chabrier. The good, jovial, tender, big fellow, who, changed to a thin and pale spectre, witnessed the performance, so long and so sadly awaited, without being able even to assure himself that he saw at last his work on the stage of his dreams, his work, his dear work; the master musician, deprived of his creative faculties, whom the passion for art led, however, each Sunday to the Lamoureux concerts, frenetic applauder of his gods, Beethoven and Wagner, finding again at the occurrence of a familiar theme or at the appearance of an amusing harmony, the flaming look, the hearty laugh, which each day, alas, enfeebled!

"This prodigious liveliness which individualizes to such a high degree the works of Chabrier, was the distinctive mark of his character. The exuberance of his gestures, the solid frame of his body, the Auvergnian accent of his voice, which uttered the most diverse remarks and punctuated them at regular intervals by inevitable exclamations '*Eh! bonnes gens!*' or '*C'est imbécile!*' the boldness of his hats, the audacity of his coats, gave to his picturesque person an extraordinary animation. He played the piano as no one ever played before

him, and as no one will ever play again. The spectacle of Chabrier stepping forward in a parlor thick with elegant women, toward the feeble instrument, and performing 'España' in the midst of fireworks of broken strings, hammers in pieces, and pulverized keys, was a thing of unutterable drollery which reached epic proportions. And he wrote also with the spirited abandon, the enormous gaiety that entered into everything he did. He made his début with 'L'Etoile,' an operetta played at the Bouffes-Parisiens. But already Catulle Mendès, whose friendship for Chabrier — a friend-

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Reproduction of an original photograph from life by Bary, Paris.

ship very warm, and full of admiration — never flagged, had given to the musician the poem of the noble and beautiful work which for years and years they affected to ignore at the Opéra. The doors of serious theatres were closed to him, and so Chabrier offered Lamoureux the brilliant orchestral rhapsodie which immediately gave him fame. The overpowering success of 'España' induced the Monnaie of Brussels to put 'Gwendoline' immediately in rehearsal, and the opera, according to custom, made the tour of Europe before it returned to us. In the meantime, Carvalho ordered of Chabrier, 'Le Roi malgré lui,' the banal libretto of which, fashioned in the conventional method of the ancient *opéra-comique*, did an ill turn to his theatrical instinct, but did not prevent him from composing a very amusing and charming score.

"Because Chabrier possessed also, and to a supreme degree, charm and grace — nor do I need to say, without any affectation — he enwrapped certain types of womanhood, his voluptuous 'Salamite,' for example, and the tragic bride of Harald — in a delicious dress of sevenths, ninths, and appoggiaturas which adorned them in exquisite manner. But he had above all, originality, the gift of creation, and, refusing to be a vassal of any school, not being a pupil of any one, having acquired by patient study and repeated hearings of the masters the trade for which he had fashioned for himself his own weapon, he allowed an admirable artistic temperament to develop itself in fullest liberty.

"In 'Gwendoline' appeared the most serious and diverse qualities. Intelligence, and there is much of it in the chief part, was notably refined, while the orchestral desperation attains at times a sort of savage grandeur. Adorable poetry and infinite tenderness emanate from these vaguely symbolic characters, which Mendès has seen fit to show us in a poem of impeccable form, and in original and musical verse.

"After the overture, violent and strident in its length, of a savage vehemence, where the especial themes of the work are exposed in a truly symphonic manner, and mingle themselves at the end in a conclusion of terrible sonorousness, in which the theme of the apparition of the Valkyrie sings in the brilliant sunlight of the trombones, follows the tranquil awakening of a Saxon farm. Girls and men call each other and answer at the windows of the houses and in the footpaths, and the contrast with the preceding brutality is delicious. Soon the flutes sketch a melody of virginal grace, at the same time chaste and teasingly coquettish, in which two ravishing appoggiaturas play most gaily. It is the phrase of Gwendoline, and a short figure, henceforth inseparable from the barbarian with the red hair, brutally proclaimed by the stringed instruments, is not slow in embracing it. In spite of the reassuring words of old Armel, her father, Gwendoline is sadly frightened. She has seen in a dream a hideous savage carrying her with him into the sea, and in the horror of her recitation, there sweeps over her a great wave of melancholy pity for the poor rover of the strands who, far from beautiful and peaceful valleys, knows nothing of love nor of wedlock. But cries burst forth, '*Ehéyo! Ehéyo!*' and, in a panic of fear, the Saxons, men and women, run, pursued by the Danes. From afar, dominating the fight, their chief, Harald, sings his proud war song, and the conqueror orders Armel to give to him his gold and his harvests. Armel refuses proudly, and Harald, with drawn sword, is about to punish the old man, when Gwendoline rushes between the two. With distended eyelids Harald stands stupefied, and while, with eyes looking into eyes, the savage and the woman remain immovable in the presence of the crowd, a long and noble phrase rises from the orchestra. Exposed in the impressive sonority of 'cellos and horns, it is splendidly developed, and it unites itself triumphant with the theme of Gwendoline, which is transformed, and, as it were, magnified by this superb instrumental marriage. With a thundering voice, Harald dismisses everybody, and is alone with Gwendoline. The scene is of an infinitely curious musical psychology, and it is treated with a master hand by the composer. At first, fierce and brutal, the man is not slow in taming himself. He wishes to know the name of the mysterious creature who is there before him. She tells him, and he sings this name in an exquisite phrase, light and vaporous, which, on the arpeggios of the violins, fades away as the foam of the billow. His name is rudely sonorous. In a tempestuous burst, he proclaims it, and then with great solemnity he tells that one day in the shock and din of battle, when for him the hour had come perhaps to take his flight toward Walhalla, he saw appear in the sun-ray the Valkyrie, with her helmet of gold, and the splendid theme which was made known by the overture now assumes a special significance. Not less beautiful, and not less brilliant is Gwendoline, but she is still more sweet, and still more joyous. She runs among the bushes, gathers flowers, and wishes Harald to help her. He consents, after hesitation and revolt. Then she turns gaily her spinning-wheel, and hums a simple ballad. Like Hercules at the feet of Omphale, Harald is about to sit by the wheel, but his song is a cry of war, and with his voice it sounds like the clash of swords. 'Sing mine, Harald,' and like a willing child he is about to obey, when he is surprised by the Saxons and the Danes. When Armel, in answer to his peace-bringing demand, consents to give him Gwendoline, he repeats the ballad while the curtain falls, and, conquered in the eternal strife, he is caught in the snare that is eternally prepared.

"A prelude of peaceful mood and vaporous hues precedes the second act. In the midst of divers themes, the motive of Gwendoline appears, is trans-

formed, and is developed in most successful fashion. In the bridal chamber, while the festal chorus of Saxon maidens sing in the distance, old Armel, with his companions, is preparing a terrible vengeance: the Danes are doomed to perish in the fire which will be kindled by his order. The situation is dramatic, and the composer has made it highly effective by contrasting sinister harmonies of the murder with the light refrains of Gwendoline's companions. The bridal hymn which follows is an ensemble of great beauty. The voices rise in religious fervor, and frame a superb phrase of Armel. They reach an incomparably sonorous height, and fall solemnly in long and calm chords,—a masterpiece which alone would be enough for the honor of a work. But before he leaves the couple Armel gives to his terrified daughter the knife with which she is to kill Harald.

"Gwendoline, alone with the Dane who comes toward her with open arms, wishes to drive him from her. Is it because she does not love him? When pressed by questions, panting with despair, she is about to tell him the horrible truth. All at once, the joyous shouts of his robust companions reassure her. At the same time, the caressing words of her husband drive from her mind the horror of the meditated treason. But scarcely have they approached the nuptial couch, singing in their caress of two united voices the profound deliciousness of pure and beautiful love, when cries of distress are heard from neighboring halls, and the noise of strife and tables overturned is heard. Harald rushes to the assistance of his friends. In vain he seeks a weapon, and Gwendoline puts into his hand the knife which she received from Armel. With a wild embrace he rushes out and fastens the door behind him.

"And now, in a savage spot near the sea, to furious orchestral music, the Danes fly in the darkness, pursued by torch-bearing Saxons. Harald is wounded. Leaning against a tree, he still defies Armel and his followers, who strike him without mercy. But Gwendoline rushes toward them, and snatching from him the knife, she stabs herself, and dies with him in the midst of apotheosis-flames, and in this burst of sunlight, which announces the future Walhalla, man and wife exultingly sing for the last time the ecstatic theme of the Valkyrie, divine promiser of the supreme paradise.

"In this brave and noble work, is the Wagnerian influence as preponderant as some pretend? I do not think so.

"In spite of the final burst of flames, and the invocation of Wotan, souvenirs of legends that are easily recognized, in spite of the 'Flying Dutchman' that preceded it, we find in the poem of 'Gwendoline' a theatrical *faire*, a poetic form, which were the peculiar property of Mendès, and which are in no way borrowed from German conceptions. The first act especially, delicate and brutal, and what is rare, wholly psychologic, is particularly French in spirit.

"On the other hand, the score of Chabrier is no more than the libretto an assimilation of the music dramas of the great dramatic reformer. It reveals harmonically and melodically in each one of its pages the individuality of its composer. This rapid and broken *grupetto*, which is like the signature of certain phrases, these appoggiaturas, and this chaining together of familiar chords, these brusque contrasts of savageness and sweetness, these instrumental and vocal extremes, denote, on the contrary, uncommon independence and originality.

"Furthermore, it is necessary to remember that 'Gwendoline' is a comparatively ancient work. At the time when it was composed, the Opéra remained closed obstinately to Wagner, whose prodigious genius, still imperfectly known by the people, exercises on strong and lofty souls who have tried to penetrate it an unconquerable fascination. Should we then reproach artists for having bravely avowed their admiration and their belief, at a time when it took courage on their part to be so daring, and should we not on the contrary be grateful to them for having tried, these pioneers, to communicate to the crowd the religion of universal and eternal renaissances?

"It behooves the young men of to-day to walk with a freer step, and with less embarrassment toward glory. Now the Wagnerian drama is everywhere applauded; its triumph is assured. The battle is no longer over this point; it is now on a totally different field, for it is the future of French music which is now at stake. Let us have confidence in our new and strong generation. Let us thank Chabrier and Mendès for having aided by their bravery the necessary evolution which is accomplished. And let us also report the pitiless and idiotic cruelty of things. Can one never attain the wished-for goal, and will it never be permitted to any one to accomplish entirely the work of his life? After years of struggles and pains, Chabrier, in the ultimate hope of better days, is

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struck by the frightful disease which destroys his thought, and leaves unfinished the lyric drama which would have led him to glory, and added to the honor of French music. I take pleasure in remembering him as he was formerly, in his gay lodgings, where pictures by Manet, Monet, Renoir, fastened to the walls, laughed in their joyous harmonies of colors. I remember him young, robust, jovial, enthusiastic, playing for me the first act of 'Briséïs.' With what fire he declaimed the beautiful and sonorous verses of Mendès! With what ardor he sang at the poor, thin piano, his magnificent orchestral hymns. But, opening a drawer, I find there one of his letters which brings to me the sad reality of the present moment. It is the last letter that he wrote to me. The rude and firm characters of former days are changed into a hesitating and painful penmanship. The letter ends as follows: 'You are very happy, for you can still work for a long time.'"

"Le Roi malgré lui," to which Bruneau refers, is an opéra-comique in three acts, with libretto founded by Émile de Najac and Paul Burani on an old vaudeville by Ancelot. It was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, May 18, 1887, with Mlle. Isaac, Delaquerrière, and Bouvet as the chief comedians. The success was instantaneous — but the Opéra-Comique was destroyed by fire May 25, after three performances. It was mounted again November 16, 1887, at the Châtelet, which was then a temporary home for a most characteristic form of French musical art. The same year, October 11, "La Femme de Tabarin," a *tragi-parade* in one act, by Mendès, music by Chabrier, the story of which is that of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," was performed at the Théâtre-Libre.

These pieces by Chabrier were first performed at the Popular Concerts, Angers: Suite pastorale (Idylle, Danse villageoise, Sous bois, Gigue), Prelude, Marche française, Habanera (November 4, 1888). His "Marche joyeuse" was performed at a Lamoureux concert, February 16, 1890, and even M. Gauthier-Villars exclaimed that in this piece the composer had perhaps pushed his love for practical joking too far. "But the carnival justifies everything, even this *gavrochade* in which he has put into an orchestral piece the cry of unfortunate Bulgaria, the last breath of Louise Michel, and other *leitmotive* of the faubourg Montmartre. This Falstaff of Wagnerism, gifted with an exuberant imagination, perfect knowledge, extraordinary sense of color and the picturesque, and who — a rare thing — has ideas, gives himself up too willingly to ventral fancies. When he falls a prey to this fit of grotesque epilepsy, our Rabelaisian juggles with dissonances, swallows syncopations, orchestrates with his feet and nose."

"A la musique" for soprano, female chorus and orchestra was performed at a Colonne concert March 27, 1891. Then there must be added a fantaisie for horn and piano; romantic waltzes for two pianos and four hands, and certain vocal pieces, as "Credo d'amour," "Ballade de gros dindons," "Pastorale des petits cochons roses." It is said that he wrote the music for "Sabbat," a comic opera by Armand Silvestre; for a burlesque operetta, "Vaucochard," words by Verlaine; for an opera, "Jean Hunyade," which was abandoned; and that he contemplated an opera, "Les Muscadins," founded on Claretie's novel. The Bourrée Fantasque, orchestrated by Mottl, was first played at Karlsruhe in February, 1897. Here may also be mentioned "Les plus jolies chansons du pays de France, chansons tendres, choisies par Catulle Mendès, notées par Emmanuel Chabrier et Armand Gouzien." (Paris, s. d.)

"Briséïs," an opera in three acts, libretto by Ephraïm Mikhaël and Catulle Mendès, was left unfinished, for Chabrier completed only the first act. This act was produced in concert form by Lamoureux, January 31, 1897, when the chief parts were taken by Eléonore Blanc, Mme. Chrétien Vaguet, Engel, Ghasne, Nicolaou. The first stage performance was at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, January 14, 1899, with Hiedler (Briséïs), Götze (Thanasto), Grüning (Hylas), Hoffmann (Le Catéchiste), and Knüpfer (Stratoklès). Richard Strauss was the conductor. The fragment was performed at the Opéra, Paris, May 8, 1899, with Berthet (Briséïs), Chrétien-Vaguet (Thanasto), Vaguet (Hylas), Bartet (Le Catéchiste), Fournets (Stratoklès). Let us again quote M. Alfred Bruneau: —

"The Opéra has honored itself by producing 'Briséïs.' The experiment seems to me much more meritorious since it is of an especial artistic nature. Chabrier died before he had finished his opera, of which he had written only the first act. Without taking into consideration the habits of the crowd, — habits which the representation of an unfinished piece evidently disarrange — the managers of our National Academy of Music thought it their duty to play Chabrier's last work in the state in which it was left by the admirable master. They were right, and I congratulate them on having re-

nounced one of those posthumous collaborations which must surely be unfortunate; for either the chosen continuer has neither the personality nor the temperament, and therefore his work is without interest, or he has both these qualities; and as soon as this happens, equilibrium and unity of the composition would be impossible. Besides, who would then dare to pick up the pen fallen from such a hand, to substitute himself for such a poet and boast of having divined his thought beyond the grave?

"Temperament, personality, I may add also power and tenderness, passionate exuberance and joyous kindliness, were the dominating qualities of Chabrier. Those who, the morning of the triumphal performance at the Lamoureux concert, a performance that it is necessary to recall, affected not to recognize these evident qualities, will regret it, because, to speak frankly, never were these qualities affirmed with the force which is here manifested. Listen, for instance, at the beginning — 'Briséïs' has neither prelude nor overture — to the distant chorus of sailors so lightly and deliciously enveloped by the orchestration. You might take it, at first vague and indistinct, for the appeal of some nereid, but when the galley appears in the moonlight, bringing Hylas and his companions, the song grows broader and bursts into brilliancy with a surprisingly brusque modulation. 'Let them row more gently, let the anchor be cast, and let the sails be furled, because Hylas, before sailing the main, wishes to say good-by to the virgin, Briséïs, the musical sister of 'Gwendoline,' as we learn immediately by a love theme of exquisite grace and extreme vivacity. A short and charming bit of orchestral writing accompanies the young girl, who meets the voyager.

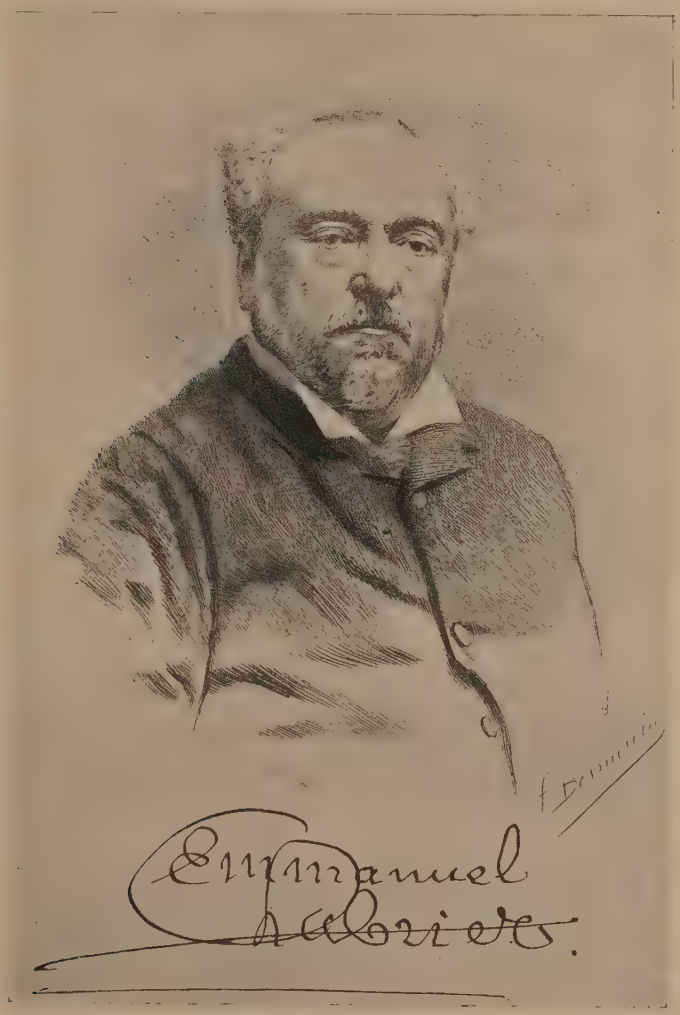
"Her happy cry is saddened in accords of infinite suffering. A horrible disease ravages Thanasto, her mother. Apollo alone can cure her, and his noble and superb motive is immediately exposed. Hylas invokes Eros, the dispenser of life and light and joy. Since his bride of Corinth is famous for her riches, he will depart and bring back gold, that he may be the equal of his betrothed. Briséïs is melancholy, and fears the festivals of the corrupt islands which Hylas will visit, but he replies with an oath of eternal fidelity, because death does not extinguish love, and sleep is sweet in nuptial tombs. Yet life is also good, and the lovers say this in ravishing strophes. They sing, 'Hymen! Hyménée!' while the sailors cry, 'Hylas! Hylas!' The two united voices repeat the oath, and exclaim it in frenetic enthusiasm. The chorus of sailors resounds, as at the beginning of the act, and the lovers, farther and farther apart, constantly throw out the word of farewell, 'Hymen! Hyménée!' The themes grows vague, indistinct, and are lost in a harmonious murmur. This long scene, which appears very short, is of uncommon beauty.

"Orchestral measures of saddened tenderness and irresistible emotion follow. With astonishing eloquence, the orchestra expresses that which passes at the moment in the heart of Briséïs, and sounds again the essential motives of the drama. The young girl dreams that a storm may threaten the galley which bears Hylas, that her lover may deceive her. The oath reassures her. She thinks of her sick mother, and seeing the betrothal flowers on the threshold of the house, she picks them up, kisses them, and lets them fall on the bench. The voices of remembrance say, 'Hymen! Hymen! Hyménée!' Ah, how touching is this simple and beautiful page that came from the still pure soul of a man who had suffered and loved, and not from the brain of an unsympathetic and dry arranger of tones.

"Distracted, at the point of death, Thanasto runs forward. She cries, 'Jesus save me!' and fanatically proclaims solemnly the redeeming omnipotence of the true God. The music rises to a surprising height. To succor her mother, Briséïs is ready to give her life. She believes only in Apollo, and with the servants, she implores the other god, her god. They cry, 'Phoebus! Phoebus! Appear!' Then, on the beach, in a glow that clears, a supernatural being appears, clothed in white. He raises to the sky a cross formed of two branches of a tree, and the austere, imperious, and consoling voice of the Catechist is heard, without orchestra, sole, immense, liturgic. It stops, and the mystic theme of the new religion is heard in orchestral enthusiasm. The noble theme of Apollo, which has been much developed in the preceding scene, is added and indicates already the end of the drama: the renunciation of all hatred in the presence of love and death, submission of all beliefs to the law of Hymen.

"The Pagans insult the Christian, and wish to drive him away. He sings a phrase of sovereign magnificence. Long, calm, gentle, and at the same time stern, with hardly a modulation, this phrase seems to go over the whole world for the safety of sinners.

"God brings the cure to him that serves Him. Thanasto will be freed from her disease if Briséïs will consent to be baptized and become the bride of Christ. And the mother, half dead, without pity, gives her daughter to Jesus. Briséïs entreats in vain. It is necessary to obey, and after Thanasto has howled her hymn of victory the Catechist bears away with him the bride of Hylas. They



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leave together under the resplendent cross, while the orchestra in a peroration of inexpressible power, intones for the last time the mystic theme of the new religion.

"Here the inspiration of the composer, who, I say without hesitation, had reached the sublime, was stopped. The two following acts of the poem represent the baptism of Briséïs in the sea, the ceremony of the divine marriage interrupted by the meeting of the betrothed ones, the combat between filial love and nuptual love, the death of the virgin, who, before stabbing herself, promised Hylas to come in search of him and to remain faithful to her oath, the waiting of Hylas for his betrothed, who, a phantom, really comes, and as a Christian leads the Pagan to the tomb, the burial

of the two lovers in the sacred ground of the flowery cemetery under the morning sun. And I am sure, in the presence of purity of literary form, nobility of the old Greek legend, splendor of music, so free, so rich, so proud, so full of youth, so adorably charming, and so virilely passionate, that a masterpiece — and I do not speak at random — was about to be born, when Chabrier, too violent a worker, was struck down by imbecile fate. Yes, a too violent worker, because, having sacrificed his soul and his body to art, struck down by excessive cerebral expense, he was obliged at the end of his strength to interrupt his task, and to look on — you may imagine with what despair — the shipwreck of his intelligence. I know of no martyrdom comparable to that which the poor man, a conscious witness of his misfortune, endured for long months, and I know of none more glorious."

Chabrier was small, and exceedingly fat. His eyes were bright; his forehead was unusually developed. He delighted in snuff-colored waistcoats. Extracts from a letter written to the editor of the Revue d'Aujourd'hui (about 1890), who vainly entreated Chabrier to act as music critic for that magazine, will give some idea of his humor. "Reserve for me, if you are so inclined, a position as bashibazouk, an intermittent monsieur; I give you full liberty to do this. . . . Look for some one *recta*, a serious bearer of perfect copy — there are such competent persons; and above all a modern man, a fellow of hot convictions and fiery zeal. . . . Find a hairy slayer of the repertory, a slugger of opera managers, a nimble lighter of new street-lamps and a radical extinguisher of the old ones: that's the ideal chap for you. But why look toward me for anything good? When a man has little hair left and that is white, he should stop playing the piano in public."

"Although Chabrier was not a conservatory pupil he had learned thoroughly counterpoint and fugue. The patient and reflective reading of the scores of great masters had familiarized him with the resources of each instrument — the grouping, the accent, the tone color, and the compass — and especially the adaptation of musical expression to the art of orchestration; and so 'Gwendoline' is distinguished by the remarkable ingenuity of the orchestral parts as 'Espa a' is distinguished by the ingeniousness of the tone color. He applied the Wagnerian methods to his ideas, but not in slavish fashion. If, on the one hand, he uses the leit-motiv, dissonances, false relations, and in a word, all licenses which can be justified, he does not proscribe duets, trios, or effects of ensemble. Perhaps at times, there is too much anxiety in the matter of rhythm; perhaps there are sonorities that are not agreeable, and intervals that are dangerous to the human voice. But as one has justly said, 'No one possessed in the same degree, in the younger school, the art of weaving a rhythmic theme, and varying it and combining it.' His melodic invention was not always of absolute distinction, but with what suppleness and with what finesse he saved himself from triviality, by unexpected harmonies, or by details which displayed a rare and superior sentiment of art. He launched himself boldly into all the dangers of unexpected and new harmonies. He sowed fifths, false relations, chords which were modified only that they might not be perfect, passing notes unprepared and unresolved, dissonances in his orchestral works as well as in his piano pieces, and they bore rich and abundant harvest. His ear was naturally musical, and if sometimes his harmonies are sought out to the verge of puerility, they often clothed with a new charm an idea that in itself was not original. And he was a marvelous discoverer of sonorous combinations which had a penetrating accent. He was a man apart; an individuality carried by temperament toward extravagance. Pages of excessive character, loud in color, astonishing by the dash of the rhythm and the violent shock of tones, are side by side with pages of the most tender and delicate sentiment. His orchestration especially is curious and interesting, often remarkable. He was particularly alive to strange combinations of timbres, and his 'España' is from this point of view, one of the most original pieces of modern orchestral music."

Otto Lessman in 1899 declared him to be the most striking personality among the modern musicians of France. "His music pours forth with extremely sympathetic warmth of invention, and such exquisite fineness of taste is disclosed in the workmanship, that he must be reckoned indisputably among the most prominent musicians of our time. The richness and the boldness of his harmonies are amazing, and his treatment of the orchestra displays an instinct for tone which finds play in the most unusual and subtle tone-colors. It is indeed not possible to think of Chabrier without

Wagner, but in his music you will look in vain for the slightest hint of a reminiscence of that composer."

The funeral service was held at the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, which was crowded. Saint-Saëns, Lamoureux, and others followed the coffin to Montparnasse where Armand Silvestre made a touching address. But those who wish to know how Chabrier was admired and extolled as a musician and loved as a man should ponder the tributes paid his memory by Charpentier, d'Indy, Bruneau, de Bréville, Chausson, the Hillemacher brothers, Leroux, Messager, Lamoureux, and Felix Mottl, which are published in the sumptuous edition of " Briséïs " — an unfinished masterpiece.

MOZART AT THE ORGAN. *Karl Herpfer.*

EDOUARD LALO.

EDOUARD LALO

[Founded on articles by Georges Servières, Hugues Imbert, and the Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarque.]

BEFORE being applauded as the composer of "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo had undergone so many disappointments, various and cruel, that one might have said an obstinate and ironical fate had determined to persecute this artist of great worth, and take away from him all occasions of reaching the public. Even his name did not linger in the memory of chroniclers of the time. Hostile to any concession, compromise, or scheming, Lalo was not the man to succeed in obtaining a kindly welcome from opera-managers. Nor did he ever deign to sign his name to salon music, or to tunes without originality, so as to attract the attention of amateurs. He answered a ballet-master of the opera, when the latter advised him to take as a model, Adolphe Adam, "Do you think I am going to make for you music like 'Giselle'"? Unfortunately, especially in France, talent that is ahead of the contemporaneous ideal expiates harshly its boldness. Lalo was for a long time a victim to the enmity of the public and the inveterate routine of musical criticism.

Slight in stature, he limped a little as the result of paralysis, which attacked him during the rehearsals of "Namouna." He was otherwise of distinguished appearance,—fastidious in dress, with a good deal of color in his cheeks, bright eyes, snow white hair, a white beard and mustache, which gave him the appearance of an Austrian diplomat. His judgment of contemporaneous musicians was spiced with wit, which was at times malicious. He had an unfavorable opinion of much of the music that was heard in the opera-house, but he had no predilection for German theories concerning the music-drama. His temperament was indeed French, very honest and devoted to clearness. Lamoureux, the orchestral leader, was one of his oldest friends, and thanks to him, the orchestral works of Lalo were carefully and frequently performed.

Edouard Victor Antoine Lalo was born at Lille, January 27, 1823, of a highly respectable family, which came from Spain to Flanders in the sixteenth century. He died at Paris, April 23, 1892. He was carefully educated, and his inclination toward music was at first combated by his parents, who finally allowed him to take lessons on the violin and in harmony at the conservatory of that town, where he studied with a German named Baumann. He finally came to Paris and entered the class of Habeneck, in the Conservatory, to perfect himself in the study of the violin. He was taught composition by Schulhoff, the pianist, and Crèvecœur. For several years Lalo, who did not stay long at the Conservatory, was obliged to gain his bread by playing the viola in the Armingaud-Jacquard Quartet, whose concerts were popular for many years. The society was organized in 1855, and the programs were devoted chiefly to chamber music by the leading German composers. Those were the days of the weak romances of Loïsa Puget, and of variations of themes from favorite operas. But Lalo, instead of thus prostituting his talent, gave himself over almost exclusively to chamber music, which was then cultivated but little in France and was poorly represented. His first works were pieces for the violin and piano, and a trio in C minor (Op. 7), which, classical in form, shows the influence of Beethoven, especially in the first three movements, while the finale is in a style that is thoroughly old-fashioned. Lalo also composed six songs, published in 1856, on verses of Victor Hugo, other melodies, pieces for the 'cello, and a sonata for the piano and violin (Op. 12), in regular form, with theme and variations after the manner of Beethoven. Several of his works were played at a concert of the Armingaud Quartet in April, 1859; among them an allegro for piano and 'cello, the second trio in B minor, the quartet in E flat (Op. 19) which was afterward rewritten and published in new form in 1888. The great public knew nothing of him, but his name

was already known to musicians. Foreign visitors became acquainted with him, and certain of his compositions were played in Germany before they were in France. Then followed a period of inaction and discouragement. He gave up composition, was married to one of his pupils, Julie Marie Victoire Bernier de Maligny, July 5, 1865, a handsome contralto who was often heard at the concerts of the Société Nationale and he contented himself with playing in the chamber-music concerts, until a competition proposed in 1867 in the lyric theatres, by order of the minister of state, gave him an opportunity to show what he could do in dramatic music. Beauquier had made the libretto of an opera in three acts, "Fiesque," founded on Schiller's "Fiesco," for Lalo to set to music. The prize was awarded to Philippot for a one-act piece, and, although there was talk of performing Lalo's opera at the Opéra, the composer addressed himself to the Monnaie theatre, Brussels. The opera was about to be produced there, when the director, Vachot, failed, and there was nothing left for Lalo to do but to publish his score. Fragments were played in concerts, and the prelude, as well as the intermezzo, were played at the Odéon, May 4, 1873.

EDOUARD LALO.

After 1870 there was a fever of production among French musicians, and a praiseworthy rivalry in pieces of chamber and orchestral music. Lalo buckled himself to work, and his style became more original, bolder, more individual. His 'cello sonato was played January 27, 1872, at a concert of the Société Nationale. Several songs are of this epoch, among them, "L'Esclave," and a Divertissement for orchestra, which was played at the Cirque d'Hiver, December 8, 1872. For Sarasate, who was one of his most intimate friends, Lalo composed a violin concerto (Op. 20) which is one of his most remarkable works. The style is modern and of supreme elegance; the allegro is full of passion, the andantino is a melodious romance of charming purity, and the finale is full of natural gaiety, although it would gain if it concluded with the symphonic development of the leading phrase. This concerto was performed with much success at the Châtelet, January 18, 1874. The following year, Lalo produced one of his most celebrated works, which Sarasate played, February 7. This is the famous "Symphonie espagnole" with violin solo (Op. 21). It is composed of five movements,—a fiery allegro, a pretty scherzo, a strongly rhythmed intermezzo, an andante of a lofty style, and a rondo-finale in which several vivacious themes are combined with much skill. In spite of its deceptive title, this symphony, which is really a suite for violin and orchestra, is of very elegant and modern form. In 1876, his "Allegro symphonique," and the overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" were played. This overture belongs to an unpublished opera which was planned before "Fiesque," and it was rewritten almost immediately after performance. A concerto for 'cello was played by Adolphe Fischer, December 9, 1877. The first allegro, in the style of Schumann, contains a melody of rare nobility; a pretty intermezzo, a species of village dance, preceded by an andante which appears in the midst of the movement, is a grateful contrast to the passion of the first movement, and the concerto ends with a brilliant finale. Encouraged by the success of his "Symphonie espagnole," Lalo again sought inspiration in folk songs, and he composed a suite for violin and orchestra of Scandinavian airs, which was played for the first time at Berlin, November 29, 1878. Are the themes developed by the musician really of Scandinavian

origin? At any rate, the arrangement is made in a manner to bring into the clearest light the technical skill and the temperament of the solo violinist. Lalo used the first part of this fantaisie for a new work,—his "Rapsodie norvégienne." Then he added a brilliant allegro, with a famous trumpet passage, which contains for an episode a theme taken from a slow movement of the fantaisie. This work was played April 20, 1879, at a concert of the Société Nationale, and it ranks among the finest of his compositions for beauty, grace, and elegance of orchestration. Five songs appeared in 1879, and a new trio (Op. 26) in April, 1880. Marsick played at a Pasdeloup concert, Lalo's "Concerto russe" for violin and orchestra, October 24, 1880, a work that falls below his other compositions for violin and orchestra, possibly on account of the sadness of the themes. This is the date also, of two pieces for the violin,—"Romance Sérénade," and "Guitare."

And now began Lalo's struggle to obtain a performance of his opera, "Le Roi d'Ys." The manager of the Opéra looked over the score, recognized the dramatic talent of the composer, and ordered from him a ballet, imposing on him a scenario taken from a story in the memoirs of Casanova. Furthermore, he allowed him four months to complete the work. Lalo, who was in the habit of writing with the utmost patience a trio or concerto, was obliged to write hastily, and to submit to the caprices of the ballet-master. He worked fourteen hours a day, and was attacked with paralysis. The ballet was nearly finished, and Gounod, through affectionate regard, offered to complete the orchestration of the last scenes. Accident after accident postponed the performance of "Namouna," but it was finally produced March 6, 1882, with Sangalli as the chief dancer. The critics attacked the music, accused it of lacking melody, said that the composer should write symphonies and not ballets, and one went so far as to accuse the composer of the heinous crime of Wagnerism. Even the subscribers protested against the undue attention given the orchestra. The reproach of being merely an orchestral writer led Lalo to put certain numbers of this ballet into suite form. The first suite was played January 7, 1883, at a Lamoureux concert; the second, under Lamoureux, March 16, 1884; and the third, a posthumous suite, was played November 3, 1895, at a concert of the Société Nationale. The music in this form was keenly relished, and the performance of the first two suites served to enlarge greatly the reputation of the composer, so that when his symphony in G minor was performed, February 13, 1887, there was a large, attentive, curious, and sympathetic audience. This symphony in the classic form of four movements, begins with a fiery and passionate allegro, brilliantly orchestrated, preceded by a slow introduction borrowed from "Fiesque." A ball scene from the same opera is used in the scherzo, which is delicately orchestrated, and in this is interpolated a sad episode of an ensemble from the opera. And still again a phrase from the opera serves for the theme of the slow movement. The finale, with its twittering of flutes and its trumpets in thirds, is absolutely original, and with its joyous recklessness and bold dash is a characteristic allegro of Lalo, rich in the orchestration of which he alone had the secret. The themes of the first movement and of the scherzo reappear in this finale. There must also be mentioned a Scherzo for orchestra, founded on the scherzo of his third Trio and played at a Godard concert March 1, 1885, songs, and a few pieces of sacred music.

At last "Le Roi d'Ys" found a publisher, and perhaps, what was more surprising, a manager, for the long awaited opera was performed at the Opéra-Comique, May 7, 1888. The success was immediate and prolonged. There was no discordant note in the concert of praise, and even the government confirmed the popular judgment, and made the composer an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The city of Ys (or Is) is said to have existed in the early centuries of the Christian era. It was on the coast of Brittany, not far from St. Malo. It was famous for its commerce, civilization and luxury, but it was curiously built. It was protected against the ocean by a dike and a sluice gate, which could be opened only by a key kept by the king. The city disappeared beneath the ocean. Some say this happened accidentally. Others attribute it to divine justice, and say that Heaven drowned a population of innocent people to punish the crimes committed by the Princess Dahut. One legend runs as follows: The good King Grallon, at Quimper, had a daughter whose conduct was so irregular, that to escape his care she went to live at Ys. Her name was Dahut, and she kept the keys of the gate about her neck. She was a great magician, and the fairies helped her to improve the city. The people were wicked, and strangers came to join them in their debauchery. The men, if they were handsome,

visited the princess in a tower. They were obliged to wear a magic mask, which at daybreak closed tight and strangled them. One night, a tall man, dressed in red, with a thick long beard, with eyes that glittered like stars, courted her, and he pleased her, for he was ingeniously wicked. He proposed a dance, — the reel danced by the seven deadly sins in hell. He called in his bagpiper, a dwarf clad in goat-skin; and while all danced wildly, he stole the keys. The water entered and all were drowned, except the good king, who was saved by Saint Corentin. Only the king was left; and he saw far away on the horizon the man in red waving in triumph the silver keys.

Now the only feature of this legend used by Edouard Blau, the librettist, is the inundation. Blau's story tells of the treaty signed by the king and the conquering Prince Karnac. The betrothal of the king's daughter and the prince is to take place when Mylio, whom Margared loves, returns. The prince comes home, and the war breaks out again. Mylio, however, loves the sister of Margared, and in revenge the latter finally gives Karnac the keys that he may destroy the city and the people. The people are saved by the death of Margared, who jumps into the sea, and Saint Corentin gives his blessing as the waters subside. The cast was as follows: Talazac, Mylio; Bouvet, Karnac; Cobalet, the King; Fournets, Saint Corentin; Mlle. Deschamps, Margared; Mlle. Simonnet, Rozenn.

This opera is a conscientious, sincere work, firmly knit, eminently serious, free from any affectation, and homogeneous, original, and individual in style. In the characterization of his stage people, the composer was faithful to the old system of Mozart and Weber. He expresses their moral physiognomy by the accents which he gives to them in place of depicting it by typical phrases. The *leit-motiv* appears only three or four times in the score. The employment of it is discreet, and less frequent even than in "Carmen."

After "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo wrote a piano concerto in C minor, which was first played by Diémer, December 1, 1889, at a Châtelet concert. He also wrote to order, the music of a pantomime entitled, "Nero," a gorgeous spectacle which was performed at the Hippodrome, March 28, 1891. In this work, he used for pantomimic purposes, but with respect for the dramatic sense, passages from the old opera "Fiesque." Preludes of this opera, as well as musical ideas that were capable of being clothed in instrumental form, were used in this new score. If the dimensions of the Hippodrome had not seriously injured the effect of some of these pieces, which were originally intended for a far different purpose, this pillaging of a score that had already been published would not have shocked a musician violently. He would even have congratulated the composer on having found, by an ingenious protestation against the unjust forgetfulness to which an old work of real merit had been condemned, this means of making his music known to those who otherwise would never have heard it.

But the best passages of "Fiesque," the most truly personal, were reserved for the new lyric drama, "La Jacquerie," which Lalo wrote to a libretto by Edouard Blau and Mme. Arnaud. It is the story of the son of a peasant in love with a girl far removed from him by rank and birth. He takes part in a movement in 1358 against the lords of Beauvoisis. His companions put to death the father of the girl by whom he is loved. She becomes a nun, while he is slain by his companions. Lalo died when he had sketched only the first act of the new opera. The work was finished by Coquard, and produced in four acts at Monte Carlo, March 8, 1895, with Jérôme and Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin as the lovers. It was played the same year at Aix-le-Bains, and at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, December 23, with Mlle. Delna and Jérôme as the lovers. The music did not produce a great effect. It is true that one should not judge what the work might have been if the composer had had time to finish it. He was an old man when he began it, and exhausted by disease, therefore one has a right to think that it would not have been superior to his preceding works.

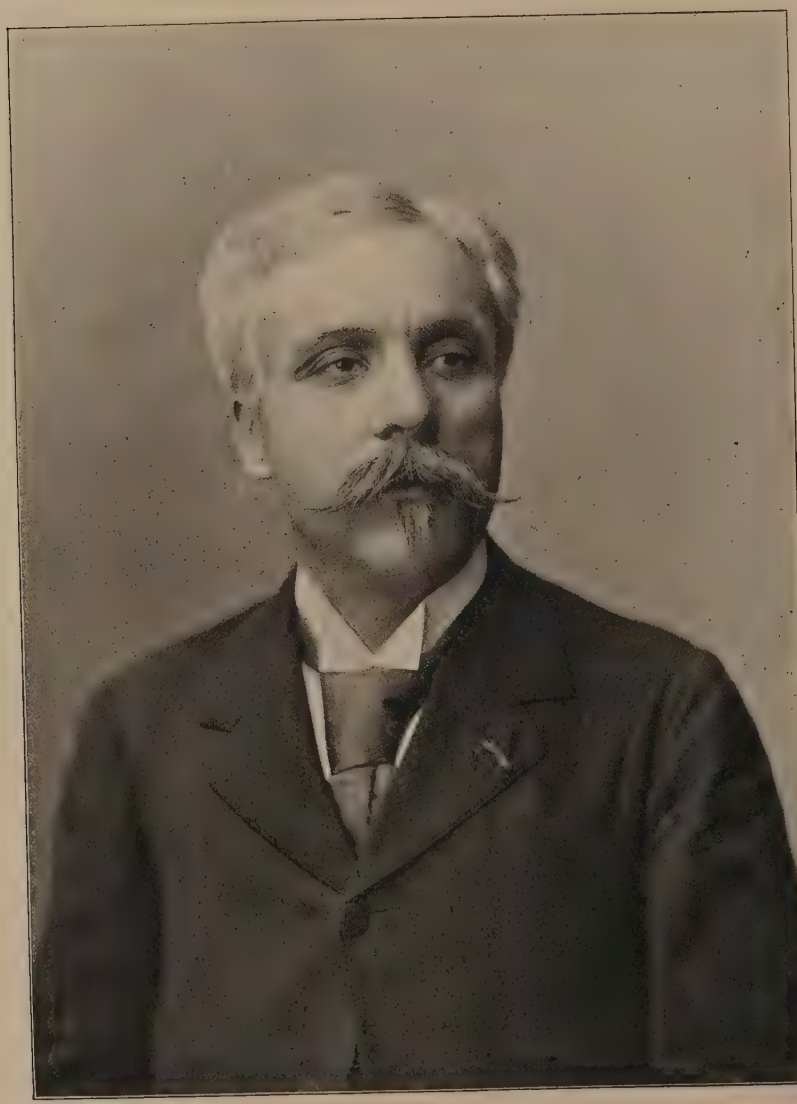
The songs composed by Lalo are not many, but they differ materially in rhythm and style from the songs of other composers. While they resemble in liberty of inspiration and in passionate accent the songs of Schumann, they display personal qualities of gracefulness, sincerity and dramatic warmth. The most original are "Guitare," "La Fenaison," which is highly imaginative, "L'Esclave," "Souvenir," "La Zuecca," "Marine," "A celle qui part," and "Viens." Unfortunately, Lalo did not have the pleasure of seeing his songs reunited in a collection before he died. A collection of fifteen melodies was published in 1894, but it

does not contain some of the most striking ones.[1]

As a writer for orchestra Lalo possessed in high degree the sense of color. Furthermore, even after Berlioz, Wagner and Saint-Saëns, he found out new combinations of timbres. His melodic invention, inclined to be curt, lends itself poorly to strictly musical rational development, although in the concerto in C minor, the andante is constructed on the simple phrase of two repeated notes. When he held firmly to an orchestral idea, it was hard work for him to draw from it subsidiary ideas. It was easier for him to write an orchestral suite or rhapsody, than to make the plan of a symphony, and in this lies the inferiority of his chamber music, in which one feels effort and awkwardness in the scheme. Harmonic richness, ingenious contrapuntal embroidery, flexible transformations of rhythm, and absence of affectation give to his ideas a most refined elegance. He was perhaps too fond of certain diatonic groups, of certain repeated melodic figures, of motivs with analogous rhythms; and his thematic development is often, for the sake of avoiding vulgarity, a little overworked, with transitions that are sometimes brusque and stiff. But even these faults contribute to give to the music of Lalo a special savor which musicians of fine feeling will always appreciate. The qualities of the man were in his music. Witty, he sowed wit with full hand in "Fiesque" and in "Namouna"; reserved, and always scrupulously correct, he had the gift of precision and elegance in his writing. His work displays a strongly marked dramatic feeling, sentiment, chaste tenderness, honest bursts of burning passion, and an originality characterized by the choice of harmonies, picturesqueness of rhythms, brilliant or delicately shaded orchestral colors.

In spite of the triumphs of his old age, disappointment followed Lalo until the end. He was not chosen a member of the Institute, for he could not pull wires for an academic election. He did not finish his last opera. Even his death during the tumult caused by dynamiters at Paris, awakened little attention, and did not call forth funeral orations from the press. On the other hand, nearly all the French musicians of renown were present at his burial, and thus rendered homage to a composer of the highest character and talent.

[1] [The Guide Musical (Brussels) of May 6, 1900, published this note written by a Paris correspondent: "This 'Fantasie-Ballet' of Lalo which J. Debroux, violinist, played for the first time at his fifth concert with orchestra at the Salle Pleyel, is charming. What a pity that the publisher Hamelle kept it so long in his portfolio without publishing it! Dedicated to Sarasate, it shines by the charm of musical thought as well as by the brilliance of figuration which serves admirably the virtuoso in display. I found in it echoes of the ballet of 'Namouna.'" — Ed.]



GABRIEL URBAIN FAURÉ.

Reproduction of a photograph from life by Bary, Paris.

GABRIEL FAURÉ

[Founded chiefly on a biographical sketch by Hugues Imbert.]

IF there be a French musician who, removed by temperament and taste from the French school, approaches the German symphonic school; if there be a composer who has the profoundest respect for art and loves it with all the strength of his soul; if there be a man who has the most sovereign contempt of puffery and disdains any concession to the doubtful taste of the public, that man is indeed Gabriel Urbain Fauré.

He was born May 13, 1845, at Pamiers (Ariège), and he left that town at the age of three, to go to Foix, where his father had been named director of a normal school. He was the last of six children, and he was not only educated by himself, but he was abandoned somewhat to himself. When he was about six years old, he heard the music lessons of certain pupils in the normal school, who were taught plain-song. These lessons made a deep impression on him, and he began to invent little tunes for which he sought out accompaniments on an old piano. Without any teacher, he made such extraordinary progress that when he was nine, friends of the family told his father that he should allow the boy to be a musician. The latter did not realize the talent of his son, and furthermore, he found the career of a musician too precarious. But, in the year 1854, he read an account of the School of Religious Music founded by Niedermeyer. He was struck by the exceptional schemes of instruction, and, seeing that his son could study many things as well as music at this school, he gave him permission to go to Paris. The first year Gabriel gained a piano prize, but his father, who was of humble means, did not fully determine to give his consent to the boy's wish until Niedermeyer made a generous offer. At this school Fauré studied the old German and Italian masters. Pupils came together and sang for recreation choruses by Bach and Palestrina. His teachers were Dietsch, and Saint-Saëns, who had just been appointed piano-teacher at the school. Saint-Saëns, young and gay, treated his pupils as comrades, and his influence was so considerable that, although he was only the piano teacher, the students consulted him in composition. He was especially interested in Fauré, and to him, the latter attributes the development of his musical faculties. Fauré left the school in 1865, and in the month of January, 1866, he obtained the position of organist at the Saint-Sauveur Church, Rennes. Although the society in this Breton town was not musically congenial, Fauré busied himself in his duties and in giving lessons, and he cultivated the parochial taste, so that when he left Brittany in 1870 his instruction already bore fruit. His first works date from 1866 to 1870, and they are the melodies, "Le Papillon et la Fleur," "Mai," "Dans les ruines d'une abbaye," "Les Matelots"; "Cantique de Racine" for chorus. But he wished to breathe a freer atmosphere, and in March 1870 he went to Paris, where he soon obtained the place of accompanying organist at the Church of Notre-Dame de Clignancourt. The war broke out, and he enlisted in the light infantry of the Guard. During the siege he led the life of a soldier, exposed to the fatigue and the dangers of the trenches. After peace was declared, he was called as organist to Saint-Honoré d'Eylau. He did not long remain there, but he became the choir-organist at Saint-Sulpice. Here he was engaged for three years. Saint-Saëns asked him to take his place as the chief organist of the Madeleine during his concert trips, which were at that time very numerous, and when Saint-Saëns resigned to devote himself to composition, Dubois, who had been choir-organist, naturally succeeded him, and the position of chorus-master fell to Fauré, in April, 1877. He was appointed organist of this church June 2, 1896.

His characteristic talent first began to show itself in the works written from 1870 to 1877.

These include the greater number of the mélodies which form the first volume of his collected songs from No. 5 to No. 20: "Deux Duos," for two sopranos; "Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme," words by Hugo, and "Tarentelle," words by Monnier; the sonata for piano and violin (Op. 13) played by the composer and Maurin at a chamber concert at the Trocadéro, July 5, 1878; a Suite d'orchestre (Op. 12) performed February 13, 1874, by Colonne's orchestra at the Salle Herz; the chorus of "Djinns," with orchestra (Op. 10), words by Victor Hugo, performed June 27, 1878, at the Trocadéro. The sonata for piano and violin is a work of the first rank. The first movement, the allegro, begins with a theme full of the troubled passion that is so often found in Schumann, but there is an interesting resemblance between the second theme and the theme of Raff in the allegro of his fourth sonata (Op. 129) for violin and piano. An analogy exists in design, rhythm, introduction. The resemblance is evidently accidental, but it proves again the strong affinity between Fauré's music and that of the German school. The andante is calm and of penetrating melancholy. It contrasts well with the fire of the first movement, and the lively scherzo. The performance of this scherzo is very difficult, but there is a motive of exquisite grace and delicacy in the trio. Perhaps the tortured violin-figure which, departing from a tremolo after the manner of Rubinstein, brings back the initial motive in the second part of the allegro, is not wholly in the sentiment of the work. The Suite d'orchestre en F (Op. 12) is conceived and written in the style of Schumann. The "Djinns" naturally tempted Fauré to composition, for in a number of his works, especially his songs, he has introduced themes of a languor that may well be called exotic and oriental. (See, for instance, the theme in the middle of his curious mazurka for piano, Op. 32.) The musician is here a faithful and successful translator of the great poet, and his work is full of color.

First in 1877 could Fauré carry out a project which he had entertained for a long time—that of traveling in Germany, so that he could hear the works of the great masters whom he appreciated more each day. After his departure from the École Niedermeyer, he had become more and more acquainted with Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms. Bach was, and always has been, for him, the sovereign master of the musical Olympus, who divined everything, invented everything at an epoch when the science of sounds was plunged in the profoundest chaos. He considered him as the great initiator of all musicians, little or great, who have tried to find out the secret of the muse. Fauré went first to Weimar with Saint-Saëns to hear the performance of the latter's "Samson et Dalila." In 1878 he went with Messager to Cologne, where he heard for the first time Wagner's "Rheingold" and "Die Walküre," and he went to Munich in 1879, '80, '83. In 1882 he went to Zurich to become more intimate with Liszt, who had expressed a desire to see him. Liszt, von Bülow, Tschaikowsky, and Cui are the foreign musicians who have shown the keenest interest in the compositions of Fauré. The first, who more than any other person has had "a high idea of the essence of art, and of the mission that falls to the lot of an artist," always welcomed and assisted unknown men of talent and truly endowed natures, and notably the musicians of the modern French school, Berlioz at the head, with a kindness which cannot be too often remembered and admired.

In 1883, Fauré married the daugher of the celebrated sculptor, Frémiet. Since then he has lived a domestic life, a life in which artists play an important part; he has lived in the closest union with his friends, Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Chabrier, Chausson, Messager, and others, and worked without ceasing, with an uncontrollable passion for the cause of music. He has maintained for his master, Saint-Saëns, a passionate, blind friendship, and a profound gratitude.

The works of the second period, dating from 1878, may be divided into chamber music, orchestral music, piano music, and songs. Camille Benoit, the conscientious translator of the theoretical writings of Wagner, has sketched finely and justly the physiogomy of Fauré's talent. "The talent of Fauré is especially manifested in intimate music, that which you hear in an artistic salon, or in a chamber-music concert. From all points of view, were I to compare him with any foreign contemporary, I should liken him to the Norwegian, Grieg. I mean by this, that in France, Fauré is the first in the special domain which he has chosen and whither his nature has led him. There is an ensemble of qualities which make us say of some one to people who understand and do not abuse the word: 'He is a master.' Since the bitterly regretted death of de Castillon, it is Fauré who should be named in the very first rank, if one wishes to cite the French musician who possesses in the

GABRIEL FAURÉ.

Sketch by John S. Sargent.

highest degree a particular genius for intimate music or orchestral music." Outside of the sonata in A major for piano and violin, and the orchestral suite of which I have already spoken, Fauré has composed a concerto for the violin (Op. 14) in three parts, performed by Musin at a concert of the Société Nationale in 1879; the first piano quartet (Op. 15) in C minor; Berceuse (Op. 16), for violin and piano; Élégie (Op. 24) for 'cello and piano; Romance (Op. 28) for violin and piano; Symphony in D minor (Op. 40); second piano quartet in G minor (Op. 45), composed in 1886; Pavane for orchestra (1887). The symphony was composed in 1884 by Fauré, while he was on his vacation at Louveciennes, and performed March 15, 1885, at a Colonne concert, and in August of the same year at Antwerp. The dominating note of Fauré is not the expression of lamentation or of joy in the fullness of well fixed and determined feeling. There is rather a spirit of unrest, or of sometimes breathless aspiration, as the quintessence of a desire which has been long in suspense.

The performance of Fauré's piano works, which bear the titles, Impromptus, Barcarolles, Nocturnes, Ballade, Valses-Caprices, is of extreme difficulty. Is this not a common tendency with the young modern school, a tendency rather harmful than favorable to decision as to the actual worth of compositions in which qualities of the first order are revealed? The majority of pieces which I have mentioned bewilder because they are over elaborated. With this reservation, it is easy for us to recognize the originality and the imagination of the piano works. The name which comes to the lips when one studies attentively the structure of the different pieces written for the piano is that of Chopin. In all these compositions, there is that love of contrast familiar to modern masters, —the method of making a *dolce subito* follow instantaneously a most energetic *forte*. The third Impromptu in A flat (Op. 34) leaves nothing to be desired, for all is grace, lightness, delicacy. There is not the slightest alloy of affectation or of finicism.

I have already spoken of the songs of the first period, as well as the works for chorus and orchestra. I now point out the songs of the second period, which are still more remarkable than the first. "Le Ruisseau" (Op. 22) for female voices; Madrigal (Op. 35) for four solo voices or chorus; "Poème d'un jour"; religious motets. All these songs are worthy of mention; they are treasures of grace and surprise; each, one would say, was written by another hand than that which has signed the pieces for piano, so many qualities of natural invention do they reveal, as well as an extremely novel, harmonic feeling. "Noël" (Op. 43, No. 1) recalls the religious sentiment which Berlioz has so well expressed in his "Enfance du Christ"; "Automne" (Op. 18, No. 3) takes us back to Schumann and Schubert, especially as concerns dramatic expression. In "Notre Amour" (Op. 23, No. 2) the rhythm is full of subtlety and charm. "Le Ruisseau," a chorus for female voices with piano accompaniment, is a composition which possesses magic power of attraction. It is one of the positive pages of Fauré that can be compared to fragments of "Gwendoline," or to Godard's "Diane." The "Madrigal" (Op. 34) for mixed quartet or chorus, is also a little masterpiece. It is impossible to dream a finer or more tender thought in the archaic style, which is relieved by intonations which modernize and especially by sweetly cadenced interludes and charming suggestions.

Other works by Fauré are his Requiem Mass which was performed at the Madeleine in 1893, and at the Salle d'Horticulture, Paris, March 24, 1899 — "a work of solid and superb architecture, power, and sincerity of expression, breadth in the exposition of the themes, ravishing poetry and color, and of a truly remarkable conciseness." "L'Organiste," opera in one act, Salle Duprez, Paris, March 27, 1887; music to Alexandre Dumas's "Caligula" (Odéon, Paris, November 8, 1888); music to "Shylock," Harancourt's version of "The Merchant of Venice" (Odéon, December 17, 1889); music to Maeterlinck's "Pélléas et Mélisande" (London, June 21, 1898); "La Naissance de Vénus," mythological scene by Paul Collin for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra (Colonne concert, Paris, December 1, 1895), "a cantata of distinction in workmanship, pretty in episodes, a work of finesse and melancholy nuances; but austerity prevails over any communicative emotion;" music to "Prométhée," a lyric tragedy by Jean Lorrain and Ferdinand Hérold for the arena at Béziers, August 26, 1900. Concert suites have been made from the music to "Caligula" and "Shylock."

Fauré is best known as a writer of songs. I quote from the careful study contributed by Georges Servières to the Guide Musical (January 23, 1898): "The oldest songs in the collection

(vol. II.) of twenty-five melodies date back to about 1880. The first twenty melodies, composed from 1868 to 1878, were collected in a volume published by Choudens. 'Poème d'un jour' was sung at the Société Nationale, by the tenor Mazalbert, January 29, 1881, and 'Nell' and 'Automne' were sung by Mme. Fuchs. The 9th of December, 1881, 'Berceaux' and 'Notre Amour' were sung by Mlle. Huré. 'Le Secret' was sung January 6, 1883, by Quirot. 'Aurore' and 'Fleur jetée' were sung December 13, 1884, by Mme. Mauvernay; 'Pays des Rêves' and 'Les Roses d'Ispahan,' December 27, 1884, by Mlle. Guyon. 'Clair de lune' was sung April 28, 1888, by Bagès, who produced 'Au Cimetière,' February 2, 1889. 'Larmes,' 'Au Cimetière,' 'Spleen,' and 'La Rose,' were united as Op. 51, in 1891. 1892 saw five melodies with verses by Verlaine, sung by Bagès, August 3. 'Prison' and 'Soir' were written in 1896, and were sung April 3, 1897, by Mlle. Roger. 'Arpège' and 'Le Parfum impérissable' were sung by Engel, November 4, 1897. There is something of the melancholy sentiment of Schubert in 'Automne.' On the other hand, 'Nell' is only an elegant tune for the salon, and I much prefer for its truthfulness the setting of Paladilhe. Thus, at the very beginning, there is a remarkable difference between the melodies of Fauré which charm only by elegance of form, rhythm, and modulation, and those which impress the hearer by the depth of sentiment and truth of expression. In the former class are 'Notre Amour,' 'Chanson d'Amour,' 'La Fée aux Chansons,' 'Aurore,' and 'Pays des Rêves.' Each has merit. Although they are written in an individual fashion, there is not enough to distinguish Fauré from his colleagues in this branch of art. On the other hand, 'Les Berceaux' and 'Le Secret,' the first of which is especially interesting on account of the harmonies, are works which can be compared only with the most beautiful songs of Schumann, for their penetrating expression. The first is the struggle between the desire for travel, with the anguish of being torn from the hearth, and the second is the hymn of a soul consumed by a sentimental secret which is jealously guarded. The study of these different songs also serves to show the influence of poetry on the inspiration of a sensitive and highly gifted musician. Thus, for such verses as some by Silvestre, which are of banal elegance, but too often devoid of thought, Fauré has written only agreeable melodies; but when he has chosen verses by Hugo, Gautier, Baudelaire, de Lisle, Richepin, Sully-Prudhomme, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, he has found the vibrant accent, grave or passionate. Thus, 'Au Cimetière' is of a profound sadness; in it the visitors to Breton cemeteries high up on the shore of the sea, find again the poignant impression which they experienced when they read the inscriptions on the tombs of sailors. But 'Les Roses d'Ispahan' and 'La Rose,' by de Lisle, are full of grace and languid charm. The first met with such favor that the composer transcribed it for orchestra, but the effect of this intimate song is lost in a large hall. Songs of super-refined style are not made for the crowd. See, for instance, the fate of Saint-Saëns's 'Mélodies persanes.' It is true that some of these songs are of energetic accent, but force is not Fauré's characteristic; and for this reason, perhaps, he has been little attracted by the theatre. The mystery which is inherent in the verses of a Villiers de l'Isle-Adam or a Verlaine finds in this composer its true musical expression. 'Nocturne' and 'Les Présents,' by the former, are works of the most refined flavor. In 'Clair de lune,' by Verlaine, where the vocal melos is accompanied by a menuet in the minor, melancholy as a very old and discolored pastel under glass turned green, the lovers in the 'Fêtes galantes' of Watteau, interpreted by the poet of the end of the nineteenth century, seem indeed to have the air of not believing in their pleasure, and this sadness of disabused love is rendered by the music with subtle grace. The 'Pavane,' with chorus, gives a like sensation. In 'Spleen,' Fauré has set to music the celebrated verses, 'Il pleure dans mon cœur comme il pleut sur la ville,' which Debussy has treated in a manner which seems to me more penetrating and melodic. The adaptation of Verlaine's 'Mandoline,' 'En sourdine,' 'Green,' 'A Clymène,' and 'C'est l'extase,' is more harmoniously adequate. The music produces the same impression of vague and evanescent fluidity, with delicate and fleeting nuances, and thus the melodic form has become very different from that in 'Nell,' 'Le Secret,' and even 'Au Cimetière.' In place of a melody conceived for itself, and adorned with an accompaniment which is more or less arbitrary, here the vocal line has no meaning when it is once separated from the ensemble. In 'Mandoline,' the rhythm, although dominated by the *pizzicati* of the accom-

SKETCH OF FAURÉ. *By John S. Sargent.*

paniment, is still almost wholly vocal. In the other four, the two elements, vocal and instrumental, are combined in variable shares, and are intertwined with elegance and suavity. In this series the rhythms are of particularly original grace, and the harmonies of a captivating gentleness. The predominance of the instrumental element affirms itself in the collection of the 'Bonne Chanson,' published in 1894, with an excess that has been blamed by some. Fauré's personality was disturbed here by the influence of Debussy, but he returned to his true nature of a musician, after the two admirable melodies published in 1896, 'Prison' and 'Soir.' In the former, the song becomes purely vocal, with a suppleness of accent which breaks, however, the regularity of the super-refined harmonies, but in a more natural way than in those of the 'Bonne Chanson.' 'Soir' is a revery of an exquisitely mysterious color, and of a very modern character, impregnated with a profound sentiment of tenderness that is both chaste and glowing. And this is only equalled by one of his latest melodies, 'Parfum impérissable,' in which I find, however, a disagreement between the too scrupulously sought-out harmonies, and the simplicity and the noble purity of the song. From the beginning of Fauré's career, his choice of poetry, sad and serious for the most part, his prejudice in favor of the minor, his favorite modulations, the savor of his harmonies, and the variety of his rhythms, drew upon him the attention of musicians. His songs were different from the songs of his contemporaries. Although he has written remarkable works for chamber and orchestra, he would, perhaps, have remained ignored by society if his songs had not seduced the public. For, if it is necessary to be really a musician to appreciate a trio or a quartet, it is enough to have ears, and to be sensible to melodic charm or to a moving accent, to enjoy 'Les Berceaux' or 'Les Roses d'Ispahan.'"

Henry Gauthier-Villars in the preface contributed to "La Musique de Chambre Année 1898" (Pleyel, Wolff, Lyon & Co.), discusses the modern song and pays this tribute to Fauré:

"Among all the musicians of the supreme choir, our own Gabriel Fauré deserves to be saluted as the true master of the contemporaneous song, not only in France, but in all countries where this art is still held in honor. It is an infinitely delicate task to characterize with words the special talent of an artist. One is constrained to turn frequently to comparisons, which are somewhat arbitrary, and to make use of analogies. Those who have called Schumann a 'sad Delacroix' would they also describe Delacroix as 'a joyful Schumann'? This would be moderately conclusive.

"Some, remembering certain gallant works, compare Fauré to Watteau; and others, desirous of discovering at any price the musical family relationship, affirm that he descends from Schumann and Brahms. They deceive themselves strangely in their failure to recognize the sensitiveness so original of an especially individual composer. The famous formula that divines art as 'nature seen through a temperament' is especially applicable to music, which is the sonorous expression of a particular sentiment.

"With Fauré, poetry is a source of emotions which he translates into musical language, just as the poet translates his own emotion by the use of words and rhythms. Gushing forth from the ensemble rather than the detail, it surrounds the hearer with a carefully arranged net, and remains a musical synthesis which is not decomposed into an abundance of infinitely little things.

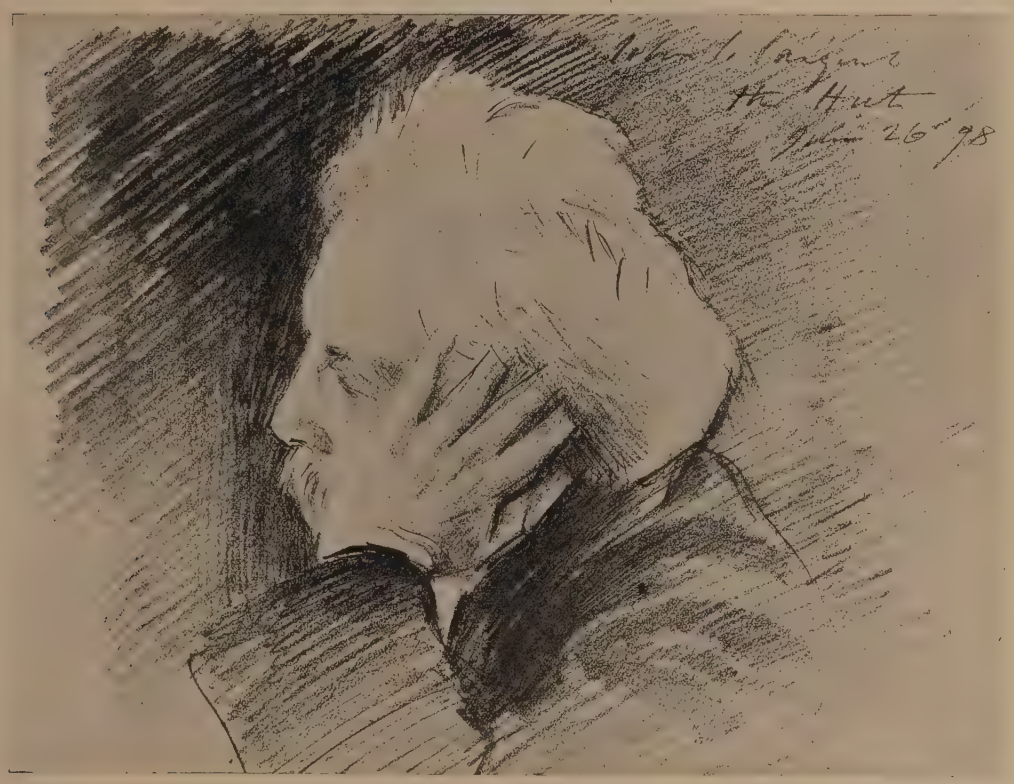
"These melodies, which do not bristle with an intention at each syllable, charm even those who do not care for the text. They face without losing too much of their native grace, the dangerous reef of translation, written, as they are, in a language of marvelous universality: music, in which the composer has already transcribed and recreated the verse of the poet.

"In this respect, perhaps, Fauré resembles Schumann, but their musical formulas are very distinct, and that of Fauré belongs to himself alone.

"No one can hope to define this, even with the aid of technical words. The exposition of melodic forms and harmonic successions in which his mastery delights would be uselessly barren of result, and even though we should, like a professor in a conservatory, mention his 'fleeting harmonies,' we should not then have explained the voluptuousness which is hidden in the works of this charmer who murmurs his plaint in the ears of fair listeners.

"He is separated from all the rest by this indefinable melancholy, and by this shiver unknown in music, until he came; he is especially separated from Brahms, although genealogical simpletons have attributed a pretended relationship between him and Fauré. Rare, and very personal, this sensitiveness binds his works together and fixes their common origin among the logical evolutions of his

talent. It is absurd to see in these evolutions several '*manières*' after the fashion of some who enjoy dividing the life of a composer into sections which are absolutely distinct.



SKETCH OF FAURÉ. *By John S. Sargent.*

I do not know into how many sections these putters-out of stakes divide the life and work of Fauré, but without doubt they put the 'Bonne Chanson' into the second period, because, tempted for sometime by the most subtle poems of Verlaine, Fauré appeared to search more than ever before the expression of the word; for his accompaniments for the piano, formerly of pure music, became more and more evokers of thoughts, appeals to the memory, transformations of themes which crept in, and the critics found Wagnerism in these exterior signs, although, apropos to Fauré, they have not dared to cite Wagner boldly.

"However, does it not appear that in spite of a more precise declamation and more particular search after expression, symbol of his evolution, Fauré has always remained the musician to whom verse furnishes a simple point of departure, from which in his harmonious soul a musical sensation is born. And is not the 'Bonne Chanson' the indisputable elder sister, sister by the same parents of 'Nell,' 'Clair de lune,' 'Après un rêve'?

"However this may be, how will obstinate classifiers decide in regard to 'Parfum impérissable,' one of the latest works of Fauré, and one of the most intense that he has written? Will they divide it into two parts, claiming that the large and simple melody is accompanied by chords of singular complexity? As though harmony and melody could be reasonably separable, since every melody carries its own harmony within it, and as though this simple song could exist if it were supported by other harmonies! Let them then try to harmonize it differently! In reality these factitious distinctions have only one end, and that is to per-

mit the makers of them to declare that they appreciate the Fauré of the first style and not the last.

"As they would not dare to confess to-day that they do not approve in any way of this Fauré formerly disdained by them, this Fauré whose melodies were for a long time confused with the ditties perpetrated by the celebrated baritone Faure, and as on the other hand, their proper pride forbids these people to contradict their first opinion, they change slowly their views and look out anxiously for each transition. It would be more simple, however, to recognize in the first and in the last works of this delicate composer, the flowers of one and the same tree, varied according to the alternations of the seasons and the hazards of the sun.

"If Fauré triumphs to-day, and with him the song, it is less due to artists than to amateurs, for the amateurs revealed him (it is necessary to affirm this boldly) — revealed him, and little by little made a place for him, just as they revealed Schubert, Schumann, Massenet, and also Duparc, that other great master of song, whose work was too soon interrupted. Song exercises a magical influence on the centres of art and intellectuality. Those who sing because they love to sing are evidently more curious concerning music than other people. It is through their agency that many society-people learn that Schubert composed other things than the 'Ständchen' and 'Die Junge Nonne,' and that the eternal 'Ich grolle nicht' does not represent all the music left by Schumann.

"Furthermore, some have sung the German words, and thus made us hear new works with the accentuation indicated by their authors, as 'Gruppe aus Tartarus' 'Der Doppelgänger,' one of the most tragic songs I know, 'Das Wirthshaus,' 'Die Krähe,' by Schubert, and 'Der arme Peter,' 'Muttertraum;' 'Dein Angesicht,' 'Requiem,' 'Herzeleide,' by Schumann.

"Fauré has had no more faithful disciples than these amateurs, than these initiators, I might say. They have given themselves up for his art to the most active and most intelligent apostolate, spreading throughout the world the good music of this master. I paid tribute last year to the bourgeois who applaud and encourage music that should be encouraged and applauded; praise this time to the amateurs who sing with love that which deserves to be loved and sung!"

Fauré won the *Prix-Chartier* for chamber music in 1885; he was made professor of composition, counterpoint, and fugue at the Paris Conservatory, October 10, 1896, and he is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

He is of middle height, but strongly built. His bronzed and strongly marked face is that of a man of the Midi. The eyes have a rich brilliance, lightly veiled, and they sometimes throw out lightning. There is in these eyes a little of the incandescent reflection of the southern sun, — of the reflection of the sun at Ouled-Naïls in Algeria. His hair was already thickly sprinkled with white when he was still young. He is of an exquisitely gentle nature. He pursues his end with a true passion, without caring for the opinion of the world, composing only with the greatest reserve, and after constant correction of his labor. He thinks that an artist should give way to his nature, and at the same time reckon on inevitable and legitimate progress; he is also firmly convinced that the musical drama has not said its last word. The ancient motto, "Do that which you should, let come whatever may," seems made for him.

INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS.

ERNEST REYER

[Founded on sketches by Hugues Imbert, Georges Servières, and H. de Curzon.]

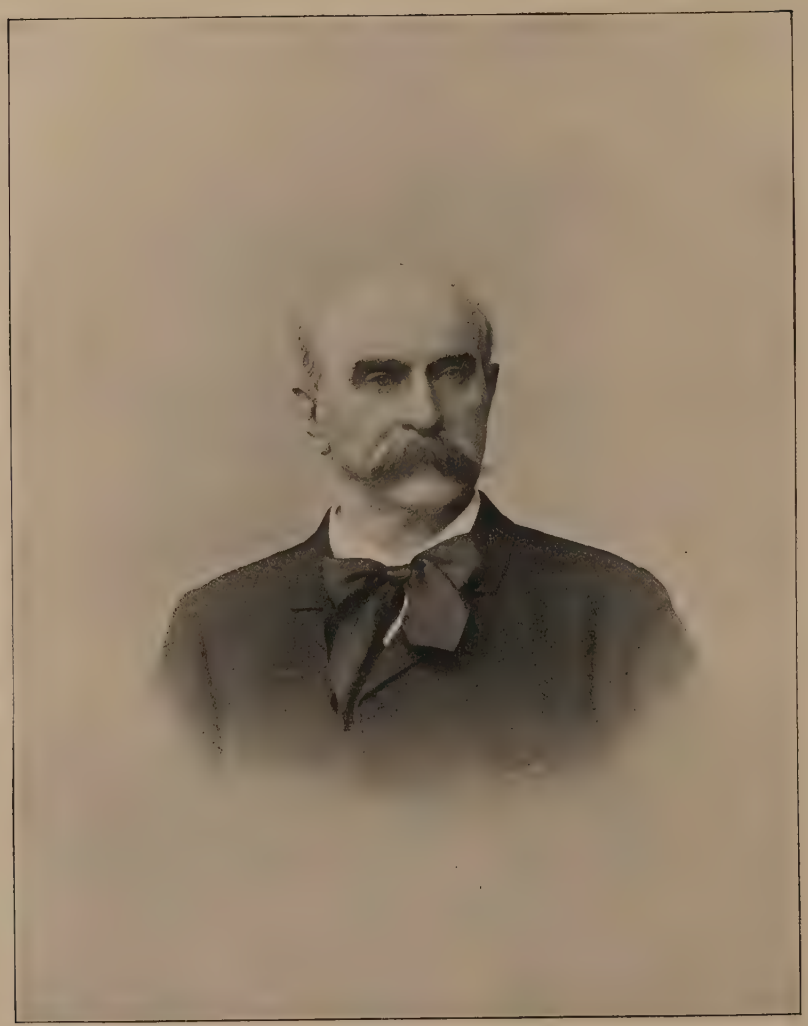
ERNEST REYER (his true name is Louis Étienne Ernest Rey) was born at Marseilles, December 1, 1823. His first studies were in that city at the school of music, directed by Barsotti. At the age of sixteen he went into the office of his uncle, Louis Farrenc, paymaster of the Province of Constantine, but in spite of his clerkly duties he continued to study music, and he composed motets and songs.

When the Duc d'Aumale arrived in Algiers in 1847 charged with the military command of that country, Reyer wrote a mass which he dedicated to the Duchess, and it was performed in the presence of the august assembly. This mass has never been published.

After the Revolution of 1848 Reyer went to Paris where he continued his musical studies under the direction of his aunt, Mme. Farrenc, the celebrated pianist and composer. He put into notation the music of Pierre Dupont's popular songs under the dictation of the poet (much later he wrote a study, "Pierre Dupont, musician," which appears at the beginning of the second volume of "Chansons," published in four volumes in 1854). He also wrote melodies and accompaniments for a collection of "Quarante Chansons anciennes."

But these pieces did not satisfy his ambition. He put the recollections of his youth into a descriptive symphony which formed a series of pictures of Oriental life. He had met Théophile Gautier in Algiers; the latter was his librettist on this occasion and gave him the text of "Sélam." The work was performed at the Théâtre-Ventadour April 5, 1850, when the solo singers were Mlle. Douvry, Bussine, and Barbot. The chief merit of this music is its simplicity, a simplicity which appears to-day somewhat naïve, but it then charmed on account of the abundance and the naturalness of the melody. The music of "Sélam" proceeded no doubt from the imagination of the composer rather than from the influence of his sojourn in Algiers. The most individual and the most successful numbers are the "Chœur des bergers"; "Pastorale"; "Conjuration des Djinns"; and the "Dhossa" or "Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca." Berlioz praised Reyer for his discretion in the use of noisy instruments and violent harmonies and modulations; "but I should praise still more Félician David," he added, "for having written his 'Désert' first, because if he had been second he would have been accused surely of having imitated 'Sélam.'" Although there was no resemblance between the style of David and that of Reyer, one could not help mentioning in 1850 the priority of the 'Désert.' To-day the score would be judged rather too simple, and it would thus share the criticism pronounced on the *ode-symphonie* of David.

Reyer's first work for the stage was "Maître Wolfram," an opera in one act, book by Méry, which was performed at the Théâtre-Lyrique, May 20, 1854. The piece was inspired by a well known lithograph of de Lemud, which represents an organist seated with a far-away, ecstatic expression, at his keyboard. This organist is Master Wolfram, who lives entirely for his art. He has conceived an affection for an orphan girl brought up in the house. Hélène regards him as an older brother, for she is in love with an officer, Frantz, whose name she does not dare to speak. The old schoolmaster, Wilhelm, surprises her secret and thinking she is in love with Wolfram reveals it to him. The organist is drunk with joy, but, learning that Frantz is the loved one, he sacrifices his affection to the pleasure of the young people, and consecrates himself thereafter wholly to music. The chief singers were Mme. Meillet, Laurent, Tallon, and Grignon. The little opera was well received and it was revived at the Opéra-Comique December 11, 1873, when Bouhy, for whom



ERNEST REYER.

Reyer had written a romance, "Larmes," sang the part of Wolfram.

Some years after this Reyer presented to Alphonse Royer his opera "Erostrate." The latter proposed to him to write the music for a ballet and promised that Gautier would be the author of the scenario. This ballet in two acts, entitled "Sacountalâ," was performed successfully at the Opéra on July 14, 1858; and Berlioz found that the orchestration was not "the eternal Parisian orchestration" and the instruments of percussion were not for once the instruments of persecution. "God be praised! we are far away from the kitchen; we enter into the garden. It is warm here, but the heat comes from the sun; the odors are the perfumes of the green grass and the breeze. Let us breathe then freely."

ROSE CARON AS SALAMMBÔ.

The success of this ballet doubtless induced Reyer to consent to write the music for an operatic cantata to celebrate the victories of Cavriana and Solferino, won June 24th and 25th, 1859. The text was written for the occasion by Méry. The score was composed, copied, rehearsed, and performed at the Opéra in the space of two days. Renard, Sapin, Cazeaux and Mme. Ribault-Altés sang it June 27th and 29th between the second and third acts of "La Favorita."

Reyer's next work was "La Statue," an *opéra-comique* in three acts, book by Carré and Barbier. It was produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique April 11, 1861, with Mlle. Baretti, Montjauze, Balanqué, Wartel, Garardot, and Martin as the chief singers. The work was revived at the Opéra-Comique (April 20, 1878), but it cannot be regarded as a success, to which Reyer himself agrees in his interesting book "Notes de musique." The libretto, taken from a legend of the Thousand Nights and a Night, had much to do with the failure of the opera, for musicians were unanimous in praise of the score.

The libretto of "Erostrate" as Méry first conceived it was intended for the Opéra-Comique. There was talk of a production at the Opéra after it had been refused at the first named theatre; but the work was first produced at Baden, August 22, 1862. The book by Méry and Pacini was translated into German by Dräxler and Pasque. The rehearsals were held at Paris under the direction of Bizet. The chief parts were sung by Marie Sasse, Mlle. Faivre, Cazeaux, and Michot. This opera was produced in Paris at the Opéra, October 16, 1871, with Mlle. Hisson, Mlle. Fursch, Bouhy, and Bosquin, without success.

They performed at Marseilles in 1862 a cantata of Reyer's entitled "L'Union des Arts," for the inauguration of a new society of artists. Three years later Reyer had charge of a grand international festival, where works of the chief composers of Europe were performed at Baden. This concert was given July 3, 1865, and Reyer composed for it a cantata "Hymne du Rhin."

The failure of "Erostrate," a failure that was due possibly to the inferiority of the singers engaged for the performance at the Opéra, — for Jouvin the critic of the Figaro said that Mlle. Hisson had shown herself to be neither a virtuoso nor a tragedian nor a woman — influenced Reyer to write a letter to the Journal des Débats, in which he withdrew in a dignified manner his opera from the repertory on account of the anger of the singers, who had bad blood as a result of Jouvin's criticism.

In 1866 the Gazette musicale announced that a grand work by Reyer would be performed at the

Opéra after Verdi's "Don Carlos." Some demanded that he should transpose the music of Sigurd, the hero of his new opera, to suit a baritone voice and assign the part to Faure, but the composer objected, because it would then be necessary to make Gunther a tenor.

Reyer was obliged to cross the frontier in order to gain a production of his work. "Sigurd," opera in four acts, book by du Locle and Blau, was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, January 7, 1884. The chief singers were Mme. Rose Caron, Mme. Bosman, Mme. Deschamps, Jourdain, Devries, Gresse, Renaud, Boussa, Goeffoel, Mansuède, and Stalport. The subject of the poem is taken from the Scandinavian Eddas, and there is an analogy between the action and that of "Götterdämmerung," and certain scenes of "Siegfried."

ALBERT SALÉZA AS MATHO.

The overture to "Sigurd" was performed for the first time at a Pasdeloup concert, Paris, March 14, 1875; fragments of the opera were performed at the Cirque d'Hiver, March 30, 1873; at the Conservatory, Paris, January 22, 1876; at a festival at the Hippodrome, March 8, 1879, and at the Conservatory again, February 13, 1881; and after the performance at Brussels, Colonne performed the religious scene in the second act with Faure as the high priest, February 17, 1884. The opera was performed at Paris, June 12, 1885, at the Opéra. The chief singers were Mme. Caron, Mme. Bosman, Mlle. Richard, Sellier, Lassalle, Gresse, and Bérardi.

The story of the writing of "Salammbô" is not as long as that of "Sigurd"; the composer has told it himself. "Flaubert, to whom some one had said, or who had himself said, that there was in his novel a beautiful story for an opera if he would only prune it of numerous episodes, had at first thought of Gautier for the librettist, and Verdi for the music. I was then chosen as an afterthought." Servières states that in spite of his researches he can not discover where or how this idea entered into Flaubert's head. "He was one of the few writers of his generation who did not detest music. The influence of Turgeneiff perhaps led him to enjoy it. It is undeniable that Flaubert, whether he first thought of an operatic adaptation or consented to one, traced the sketch for a libretto. I have had in my hand his autograph version, which Gautier the younger had the kindness to send me lately." (See also a letter of Flaubert, dated April 3, 1864, in his published correspondence. Ed.) "Now this sketch of a scenario should have been developed and put into verse by the elder Gautier, but the scheme came to nothing. Neither the heirs of Gautier nor the Viscount de Spoëlberch de Lovenjoul, who know so much about the history of Gautier's works, discovered in the manuscripts of the master any sketch whatever of the libretto." After the death of Gautier, Flaubert addressed himself to Catulle Mendès, who did not proceed with satisfactory haste, and so Flaubert, impatient, begged Reyer to search another collaborator. Reyer suggested Camille du Locle, and Flaubert indicated to him the scenes that he should make, but the librettist added some of his own ideas. Reyer says: "The first pages of the score were quickly written, but in the meantime my dear friend Flaubert died. Then I was discouraged and I ceased working. I swore that I would not begin again until they had played 'Sigurd': I kept my word."

"Salammbô," an opera in five acts, was first

ROSE CARON.

From a portrait by Bonnat.

performed at the Monnaie, Brussels, February 10, 1890. The chief singers were Rose Caron, Mlle. Wolf, Sellier, Renaud, Vergnet. The first performance at the Paris Opéra was May 16, 1892, with Rose Caron, Mlle. Vincent, Saléza, Renaud, Vergnet, and Delmas.

This was the last opera of Reyer; it is possibly his last work, because he composes slowly, and although subjects for operas have been suggested to him he does not appear to take serious heed.

If Mme. Caron contributed much to "Sigurd," it may be truly stated that the whole success of "Salammb" rested on her. The composer has always held her in grateful remembrance and to her he gave the autograph copy of his score.

ROSE CARON AS SIGURD.

Reyer has written little music for use outside of the theater. There are three motets: a "Salve Regina"; an "Ave Maria," and an "O Salutaris"; some melodies which now sound old-fashioned; a lyric song, "La Magdaleine au Désert," words by A. Blau, which Bouhy sang at a Popular Concert, March 23, 1874; some piano pieces, of which a vulgar gipsy march was orchestrated for the inauguration of the Casino at Luchon, and performed at the Cirque d'Hiver, December 5, 1880. He composed in later years an "Ave Maria," an "Adoro te, supplex," which has been sung at Marseilles, and two melodies.

Reyer was decorated in August, 1862; he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1885, and a Commander, December 31, 1891; and he has foreign decorations. He was appointed librarian of the Opéra in 1866, but he has never actively fulfilled the duties; and he was chosen a member of the Institute in place of Félicien David, November 11, 1876.

He was one of the first defenders of Wagner, for as early as 1857 he sent to the Courier de Paris a eulogistic article on "Tannhäuser" which he had heard at Wiesbaden; and after this on all occasions he defended Wagner's music in Paris and elsewhere. Enthusiastic for Wagner, he was a devoted follower of Gluck and Weber, and he was indefatigable in promoting the interests of Berlioz, whom he defended in the press when he was alive, and for whose memory he organized the festival at the Opéra, March 22, 1870, and that of the Hippodrome, March 10, 1879. Furthermore he did justice to César Franck at the beginning; he foresaw the future of Massenet; encouraged Bizet, Guiraud, Godard, and others. During the hours of Berlioz's last sickness Reyer was the consoler, and at the first symptoms of the approach of death he did not quit his bed. This enthusiasm for Berlioz and his work was displayed in an eloquent and touching manner in the speech made by him, October 17, 1886, when the statue of Berlioz was dedicated in the Place Vintimille, Paris: he spoke of Berlioz as "the inspired translator of Shakespeare and Virgil, the worthy successor of Gluck and Beethoven, one of the most illustrious composers of all times, and the most extraordinary one perhaps that ever existed." The oration delivered by Reyer at the dedication of the statue of Berlioz at Côte-Saint André, September 28, 1890, was no less warm; and it is not improbable that Berlioz, who gave Reyer his favorite and annotated copy of "Paul et Virginie," foresaw in him the continuer of his ideas, admirations, and hatreds.

Reyer is not only a composer of talent: he is also a writer of much influence. He has con-

tributed to many journals and magazines. He became the regularly employed critic of the Journal des Debats in November, 1866. In 1864 he was charged by the Minister of State with a musical mission in Germany, and he was chosen by the Khedive of Egypt to represent the French press at the first performance of "Aïda" at Cairo, December 24, 1871. Although Reyer had been not wholly favorable to Italian music or to the preceding works of Verdi, he was the first to point out the merit of this score, and to indicate the change in the style of the composer of "Ernani." Cairo pleased him so much that he stayed five months in Egypt. He has given an interesting account of this journey as well as his reminiscences of musical life in Germany in a volume of genuine value, entitled, "Notes de musique," published at Paris in 1874.

With strongly marked features, great mustache, brusque speech and appearance, he reminds one of a retired cavalry officer, even to the hat. His hatred of the piano reaches the distinction of a holy mission, and long ago he publicly declared war against the instrument.

For some years as soon as the cold weather comes he spends two months at least at Monte Carlo. During this time he neglects ostentatiously the opera and concerts. He writes witty and paradoxical letters to the Journal des Débats, and some have regretted that he did not devote himself in early life to journalism, for he treats with sound sense and keen wit questions of politics, manners, and literature.

Flaubert once said: "There is one thing I much admire in Leconte de Lisle, and that is his indifference to success; this is a strong quality and proves more in his favor than triumphs." This just appreciation by Flaubert of the temperament of the author of the "Poèmes barbares" may be applied to Reyer. From his tower of ivory he has been able to contemplate the grotesque persons retailing mad speeches concerning his master, Berlioz, and himself; and he has seen without the slightest emotion the hatred of the Lilliputians for all that is great and robust. He has had pride in himself; conscious of his strength, with a profound conviction in art, an admiration for the beautiful, nothing could make him go out of his own path; success has come to him without his having cringed to the mob, and in this he has indeed followed the example of Berlioz. What a profound irony, italicizing a great truth, in these lines written by the author of "Sigurd" in his "Notes de musique." "To-day, more than ever, musicians have leisure to do anything except to make music."

To see his martial attitude one might expect to find him a flamboyant critic, settling all questions with a blow of the saber, striking with thrust and cut. One might imagine the point, if not dipped in gall, at least as cutting and bitter as that of Berlioz; but while his criticism is lively and sharp it is not aggressive. Reyer has been known to show himself affable and kindly, to envelop certain judgments in skillful silence, and he has not brought upon himself as did his illustrious predecessor, wrath and rancor.

A composer, he has not as a critic had entire liberty of action to appreciate the productions of his colleagues; and with his admiration for the masterpieces of the German school he could not experience a really live sympathy for a class of musicians who held in slight esteem works loved by him, and composed in an entirely different direction than his; yet he has avowed loudly his preference, and he has had the courage to declare that the French are not a musical folk, but that they may become one. He has many points of resemblance with Flaubert; he detests the bourgeoisie which is delighted with the banalities and the prattle of ancient vaudeville with couplets; he, too, has been seduced by Romanticism and Orientalism. The resemblance might be traced in certain attitudes of his body, in certain physical details. Bourget said of Flaubert that "the fashion of going and coming of this giant with long mustache, the shape of his hats and the cut of his *pantalons à la hussarde*, the swelling of his voice, and especially the breadth of his gestures, recall by evident analogy something just a little theatrical, even in moments of good fellowship — the last survival of a passionate love of the grandiose which shines forth from all the survivors of the epoch of which Frédérick was the playactor type." Less theatrical in his attitude, more modern in his carriage, Reyer is a diminutive of Flaubert.

He has endeavored to bring together the French muse and the muse of Germany. An admirer of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, he is especially a disciple of Gluck and Weber, and you can recognize in his works the preponderating influence that these two masters have exercised over him. Like Berlioz he has acquired through contact with these geniuses a marvellous force and power; but he has remained himself, and his imprint is unmistakable. As he himself once said:

"We are all perhaps a little affected by Wagnerism in different degree, but we have drunk and shall drink of the same spring and our sole precaution should be to look out lest we drown our own individuality." Now if there is any affinity between Reyer and any of the German masters it is rather with Weber than with Wagner.

The orchestration of Reyer is admirably contrived. Adolphe Jullien justly said: "It is through this orchestration without parallel to-day that Reyer has known how to unveil the deepest thoughts and emotions of his heroes." He has, as every other composer, marked preferences for certain groups of instruments. The instrument that he detests profoundly is the cornet-à-pistons, which, in the modern orchestra, has introduced deplorable vulgarity. In his "Souvenirs d'Allemagne" he has written at length and with righteous indignation against the suppression of trumpets and horns to the advantage of the cornet, and there are pages in his "Notes de musique" in which he gives forth sound ideas concerning the nature, the worth, and the employment of different orchestral instruments. Nor was he less inspired when following the example of the old masters, he chose characteristic motives to depict and accompany the heroes of his dramas. He has not given these motives too great importance; they are skillfully developed; they are always appropriate to the person represented and the reminiscences invoked, the sentiment that he wished to suggest.

It is true that Reyer has been reproached with grammatical faults. He has perhaps not always been happy in the employment of certain ideas, of sundry themes which lack distinction; and if there are lofty flights, there are unfortunately, side by side, vulgarities and descents, which are truly surprising in the work of an artist whose ambition is so honorable and proud.

[Concerning his hatred of the piano, see the article "Ernest Reyer" in "Le Livre de Caliban," by Émile Bergerat, Paris, 1887.]

"THE LITTLE RAG PICKER." SCENE FROM "LOUISE."

GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER

By PHILIP HALE

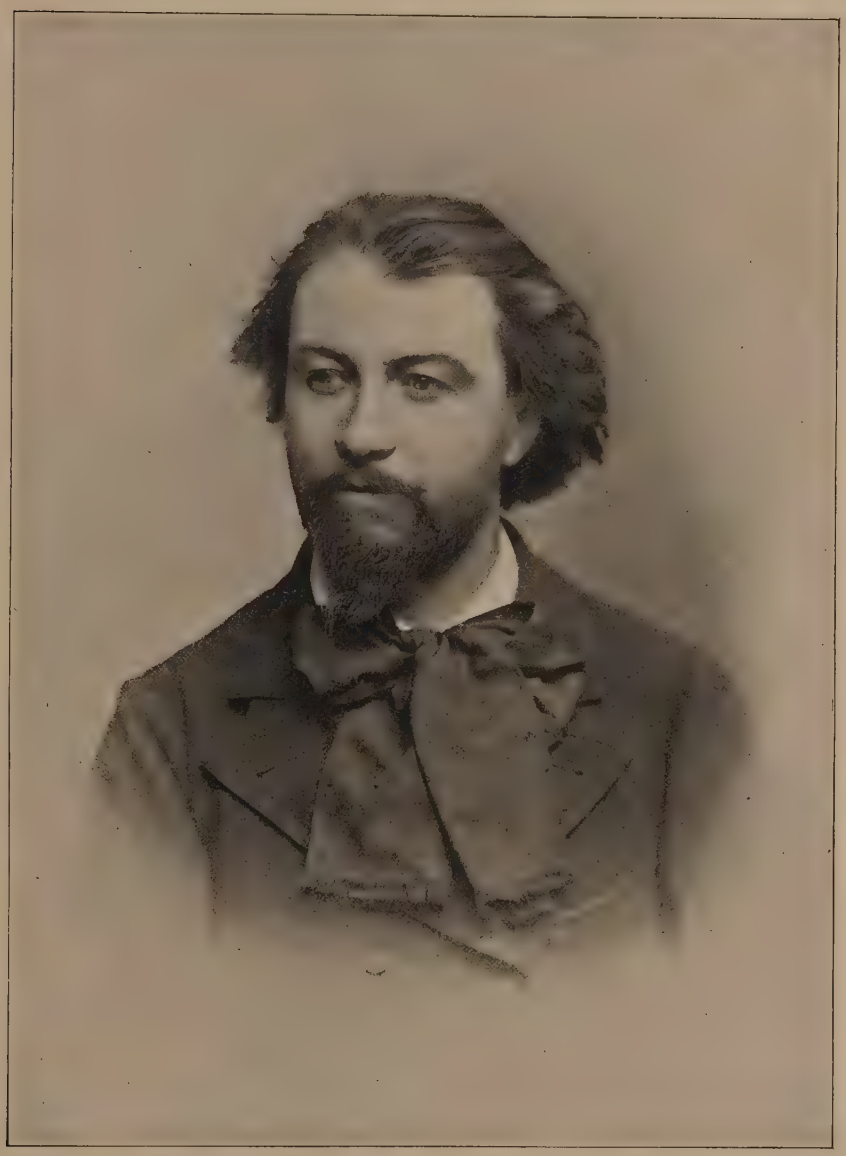
GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER was born at Dieuze (Alsace-Lorraine) June 25, 1860. His parents moved to Tourcoing after the Franco-Prussian war. He entered the musical school of that town as a pupil of Stappan, the violinist, but, as it was necessary for him to earn his living, he worked as an accountant in the spinning factory of Albert Lorthiois. He then went to the Conservatory at Lille, where he made for himself such a reputation that the municipality of Tourcoing became interested in him, and gave him a pension of twelve hundred francs, to finish his studies at Paris. At the Conservatory, he entered (1881) the violin class of Massart, and he studied harmony with Pessard. Military service broke in upon his studies, and on his return to Paris (1885) he became a pupil of Massenet. He took the *prix de Rome* in 1887. His competitors were Erlanger, Bachelet, and Kayser, who had already obtained a second prize the year before. The cantata, "Dido," poetry by Augé de Lassus was performed October 29, 1887, at the Salle de l'Institut, Paris, with Yveling Ram-Baud as Dido, Vergnet as Æneas, and Lauwers as the Ghost. The book is in four scenes. In the first, Dido awaits Aeneas with impatience. He arrives troubled and remorseful. He abandons himself at last, and sings with Dido a love duet, but, in the moment of ecstasy the spectre of Anchises appears and speaks to his son of honor and duty. Aeneas is divided between the two claims,—one calling him to the banks of the Tiber, and the love of Dido, who wishes to keep him at Carthage, and uses vain efforts and vain prayers. Aeneas exclaims: "My country is my only god. Good-by forever." The ghost is delighted, while Dido abandons herself to despair. The originality and vigor of the composer were highly praised. The cantata was performed at a Colonne concert, Paris, January 22, 1888, with Mme. Ram-Baud, Jourdain, Auguez.

Charpentier then made the traditional journey to Italy and Germany. He sent as evidences of his study at the Villa Medici a suite, "Impressions d'Italie" and "La Vie du Poète." The finale of the former, "Napoli," was performed at the Institute, Paris, October 31, 1891. It was then played at a Lamoureux concert November 15, 1891, but the suite, as a whole, was first played at a Colonne concert March 13, 1892. This suite is composed of five movements, and Alfred Ernst wrote an explanatory program. The first movement is a serenade. It is midnight. The young peasants, leaving the drinking-houses, sing under the windows of their loved ones long songs, now fiery and glowing, now sad, even with wild accents, and mandolines and guitars often answer these declarations of love. The second movement is "A la Fontaine": "Toward the ravines into which waterfalls flow, girls walk with naked feet and arms, with white chemisette thrown open over the shoulders and the bronzed neck. Solemn, peaceful, without speech or thought, they go in a calm and almost religious rhythm, bronze pitchers on their heads, with a slight balancing of the hips under the rigidity of the bust. It is like a drill of priestesses, superb and passive, who wend in the scorching light of the sun their silent march, while the gay refrain of the shepherds comes down from the mountain." Third movement, "A Mules": At evening the mules trot in the path that winds along the Sabine mountains, and the bells sound to the steps of their fixed rhythm. The muleteer sings a rough wild song. Great carts come down to the village. Beautiful, deep-eyed maidens sit or crouch on them and murmur in a soft sweet way. Fourth movement: "Sur les Cimes." It is midday on the lofty solitude of the desert of Sorrento, high over the city. The eye takes in the valleys and the sea. In the distance the bells

of the monastery are heard. Birds are drunk with warmth and light. The inspired poet is overcome by the power of nature, and his feelings find vent in healthful song. Fifth movement: "Napoli," in which the composer depicts the life and bustle of the city. Impressions of heat, light, and an excited folk. Each street is full of song and dance, and there is fiddling, there is clanging of guitars, there is the music of the military band, and dancers are heard in the tarantella. Vesuvius is angry and overpowers for a moment the din of humanity. Sentimental songs are heard in nasal tones on the quay. The night comes, and fireworks break forth in all forms of dazzling display.

"La Vie du Poète," a symphony-drama in four parts, for orchestra, chorus, and solo voices (text by Charpentier), was performed at the Conservatory, Paris, May 18, 1892, and of this, Pougin well said in his review, which was published in the Ménestrel the week after, May 22, of that year: "This performance is an event in the annals of the competition for the *prix de Rome,* and in the annals of the Conservatory, and I do not believe that the hall in the rue Bergère has ever echoed with accents like unto those of this symphony-drama. Remember well the name of this young musician, because I shall be exceedingly astonished if he does not make a wide-spread reputation, and sooner than one might think. This symphony is singular both in subject and in expression. The poet, as all poets, at first has dreams of beauty. Then doubt and sadness enter his soul, and, impotent to express his thoughts, he revolts against fate. This revolt of his soul leads him to drunkenness and horrid joys. His days of revelry are spent at Montmartre, at the Moulin de la Galette. Surely, this unconventional finale shows the independent spirit of the poet, and the rare talent of the musician, who avoids the condemnation ready to be pronounced on account of the inherent eccentricity in the foundation of such a musical scene. The first movement, 'Enthousiasme,' is grand in the ensemble; the second movement, 'Doute,' is tinged with rare poetic color, is full of charm and poetry, and its close is of mysterious and original character; the third part, 'Impuissance,' is as distinguished as the first by the grandeur and power of the ensemble of chorus and orchestra. In the last movement, Charpentier introduces all the noises and echoes of a Montmartre festival, with its low dancing rooms, its drunken cornets, its hideous din of rattles, the wild laughter of bands of revelers, and cries of hysterical women. And all this is done with a boldness and dash, that never cease to be truly musical. It is a very curious and amusing *tour de force* of a delirious imagination that knows how to regulate its irregularities."

A more detailed account of this remarkable work was published in the Guide Musical (Brussels) April 5, 1896. I abridge in quotation: "'The Vie du Poète' is divided into three acts and four scenes. In the first act, the poet comes into life full of enthusiasm and faith. He tries to sing, and he invokes the Idea, which unveils itself and appears to him all radiant. In the second act the poet begins to doubt himself. He questions sadly the Night, which does not reply to him, but passes on indifferent. The third act includes two scenes: in the first, the poet despairing, crushed by the grandeur of his dream, blasphemes and curses God, in spite of the voices on high which promise him better days. In the second scene, we are at Montmartre, in the Moulin de la Galette. The poet searches forgetfulness. Around him pass drunken mobs, who howl popular refrains, with which the brutal shrieks of a wretched orchestra are mingled. The laughter of girls invites him to the orgie, while voices recall to him the enthusiasm of his first hours. Then mad with sorrow he rushes brutally into drunkenness, to drown his discouragement and his despair. The symphony begins with a prelude, in which the orchestra, now furious, and now with great gentleness, shows us the poet with disheveled hair, the poet of 1830; his brain is a volcano in constant eruption. The introduction begins with a short incisive theme, which is intended evidently to characterize the poet's spirit of revolt. This theme, which often occurs in the work, is not developed in a technical sense of the word, and I may add that the work as a whole is not a work of development, and has nothing to do with either the school of Wagner or of Franck. The scene, 'Recueillement,' opens with a well constructed song on which is grafted a theme, sung alternately by the soprano and the tenor, and this is passed on to the orchestra to introduce the Incantation (scene second) where you may recognize in the choral motive a fragment of the initial theme of the work. Then, by a skillfully managed crescendo, the phrase, under the influence of enthusiasm, takes fire, and voices and orchestra unite in a triumphal rush of grand effect. This first part, perhaps the most powerful and the most spontaneous, abounds in musical ideas, and although there is too much



GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER.

digression, the music is of a highly original temperament. The second part, calmer, has only two scenes. The first, 'Nuit splendide,' begins with a chorus which is written in mysterious and exquisitely gentle mood. The successive entrances of contralto solo and soprano solo, replied to by the orchestra, give it an especial charm, and this chorus, which has no musical relationship to that which precedes, will appear again in the last part of the festival. The second scene, the 'Poète et la Nuit,' is entirely filled, with the exception of a short reply from the voices of the night, with a solo of infinite sadness, which is given to the tenor; it is followed by a short and descriptive movement for the orchestra — a truly poetic picture, which recalls in a way the forest murmurs in 'Siegfried.' The whole of this second part, sweet and melancholy in mood, contains passages of penetrating expression; it is wholly beautiful, and there passes through it the breath of pure and lofty inspiration. The third part contains two scenes. 'Impuissance' is diffuse; it shows an abuse of dissonances, smacks of labor, and the vague musical idea is overcharged with useless detail. On the other hand, the orchestral nature of this scene, which paints the weakness and the discouragement of the poet is exceedingly beautiful. The 'Fête à Montmartre' begins with a furious polka rhythm. Here is again the impression of reminiscence, not in the theme, but in the orchestration and the general effect. When the polka is played by the bassoons and the violas, at the beginning, with the *pizzicati* of the other stringed instruments, you are reminded of the beginning of the scene of 'The Retreat' in the 'Damnation of Faust,' where the soldiers and the students sing together. With this polka theme, another theme is mingled, which is perhaps no more original, but the combination makes an exceedingly good effect and gives the idea of a Parisian uproarious mob. The motive, 'Be accursed, perfidious God,' reminds us of the poet, of whom we had almost lost sight. There is a return of the chorus, 'See, 'tis the night, the calm and tender night,' but this chorus does not mingle with the roar of the crowd. A new polka is played behind the scenes by a special orchestra — piccolo, cornet, saxhorns, true orchestra of the dance-house. To this is added a tune that was popular in the days of Boulanger, and this too is played behind the scenes, by brass instruments — trombones, saxhorns, cymbals — and the big drum. Soldiers pass in the distance. The polkas and the tattoo are joined together, and a new theme enters which is taken from the curse-motive, although it is disguised gaily, then is enlarged until it assumes heroic proportions. There is a return of the polka and to its rhythm the poet exclaims: 'Trill, O girl in rags, your mad laughter.' This girl, with a mocking laugh as an insult to the reveries of the poet, typifies the ignorant and bestial crowd, which is the enemy of all superiority. In the midst of the noise of the orgie, the mystic chorus of the beginning returns, 'Sweet light, my prayer goes forth to thee,' and little by little there is peace. Some interrupted words of the poet, a burst of distant laughter from the girl, and there is silence. Then there is a pianissimo roll of a drum; and the big drum is struck with dull blows; it is as a pulse which slackens and stops. Three sobbing 'Ahs!' feebly exhaled by voices with closed mouths, in lamentation over the poet; there is a final chord of the strings; the rest is silence." The singers at this performance were Mmes. Tarquini d'Or and Wyns, Cossira, Grimaud. Colonne conducted. The morning of this brilliant success at the Conservatory, Bertrand told the composer that he proposed to produce "La Vie du Poète" at the Opéra. The orchestra claimed at the last minute, the indemnity to which it was entitled, 3,000 francs a night. Bertrand, the manager, did not propose to pay this. Charpentier, in despair, did not spend his time in pulling out his hair, although he wears it long; he spoke to the musicians, many of whom were his schoolmates: "Do you wish to be the cause of my being shipwrecked in port? Play this once. Make an exception. You will make me happy." They finally consented to do this, and the work was performed at the Opéra, June 17, 1892. Colonne conducted. The solo singers were Mmes. Fiérens and Heglon, Vaguet, Renaud.

Thus, at the very beginning of his career, Charpentier firmly determined the path in which he walked, with his opera "Louise" the goal set before him. His next composition was a strange set of songs, "Impressions fausses," performed at a Colonne concert, March 3, 1895. The composer was inspired by two of Paul Verlaine's poems: "La Veillée rouge" and "La Ronde des Compagnons." The music, described as anarchistic, met with lively opposition, which was met in turn by warm eulogies of the mastery in workmanship. In

"La Ronde des Compagnons" Charpentier interpolated as a gloss on Verlaine's poetry, for the chorus of prisoners, verses of the "Marseillaise," and cries of "Hum, Vaillant, Sh!" "Hum, Henri, Sh!" "Hum, Ravachol, Sh!" As Gustave Robert wrote, the poetry of Verlaine, charming by the gentle irony of its melancholy, was turned into a sort of declamatory hymn of Anarchists. "Not that I blame Charpentier for having socialistic, anarchistic or any other theories he may choose to entertain, but I wish that he would expose them on a more opportune occasion." The solo singers were Taskin and Cheyrat.

Still more extraordinary were the "Trois Poèmes chantés": "Chanson du chemin" (Camille Mauclair), "Jet' d'eau" (Baudelaire), and the third which was heard with frenetic applause and fierce hissing, "Les Chevaux de bois" (Verlaine). They were sung by Auguez, Claeys, Galand, and a chorus at a Colonne concert November 24, 1895. Opinions varied widely concerning the merits of the music. One critic wrote:

"'Les Chevaux de bois,' a festival of the Faubourg, with its brutal clamor, screeching orchestra, fireworks which burn the eyes, and intoxicate the crowd with a vulgar and violent pleasure, recalls, perhaps too much, Charpentier's 'Vie du Poète,' with its cornet solos, and its unchaining of trombones. Let us pray that Charpentier will soon descend from Montmartre. But the Chanson du chemin is of an exquisite inspiration, and the effects of the *celesta Mustel* are charming."

Another opinion: "These poems, 'Poème mystique,' 'Poème d'amour,' 'Poème réaliste' are exquisite miniatures. The composer is an invaluable aid to the poets. His music translates marvelously each special sentiment, anguish, burning love, the grossest drunkenness; and by expressive harmonic progressions, he puts in striking relief the focus of all the luminous intensity of the picture."

And here is a dissenting voice: "'Trois Poèmes chantés' is a triptych for orchestra, with chorus, and there are also solo-singers who dialogue and bring their little contributions to polyphony by throwing in their sung texts, which are swallowed up. This music can never be heard without reading synchronously the program, which is reduced to an adaptation, not of the idea, but of the literary translation of this idea. Thus from the wish to play this part, which is much too precise, the music loses all intrinsic worth. It is not truly suggestive, nor is it colored, as is the music of Berlioz, to whom some wish to compare Charpentier, and it does not possess the interest in workmanship and harmonization, by which Wagner conquers us. And then, what remains? An undeniable talent for orchestration. His transcription of the realistic fantaisie of Verlaine has the same fault, although it is not without a certain address. The orchestra devotes itself to reproducing an exact description, to transferring the noises of a fair into music — and for what good? The employment of imitative harmony is here exceedingly coarse. Effects more profound can be obtained only by methods that are less direct and more cunning."

The "Sérénade à Watteau" (poetry by Verlaine) was first performed at Charpentier's own house before a circle of friends. It is written for tenor solo, six female voices, string quartet, mandolines, two harps, two flutes, a Mustel organ, and a tambourine. It was performed November 8, 1896, the day of the inauguration of the monument to Watteau in the garden of the Luxembourg. The singers were Charlotte Wyns and Mauguière. The piece was performed for the first time in concert at Colonne, November 29, 1896. "R. D. C.," the author of the last quoted opinion on the merits of "Trois Poèmes chantés," wrote in the Guide Musical, "The melodic accent is lacking in both accuracy and freedom." The success of the "Sérénade" was indisputable. The Academic Palms were offered to Charpentier who refused the honor. "First play my music," he answered, and thus referred to scores which were ready, but over which no manager would look.

Montmartre is as dear to Charpentier as the camel was to Félicien David. In 1898 when, by the way, he applied for the management of the proposed Théâtre-Lyrique, he saw the performance of his "Couronnement de la Muse," which, written the year before for a Montmartre festival, was finally produced at the Grand Theatre, Lille, June 5, when Blanche Dassonville was crowned as the Muse. Duffaut, a tenor from the Opéra, Paris, represented the Poet, and Blanche Mante represented Beauty. Charpentier's idea was that each year and in each town a Muse should be chosen from work-girls and crowned solemnly. The piece was announced for the 14th of July that year, the National Fête at Paris, but it was postponed on account of the rain, and it was performed in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, July 24. In this piece, made for the open air, Charpentier gave full

vent to his socialistic ideas. The following description was published in the Pall Mall Gazette (London) of July 25, 1898: "The Muse of Paris, Mlle. Ernestine Curot, is a work-girl, chosen this year from a great number of candidates for her great personal charm and stringent virtues to represent the ideal aspirations of the great city, more particularly in reference to the centenary of Michelet. She is not exactly beautiful, but has the *retroussée* prettiness of the typical Parisienne. Her apotheosis being concurrent with that of Michelet, the great revolutionary historian, who celebrated the glories of work, there was a vast attendance of work-peoples' asssociations and syndicates to do honor to the event. In the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville the crowd was enormous. Only a few seats had been reserved for privileged guests of the municipality around the vast stage upon which the ceremony was to take place. The program was divided into three portions. First of all, a march was performed by a really admirable orchestra conducted by Charpentier, in which all the old cries of Paris were introduced. Charpentier was himself the composer. Only very few of these old 'cries' still survive, and an effort was recently made (fortunately unsuccessful) to induce the Prefect of Police to prohibit them altogether. '*Achetez la crevette, elle est bonne, elle est belle*' (Buy the shrimp! She is good, she is beautiful), '*chand d'habits*' (the equivalent of 'old clo'), '*avez-vous des chaises à rempailler?*' (Chairs to mend?), '*limandes à frire?*' (lemon soles for frying), still exist; but, '*eau de vie, brandevin, et la dragée au bout,*' '*lait, lait, lait, v'là la nourrice au lait,*' '*mon frais saumon, mon frais cabillaud! J'ai ce qu'il vous faut*' (my fresh salmon, my fresh cod; I have got what you want), and countless others are with the *neiges d'antan*. The modern crier is less musical than his ancestor, a less complicated artist. An air in 'Fernand Cortes' was actually appropriated by an intelligent hawker of ink. Félicien David, the composer, stole one of his most successful motives from an itinerant cheese-monger. Halévy composed '*Quand paraîtra la pâle aurore*' after hearing the cries of '*Belles bottes d'asperges*' (fine bunches of asparagus). But 'all that was in the olden time long ago,' as Poe says. M. Charpentier's music charmed us all this afternoon. As the last chords died away, the Muse descended the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, accompanied by the two lesser Muses, Mlles. Eugénie Bélin and Amelie Chasselin, and mounted the stage. A troop of little street children, costumed in rags, surrounded her, carrying baskets of flowers in their hands. The ceremony was nothing if not symbolical. Then the 'criers' of Paris exhorted the crowd to come and admire the Muse, and a ballet began — the Ballet of Pleasure, danced by artists from the *corps de ballet* of the Opéra. In the midst of the dancing appeared Beauty, personified by Mlle. Mante, of the Opéra, who expressed in pantomime her desire to give eternal form to the efforts of Humanity. She was followed by a group of Poets, who assured the Muse that they found her very charming (all this in pantomime, of course). Beauty, thereupon, crowned the Muse with white roses, and then Suffering, dressed as a Pierrot, made his appearance, this rôle being filled by that admirable pantomimic artist, M. Sévérin. He expressed, first of all, the eternity and the consequent hopelessness of Suffering, appealing to Heaven, then to the pity of man, whose egoism he denounces and then revolts against, dreaming of a possible revenge, amid the clamors for justice which burst from the throats of others like himself, though the triumphant march of victims toward the ultimate attainment of happiness still continues. But his hopes of a millennium are chimerical. Suffering can only cease with the human race. A choir, however, announces the arrival of the Muse of Happiness, who clasps the enchanted Pierrot by the hand, and Suffering sinks at her feet in adoration. The next scene was extremely pretty. It had been arranged by the well-known artist, Roedel, and consisted chiefly of a sort of allegorical procession in honor of Michelet. Behind Michelet's bust, figured History and Poetry — two young ladies. In front of the bust were a young man and a young woman representing Youth, and dressed in the fashion of 1830. They turned over the leaves of a vast book, the history of France, and as each leaf was turned, persons dressed in costumes of the period passed by in procession, and finally grouped themselves at the back of the stage. The delegations of workmen, schoolmasters, students, freemasons, and choral societies, then paced before them. This was the conclusion."

But this was not the first time that street cries have been used in music. There is the vocal composition entitled "Les Cris de Paris," by Clément Jannequin of the sixteenth century. It begins with a kind of prelude — "Do you wish to hear the cries of Paris," sung by soprano, alto, tenor, bass. The versification is sacrificed to the

music, and only a certain number of cries are preserved integrally in melodic form and in rhythm. Some say that a "Ballet des Cris de Paris" was danced in the reign of Louis XIV. and that the Grand Monarch himself took part in it; but the score has not been found. Adolphe Adam introduced the "moan of labor" — "Ohé! Ohé!" — used by the boatmen of the Seine (No. 5 of eight male choruses, "Les Métiers"). And in 1857 Georges Kastner published in Paris his "Cris de Paris — Symphonie humoristique," an elaborate score of 171 pages, as a supplement to his incredibly learned and curious essay "Les Voix de Paris" (128 pp.).

It is not surprising that the views of Charpentier concerning sociology and music as expressed in "Le Couronnement de la Muse" excited the surprise, and in some cases the ridicule, of colleagues and critics. Thus, we find M. Pierre de Bréville amusing himself at Charpentier's expense in the Mercure de France, of September, 1898, in which he speaks of the composer crowning the Muse with a hullabaloo.

"Six hundred musicians have taken part in this ceremony. Chorus, orchestra, two brass bands, brass instruments at all the windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville, bells — in his Rubens cantata, Peter Benoit has employed cannons also; did the military authorities refuse Charpentier these powerful instruments? From the size and the multifariousness of the means employed, you might suppose that we had to do with a very important score. Not at all. The work is a resounding one but of mediocre proportions. It is not an architectural work, conceived on a grand scale, according to the formula of Berlioz. There was no question this time of celebrating the illustrious dead of 'Trois glorieuses,' or the memory of Napoleon the First, but merely the election of a little working-girl, promoted to the rank of Muse by the votes of some dress and cloak makers. And yet, there are high ambitions in these pages. The composer, so they say, wished to speak to the people, to exalt the humble workman, to sing democratic hymns in his honor, to make social if not socialistic music. He has a right to do this, but it does not seem to me that this vast program of generous general aspirations can be realized. The work must remain local, and a work of circumstance. I am wholly disposed to recognize the philanthropic and charitable spirit of M. Charpentier, were it well ordered, but I cannot, as his most willing panegyrists have done, confine myself to exalting his intentions without attempting a detailed analysis of the work itself. The chief person is the Muse. Preceded by a fanfare, she enters to the noise of greetings.

'*Jour d'allégresse*
Et jour d'amour,
Fraternelle kermesse,
Tout est rose,
Tout flamboie,
C'est la joie,
L'apothéose.'

Then the bells announce the festival of Pleasure. There is dancing. The crowd says '*Ha! ha!*' this is joy. Then artists arrive, and as, invoked by their desires, Beauty appears, a dancer. '*Ah! ah!*' cries again the chorus; and this is admiration. But behold, a sombre and preoccupied Pierrot, who represents human suffering and tries by pantomime alone to make his sentiment of revolt and his longings toward anarchy to be understood, '*Ah! ah!*' sings again the people, and this time it is the expression of anguish and sorrow. '*Ah! ah!*' in their turn the hearers could say, variating for the last time the predominating onomatopoeia of the poem, and this time it would mean astonishment, and also interrogation. As a matter of fact, unless the explanatory notices of friendly newspapers had been read in advance, it is doubtful whether the hearers could have discovered the meaning of this spectacle. But the poet speaks (the Muse, Beauty, Pierrot-Humanity, and the bust of Michelet who is not *obbligato*, are mute characters). The poet, who is alone '*idoine à louanger*,' speaks, but his speech does not bring to those groping in blindness a very definite illumination. He exclaims, 'O, jolie!' 'This dancing girl is a flower of life, and a little from each one of us all, and this living flower is our soul under the form of a flower which would be a woman, a female flower, whose grace and perfume translate themselves in cadences that our senses as well as our souls can appreciate the supreme homage.' But, although she is made a little from each one of us, we do not know, as a matter of fact, who is in this robe of silk,

'*Cette demoiselle garnie de dentelle*,'

as the old song goes. Why is she the chosen one, the saviour, the inspirer? We see her stretch out her arms toward humanity to give it hope.

Is she the working-girl, and does she incarnate honest labor? Does she content herself with being pretty, and does she console by her beauty and her ready love '*Les jeunes dieux Les chercheurs d'absolu*'? Is she Mimi Pinson, or is her name Jenny? Is she simply The Woman, or a

M. FUGERE.
As Le Père in Charpentier's "Louise."

little Goddess of Reason on a small scale? Or is she rather the daughter of the people, the flower that has grown spontaneously on the soil of France, the humble flower of our fields, whose perfume has intoxicated our poets — is she the soul of our land, our folk-song? No, in spite of her indecision, she declares herself to be a more definite person. She is 'Parisienne sculptée dans de l'éternité' (?), and to finish troubling us in our ignorance, she appears in company with a Pierrot with a plastered face, with a poet in a bob-coat, in the frame of a public place, on a sort of laic altar of red hangings adorned with golden fringe, surrounded by dancing girls in short petticoats, with students, gymnasts, and without doubt, freemasons, who constitute the background of every modern procession. In short, the conception of this work, where realities and allegories are mingled incoherently, remains enigmatic. There is a *leit-motif* in this score. No one is exempt from it, and it is the cry, '*Voilà l'plaisir, mesdam's!*' and the composer could not make a more happy choice. At the introduction, this theme announces joy, and then it opens the ball, and it circulates continually in the orchestral frame with its precise signification of gaiety and cheerfulness. But why did M. Charpentier, in his march at the beginning, cut off the pretty ending, and substitute '*V'là des beaux canards.*' This new theme, thus coupled with the first, takes away the nature of the former, and loses its own character. Further on, '*Mouron pour les p'tits oiseaux*' accompanies in a touching manner the entrance of the little unfortunates. On the contrary, the other cries, and they are many, which spring up at every moment, appear with poor result, and, as it were, accidentally, when the brass allows them to be heard. Thus, at the moment, when the Muse descends from her chariot, all the instruments at the top of their lungs shout with rolling of drums, '*Artichauds, des beaux artichauds,*' and, '*Oh! les pomm' d'terre au boisseau!*' Here is no longer the triumph of the Muse. There is an apotheosis of vegetables, of all the vegetables, because the carrot itself, '*la carotte, fraîche et belle,*' is not forgotten. But it is not necessary to see here any dissimulation of symbolism. If he had gone into this scheme, M. Charpentier would surely not have failed to accompany his '*divins gueux aux longs cheveux*' with '*Merlans frais à frire!*' and not with *la caneuss' rempailleuss' de chaises!*' Now, in spite of these light criticisms, it is necessary to recognize the fact that M. Charpentier, familiar with search after effect, has gained the effect in his music, not, as one might suppose, through the choice of personal mélodies of a truly popular and typical character, not through an instrumental adjustment of cries which are especially well chosen, not through an impressive sonority, but, on the contrary, by a discretion which has caused agreeable surprise. He might have been tempted to profit by the orchestral and choral masses at his disposal, to give out a noisy Marseillaise, with the tones of which the voices of

the innumerable spectators who crowded all the streets near the Hôtel-de-Ville would have been mingled. He has avoided this, and we hear of our national hymn, only a few measures, — all that a Pierrot, without doubt, could permit himself, whose predilections go out rather to the Marseillaise of Ravachol. He has kept himself from the customary brutalities in the final apotheoses, and has terminated his work by a gentle recall of '*Mouron pour les p'tits oiseaux*,' while the chorus breathes a last '*ah! ah!*' (this time it is consolation, and it is hope), which leaves us under an impression of serenity that is almost religious. It is fitting, above all, not to attach too great importance to this work, whose sole musical pretension is doubtless to reveal in solemn fashion the love of the composer for the people. This is evangelical, and may lead to the deputies; it may attract also the public attention, and this is human. The dramatic temperament of M. Charpentier, of which he has given proof in a striking scene of 'Impressions fausses' and in the poignant 'Chanson du chemin,' will inspire him doubtless to other works, riper, and of an interest that is more abiding."

On the other hand, M. Alfred Bruneau, himself a composer, wrote of Charpentier as follows, without any "if only" or "but": "It seems to me at the same time charming and significant, this idea that M. Charpentier has had of ennobling the gaiety of our stated festivals by the beauty of a virile music, and the grace of a young woman: to marry in the grandest square of Paris, the two supreme poesies of our city — the radiant and delicate poetry of art and work to the yelling and magnificently brutal poetry of a joyful mob. The spectacle is a pretty one, this spectacle of the gay working girl of the faubourg solemnly chosen Muse by her fellow shop-girls, the patroness for some hours of the city, the symbolic queen of consolation, inspiration, hope and love, who, interrupting the clamor, the rush and the bustle, all the coarse amusements, sometimes egoistical, of the holiday strollers, proclaims solemnly in imposing, ascending symphony and song, the eternal and sovereign power of toilsome and fertile life. In this score you feel the true soul of the street palpitate, with strident calls of costermongers, menders of chairs, of fish-sellers, rag-pickers, launched forth by trumpets from the highest windows of the municipal palace, solo, then intercrossed, and taken again by the orchestra in exquisite harmony; its clever ballet of Pleasure; its delicious fanfare of the Muse, gentle and deific, whose children from the top of the *Maison commune* repeat ingenuously the theme; its chiming of bells, distant or near by, in response or blend; its full and vibrant instrumental and choral phrases; its picturesque developments; its character of rude frankness, and at the same time of robust tenderness; its religious and triumphal peroration — this score is animated with a spirit that is superbly of the people. Here we have nothing to do with the customary cantata, the useless and odious cantata that has been ordered, to the necessities of which the free fancy of Charpentier would not have submitted. Thoroughly independent, without assuring himself in the first place of the assistance of anybody, the obstinate composer conceived his work and wrote it, both verse and music. Then through the aid of our city fathers, it was performed in the very heart of Paris.

"If I now speak in this fashion, it is because it does not seem to me an isolated fancy of the author of 'Louise,' who, as you remember, has already tried, on a much smaller scale, a like thing at Montmartre, and in the Garden of the Luxembourg before the statue of Watteau; and also because I consider it as a happy awakening of the national spirit. This piece confirms positively the 'Impressions of Italy,' the 'Vie du Poète,' and the 'Poèmes chantés,' and, bearing witness to especial tendencies, announcing in a formal manner a series of works of the same nature, it instructs us concerning intentions which are already well defined, noble, and worth putting, as I believe, into light. It seems to me that in bringing happiness to the suffering, the idea, form to the producers, glory and beauty to beings of imagination and contemplation, the Muse of Paris with a grand gesture, promised to all the cheer of a necessary and awaited art.

"Here then is a Muse, who, at this hour of Wagnerian autocracy, when the best endowed, the best armed for the conflict and the victory remain hypnotized by the giant of Bayreuth, the Titan become tyrant, shakes off, he, the Frenchman, the Germanic yoke, descends tranquilly the heights from which many of his comrades tumble, and quitting the land of legends, fixing himself on the earth of humanity, listens, looks, and one day lost in wonder, the next day saddened, notes his sensations, his pleasures, his pains.

"*Prix de Rome*, going over Italy, he hears the serenades which from morning till evening, under the amorous sun, the youths sing to their sweet-

hearts; he sees the long lines of women going to draw water at the singing fountain; he is amused by the bells of the mules who trot in a country road, and yet he is moved by the melancholy of the obstinate rhythm; on the heights he grows enthusiastic over immensity of space, through which far-distant church bells vibrate, where the rapt spirit soars and follows the great birds of dreams; and finally he is drunk with the deafening din of feasting Naples, and stores in his remembrance the joyous clamor of exuberant crowds, the military music of the troops with torches, the hissing of rockets, and the theme is found again, at once persuasive and full of abandon, the eternal serenades, which, even when their towns are given over to brutal madness, the youths over there sing sweetly to the girls. The five *tableaux symphoniques*, into which M. Charpentier put all this, and indeed, other things, constituted his first *envoi*, which, I need not remark, contrasted singularly with the music which the lodgers in the Villa Medici are accustomed to write.

"On his return to Paris, the composer rented a room on Montmartre, and there, as elsewhere, grew passionately fond of that which was about him, of nature, of that which he saw, heard, felt. The exaltation of heart and sense to the dawn of work and love; the soul's contemplation of accents of mysterious weight, accents of interior voices; the desire of the ideal, of the unknown, where the divine flame will be kindled; doubt in the splendid and swift night, where all is fleeting music; leaf of grass, tree, star; the fear of time, whose silence hides triumph, or the death of hope; impotence, dreaded, frightful, terrible impotence of a soul whirling in emptiness and cursing God; degrading, raging drunkenness, increasing while the wanton laughs and yells with open arms, while the appeals of the past and the future are remembered and mingle in the orgie; nobility, baseness, pride, cowardice, are expressed with extraordinary vehemence and astonishing force, in the symbolical drama 'Vie du Poète,' which, by the way, is not at all suited for the stage. Charpentier came willingly under the influence of the socialism and the mysticism of *La Butte*. As proof of this, see the 'Ronde des Compagnons,' the 'Veillée rouge,' and the admirable 'Chanson du chemin,' which is one of the most beautiful and most impressive pieces that have been performed lately in the concert hall.

"Lyricism and realism, these are the two means of action always put in motion by the composer, who draws from these apparently contradictory elements, effects of surprising intensity. You understand now that I have indicated in the concisest form the general aims of the artist, the consequence of these aims, and you will comprehend easily that the street, the living and joyous street, has seduced M. Charpentier. It offers to him the prodigious realism of its scenery, of its waiting, susceptible crowd, and the superb lyricism of events which occur there each moment. No theatre will ever see between its narrow and hard walls, the grand and still sonorous poetry of the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, where thousands applauded the young musician. To address one's self effectively to a folk, it is necessary to speak its native language, which, in music at least, is beginning to be forgotten. Hence I am especially delighted by the manifestation, of which I have indicated the importance. A French manifestation, it is the resultant of other French manifestations, and will lead us, I am sure, to other and near French manifestations. I do not demand, and I do not wish that one should imitate Charpentier, who, I think, has no intention of specializing himself in *plein air*, but I desire from the bottom of my heart that submission to a foreign genius, whoever he may be, will cease among us, and that afterward we shall find again our independence and our force. And every time that a man will raise himself, who will be of his period and of his country, and will say something new and beautiful, I shall deem it my strict duty to aid in making him known, and in congratulating him publicly. This is why it has pleased me to salute to-day M. Gustave Charpentier, whom the Muse of Paris seems to wish to lead by the hand toward Glory."

"Louise," a musical romance in four acts, libretto and music by Charpentier, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, February 2, 1900. The cast was as follows: Louise, Mlle. Rioton (who made her début); La Mère, Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin; Julien, Maréchal; Le Père, Fugère; Le Noctambule, Carbone; Irma, Mlle. Tiphaine; Camille, Mlle. de L'isle; Gertrude, Mlle. Delorn; La Balayeuse, Mlle. Chevalier; La Danseuse, Mlle. Santori; Le Chiffonier, Vieulle; Le Chansonnier, Dufour; Le Philosophe, Danges; Le Sculpteur, Huberdeau; Le Peintre, Vianneno; L'Étudiant, Devaux; Le Bricoleur, Rothier. The story, as told by the Paris correspondent of the

Pall Mall Gazette, is as follows: "The heroine is a work-girl who has given her heart to Julien, a young artist. For his sake she quits her family, to the immense distress of her father, who dotes on her, and who had planned that her destiny should be calm and regular, that she should be the wife of a man of his own class. The lovers are at first as happy as the day is long, but Louise in time is overtaken by remorse. She grieves at the thought that she has shattered the hopes of her father, and shown ingratitude for his sterling affection. Her regrets become too strong to be mastered, and she returns to her home. Full forgiveness awaits the prodigal daughter, but the sweets of repentance turn to bitterness when she realizes all she has abandoned. She has tasted the infinite joys of love, and life without them is too black to be endured. Julien has only to reappear to conquer her once again. This time her father feels that she is lost to him forever; and, broken hearted, he curses the city, which, with its myriad temptations, has robbed him of his child. A peculiar charm is lent this unpretentious story by the scene in which it is laid. The background is Montmartre, the most curious and picturesque of all the districts of Paris. Life on the *butte sacrée*, the Bohemia of the capital, but also the home of a dense and laborious population, offers sharp contrasts and the most pronounced local color. The author, whose gift of observation is remarkable, has depicted this strange land with a sure touch."

"Charpentier, who is not the dear master, with orchids flourishing on coat of the latest cut, passes through modern life contemplating with profound eye the dreamy and fairy spectacle which he sees emerging from it. He notes mentally the effects which present themselves to his regard, until expression leaps from them, spontaneous, instinctive, in the beauty of musical, literary and dramatic form. Charpentier is first of all a man of the theatre. His artistic temperament, which was often affirmed in his preceding works, sees no other frame than the stage. His orchestration, so descriptive, is nothing but the *mise en scène* of his inspiration, and when music is impotent to express materially the idea, he completes it by noises that are extra — musical but of a remarkable intensity and marvelous accuracy." So said F. de M nil, who talked with Charpentier about "Louise." "And why," I said, "this title 'Musical Romance?'" Charpentier answered, "Because, in a romance there are two entirely distinct sides, the drama and the description, and in my 'Louise' I wish to treat these different sides. I have a descriptive part, composed of decoration, scenic surroundings, and a musical atmosphere in which my characters move; then I have the purely dramatic part, consecrated entirely to the action. This is, then, a truly musical romance." "And what," I ask, "are the tendencies? Is it a naturalistic work, or a realistic, or an idealistic?" Charpentier answered. "I have a horror of words that end in 'istic.' I

MLLE. RIOTON.

As Louise in Charpentier's "Louise"

am not a man of theories. 'Louise,' as everything that I do, was made by me instinctively. I leave to others, to my dear critics, the care of disengaging the formulas and the tendencies of the work. I have simply wished to give on the stage, that which I have given in concert; the lyric impression of the sensations that I reap in our beautiful and fairy-like modern life. Perhaps I see this as in a fever, but that is my right, for the street intoxicates me. The essential point of the drama is the coming together, the clashing in the heart of Louise of two sentiments, — love which binds her to her family, to her father, the fear of leaving suffering behind her, and on the other hand, the irresistible longing for liberty, pleasure, happiness, love, the cry of her being which demands to live

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Moreau de Tours.

the life she wishes. Passion will conquer because it is served by a prodigious and mysterious auxiliary, which has little by little breathed its dream into the soul of the young girl, — Paris, the voluptuous city, the great city of light, pleasure and joy, which calls her irresistibly toward an enchanted future. Thus, the prelude of the second act, entitled 'Paris s'éveille,' sends forth over the great murmur of the town the cries of street hucksters, which are to become immediately as many symbolic themes, as many eloquent voices through which Love, Pleasure and the City will speak to the heart of Louise, which will caress the spring-time awakening of souls or burst forth in triumphant passion. The prelude of the third act, entitled 'Vers la cité lointaine,' expresses musically the ascent of the two lovers toward the beautiful realm of liberty and happiness. Then, in the fourth act, in the scene between Louise and her father, who wishes to snatch her from the seductive charm of Paris, behold at once the twinkling City, the City of lights, rich in illusion, full of magic and cajoling voices, a fairy-like promiser of pleasure, dazzling, vertiginous symbol, behold the city rises anew, and draws toward it Louise, fascinated, infatuated. Already in the preceding act, it is Paris that overcame the last scruples of Louise, when Julien wished to run off with her, to carry her with him toward the Butte. To assure the triumph of Love, the Town, the marvelous city where floats a glorious dream, adorns itself with lights, dazzles, o'erflows with promises, enwraps and seems to put itself in festival to welcome the lovers. I heard in silence the musician poet, who warmed in speech. Now the idealistic tendency of his work appeared to me clearly. This is indeed a musical romance, in which the orchestral description of Paris takes a most important place. The drama has to do only with three characters then, Louise, Julien and the City, which is symbolized by its cries, its bustle, its lights, its seduction, its lode-stone power. The other characters are purely episodic, or accessory."

M. Pierre de Bréville criticised "Louise" as follows in the Mercure de France (March, 1900): "At the Pinakothek in Munich, a large picture by Rubens shows us among the Byzantine architecture, women in the costume of the Renaissance disputing the corpses of their children with foot-soldiers of the 15th century.

"Thus did the great Flemish master paint for us the massacre of the Innocents under Herod. This bold anachronism gives us a moment of stupefaction; but we soon forget the ruffs and collars, and the precise detail of the epoch in which the fancy of the painter put these women, who no longer appear to us as contemporaries of Catherine de Medici or Herod, but only as women, mothers who weep and suffer the immense sorrow that will not be comforted.

"And this picture proclaims loudly this dogma, which is incontestable, that emotion is independent of the costume of him who experiences it. After Rubens, after Rembrandt, who so often make us see Joseph of Arimathea dressed like a burgomaster of Haarlem, and the Virgin with her hair arranged like a peasant of Marken, M. Charpentier brings in his turn, perhaps without wishing it, fresh proof to this truth.

"He makes us understand in effect that contemporaneous costume is not always incompatible with the lyricism which music demands, and, in good faith, it is necessary to avow that the prejudices which were excited among some by the idea of hearing a working-girl of the rue Lepic, or a habitué of the *Café du Delta* sing on the stage are not justified. When the two lovers let their hearts speak simply, which happens at least once in the first act, when the sick father, abandoned by his daughter, weeps his vanished happiness, they are simply and solely human beings, and whatever their costume may be, they move us.

"But, when they remember that they are of their and our period, and that they have listened perhaps to the lectures of M. Jaurès; when they speak to us of income and capital, and, pretentious declaimers and no longer lovers, Julien and Louise set themselves to recite a social catechism, and give a dissertation on 'miserable, odious, infamous, hypocritical and fruitless experience,' oh then the antagonism of contemporaneous life and the text that is sung reappears.

"And then the lovers become frightful bores.

"Music on these occasions becomes wholly useless, because theses and arguments do not belong to her kingdom, and she remains far removed from them, and foreign.

"'Louise' leads us through these alternatives, because 'Louise' is a double work: It is at first the history of a little working-girl of Montmartre, who is in love with her neighbor of the balcony, a young poet without profession. He, like an honest man, asks her hand of her parents, who refuse under pretext that a poet is a starveling.

"Louise, thinking rightly that the reason is insufficient, runs off with her prince, who is as charming as in all fairy stories, and leads with him near the Moulin de la Galette, a joyous life in the festivals of the quarter: '*Vachalcade*,' or the Crowning of the Muse. Her desertion kills the father, a type of the good classic workman of the melodramas, and Louise, whom Julien has not yet wholly convinced that the love of parents is nothing but egoism, and that the father is nothing but an egotist, blinder than the rest, finds, after much hesitation, heart enough to go and see him die. The girl of joy does not know how to become again the daughter. Family life is henceforth unbearable to her. She excitedly demands again her lover, and more than him the continual festival which Paris, whose strong and tempting voice is at her ear, constantly promises. The father, crazed with indignant grief, drives her from the house, and curses the city that robbed him of his child. This little anecdote, a common tale, is nothing but a contemporaneous transposition of all the stories of crossed love, and the moral to be derived is within the reach of intelligence of every rank.

"But M. Charpentier has other ambitions. Persuaded justly that music should not content itself with the illustration of the news of the day, he has wished to generalize his types.

"But why then does he take so much pains to specialize them?

"According to him, the father is named Prejudice, the mother, Routine, and Louise and Julien, who demand the liberty of their love, personify free love. But dominating the action, as a kind of modern fatality, reigns pleasure. The music, by the constant employment of the theme, '*Voilà l'plaisir, Mesdames*,' promoted to the dignity of a symbolic theme, shows us that this is the principal person in the drama. This unfortunate invention falsifies the whole primitive conception of Charpentier.

"Without doubt, he wished to show us the just revolt of his heroine against the prejudices which refuse her the poet lover, for the sole reason that a poet is good-for-nothing, and that 'if everybody were an artist, there would not be anybody left to make things of importance,' and to make us see her going toward love, in spite of all obstacles. But the apparition of the luminous old chap, so strange in these scenes of daily reality — for it is thus that Pleasure reveals himself to our eyes, under the form of a night-walker hiding electric lamps under his coat — comes and spoils everything.

"There is no longer any story of crossed love; it is no longer the voice of Julien which Louise hears, when in the last act she demands imperiously her liberty; it is the voice of Pleasure, and a special pleasure, the pleasure of Paris, because, when he generalizes, M. Charpentier cannot keep from particularizing; his parochial spirit leads him always to Montmartre. In this chorus, which starts forth from Paris illuminated at night, — this, by the way, is very adroitly treated by the musician, — the chorus whose sonorities entice her and intoxicate her, the lover is not even a chorus-singer; the tempting noise speaks to Louise only of her own beauty, and takes shape to the rhythm of a waltz, as though to signify that under the words of 'right to happiness' there is really the right to dissipation, that the liberty of love which she demands is the liberty of prostitution, that the pleasure which calls her will be found at the Moulin Rouge or at the ball of the Vaches. The character of Louise becomes then singularly ordinary and loses nearly all interest.

"Charpentier, who owes so much to Zola, whose romantic naturalism he practises, is himself like the hero in 'L'Oeuvre,' who, imagining to symbolize Paris as a robust and stocky woman, ends, by over-elaboration, in gilding her thighs.

"And in this way his plans have little by little swerved aside. He wished to glorify Paris, and he has made out of her a Minotaur, a Moloch, who eats the children of nearly all the street-sweepers. (See the conversation in the second act, for instance.) And it is before this monster, whom he paints to us in the manner of sermonizers, that his weak lovers kneel, and it is in his honor that they recite their prayers.

"He has wished to sing of the artists of Montmartre, and he has presented them as conventional puppets escaped from the life in the Bohemia of yesteryear.

"He has tried to celebrate a free union, and he has shown it as destructive of happiness in the family. There is no question here of morality, and the thesis itself is not in question, only the unsympathetic manner in which it is personified by Louise.

"And why not also point out the incoherence which places this victim of prejudice and routine in an atmosphere where ordinarily one frees herself most easily from these constraints, without reckoning that this fine old father, who seems to have his heart in his hand, and whom the sight of

a cup of coffee sets a-dancing, would certainly not refuse his daughter to Julien after a moment of explanation, especially after the evil has been done? Thus, in spite of the charm and decency, which, with great talent, Mlle. Rioton preserved as long as possible, Louise became odious in the last act, and sympathy went out toward the old father, prejudiced, and plainly egoistical as he may have been.

"It is true that the public is composed of the bourgeois, a race held in great contempt by M. Charpentier. He took care to have it said in advance that his piece was anarchistic, because the works of M. Charpentier never appear without some preliminary puffery, which has the appearance of a manifesto, or even of a political manifestation. They are announced noisily, almost aggressively, and the bourgeois attempt to cry out, 'The revolution begins'! But let them reassure themselves. There is no revolution here, and as for that matter, the author takes willingly the part of a bogyman. There is a story that in the original score a terrible tirade was devoted to the bourgeois — this was prudently cut out — but way down in his heart Charpentier loves them, jollies them, pays them a thousand delicate attentions. To amuse them, he makes rag-pickers, street-boys, and policemen sing, who, by the side of Pleasure, are in his work as a sort of *article de Paris* — he imagines *hors d'ouvre* which have nothing to do with the action, such as the scene of the dressmakers, which appears to be the operetta divertissement. He borrows from the dive *'ce bouchon d'Augustine'*; he leads the *vachalcade* at the house of Louise and Julien at the moment when, having made their evening prayer to Paris, they at length are going to bed — and he crowns a muse. For the bourgeois also he is prodigal in his orchestration of timbres which are dear to them, — 'cellos with intense song, and perpetual harps.

"But it is necessary to recognize that there are moments when each one is at heart a bourgeois, who awakes, and forgetting incoherencies and fastidious theses, is made captive by the scenic address of the musician. This address is real: M. Charpentier knows the stereopticon effects, which some call the optics of the theater, and he is served ably by his dramatic intensity, which is far superior to his orchestral intensity. He knows how to make his characters speak apropos, and sometimes in admirable declamation. He knows how to make them impressive through silence. Mute scenes are numerous in this opera, and the expression not put exactly by words is often only the more intense. The special surroundings which he has chosen narrow forcibly his ideality and check his inspiration. His melodic ideas are not very distinguished, and they oscillate too frequently between the style of M. Paul Delmet and the sentimentalism of M. Massenet; but they are musically adjusted. There is a whole world between M. Charpentier and certain other composers of the same school. His chords are not separated by immeasurable spaces, they can be knit together; he does not force them, he gives proof of spontaneous and free invention. Truly he has the precious gifts of the musician.

"But why does he thus contract his horizon? Why is he crazy to pursue this chimera of fancy and lyricism allied to contemporaneous reality? He knows full well that it must remain a chimera, and that his characters cannot continually put the expression of their sentiments in accord with the costume which they preserve constantly. These are audacities, which are useless because they are barren, and within the reach of anyone. I fully believe that if M. Bruneau, who is also another reckless person, should determine to make a musical drama out of 'Germinal,' he would show us nothing of *La Mouquette*. If it is impossible to be absolutely real, what advantage is there in a half and incongruous reality?

"Why bind music, this unique universal language which does not grow old, to specious subjects of ephemeral actuality? Why attach it so late to the hawser of the galley that is already three-quarters sunk with naturalism? Why imitate thus the Italian musicians, who have been the first to put into practice the principles of their demi-compatriot, M. Zola? Because they who have saluted in Charpentier a musician exceedingly French, have forgotten that henceforth Puccini, and the inferior Leoncavello, are also French — eminently French.

"But, in spite of these discussions, 'Louise' is a work that it is necessary to hear. Sometimes it irritates, sometimes it bores, sometimes it moves, but it never is an indifferent thing.

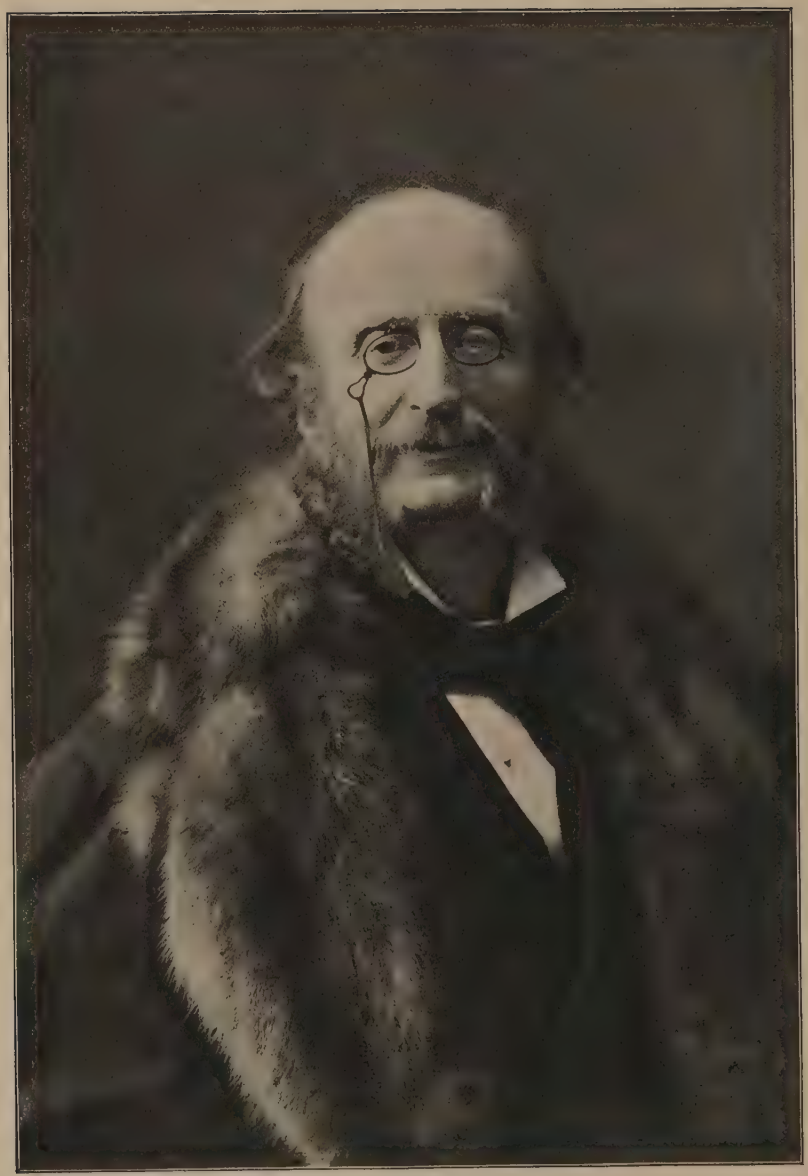
"However, it is not necessary to imagine, with some excited eulogists, that this long expected work, of which there has been talk for ten years, is the Awaited Work which is going to upset the world. Despite its proclaimed revolutionary tendencies, consecrated masterpieces as well as society

are by no means shaken by them. For a long time yet there will be found fathers of prejudice and mothers of routine, who will refuse the hand of their daughters to artists who pass their time in pot-house discussion. Some of these girls will practise free love. Others will accept interviews, with marriage in view, at the Opéra-Comique, according to the tradition which this time, in spite of the anathemas of Julien, one cannot declare to be barren; and perhaps even these interviews will have place during the entr'actes of 'Louise,' of which they say in the world of snobs, 'It appears that it is charming and very amusing.'"

"Louise" was the operatic sensation of 1900. The manager of the Opéra-Comique listened to Charpentier's prayer, and on April 30, 1900, seats in the third and fourth galleries were given without price to 400 young dressmakers that they might see the struggles and emotions of the heroine. The fact that the *prix Monbinne*, which was intended as a reward for the best *opéra-comique* performed within the last two years, was awarded May 26, 1900, to MM. Rabaud and Max d'Olonne (the former, the composer of a symphony; the latter, the composer of a cantata) excited much comment, and Charpentier, who received 16 votes in the meeting of the Académie des beaux-arts, proposed to bring suit against that body.

Two collections of songs by Charpentier have been published. The first, "Poèmes chantés," contains "La petite Frileuse," "Prière," "A une Fille de Capri," "A mules," "Chanson d'automne," "La Cloche fêlée," "Parfum exotique," "La Chanson du chemin," "Complainte," "Les trois Sorcières," "Les Chevaux de bois," "Allégorie," "La Musique," "La veillée rouge," "La Ronde des Compagnons," "Sérénade à Watteau." The second, "Les Fleurs du Mal," contains "Les Yeux de Berthe," "Le Jet d'eau," "La Mort des amants," "L'Invitation au voyage."

"LE PLAISIR DE PARIS."
Scene from "Louise."



JACQUES OFFENBACH.

Reproduction of a photograph from life by Nadar, Paris.

JACQUES OFFENBACH

BY PHILIP HALE

JACQUES OFFENBACH was born at Cologne, June 21, 1819, and he died of gout at the heart, at his home in Paris, October 5, 1880. His father, Juda Offenbach (really Juda Eberscht) was cantor of the synagogue at Cologne and wrote, beside other books, an "Allgemeines Gebetbuch für die israelitische Jugend" (1830). The education of Jacques, his brother Jules (1815–1880), and his four sisters, was confided entirely to the mother. The progress of the boy as 'cellist was so rapid that Alexander of Cologne took him as a pupil, and at the age of twelve Jacques appeared in concert as a virtuoso and also as a composer of pieces written for himself.

Jacques and his brother went to Paris. Jacques entered the Conservatory as a pupil of Vaslin, and at the same time he became a player in the Opéra-Comique orchestra. He played in parlors, and he composed trifling pieces, — waltzes, romances, fantasies. In 1839, he made his first appearance in the theatre. Anicet Bourgeois gave to the Palais-Royal a piece entitled "Pascal et Chambord," and asked Offenbach to compose some new tunes for Achard. Offenbach left the Opéra-Comique in 1839, and made concert tours which lasted several years and took him into Germany, and even to London. At the return of one of these trips, he obtained the hand of Herminie de Alcain, who was the daughter of a Carlist. After his marriage he again began to compose. Among these pieces were settings of La Fontaine's fables, "Le Corbeau," "La Cigale et la Fourmi," "La Laitière," "Cor des Alpes," which was sung by Mlle. de Roissy; twenty-four duos for two 'cellos (Op. 49–54); "Les Voix mystérieuses;" six vocal melodies; six pieces for piano and 'cello written with Flotow.

"In 1845," Offenbach says, "I gave a concert in which I brought out my 'L'Alcâve' in one act, text by de Foye and de Leuven. It was received with applause, but it did not make any impression on the director of the Opéra-Comique. At last I persuaded Adolphe Adam, and I obtained permission to write for the Théâtre-Lyrique. A book by Saint-Georges was intrusted to me. But the Revolution of 1848 closed the theatre, and I went to Germany where I stayed a year. I composed there several works which have never been performed, and on my return to Paris I began again to seek admission to the Opéra-Comique."

When Arsène Houssaye was made director of the Comédie-Française in 1849, he offered Offenbach the place of conductor of the orchestra at this theatre, — 6,000 francs a year for him, and 12,000 francs for his musicians. Houssaye wrote that Offenbach worked miracles: "For entr'actes how many operas and operettas of his kind he played! He took in turn the violin of Lully to accompany the plays of Molière, and the violin of Hoffman to accompany Alfred de Musset." For de Musset's play "Le Chandelier," Offenbach wrote the lovely "Chanson de Fortunio." "Scarcely was I installed," said he, "when I saw that I should strive in vain against the prejudice that at the Théâtre-Français it was important first of all to have impossible music and an execrable orchestra. I soon conducted only when it was necessary to have really a conductor, or in pieces where music was indispensable, as in Gounod's music for Ponsard's 'Ulysse.' I wrote music for the 'Bon homme Jadis' of Mürger, 'Romulus' of Dumas, 'Songe d'une nuit d'été' of Plouvier. I wrote strophes in 'Valeria' for Rachel, and several entr'actes for 'Le Murillo' of Aylie Langlé, for which Meyerbeer had composed the serenade." Offenbach did not find the engagement profitable. This was chiefly on account of his generosity toward the members of his orchestra. One evening, returning home, he confessed to his wife with a smile,

that after his artists were paid he would have that month for himself, 150 francs.

He wrote the music for "Pepito" in one act, text by Léon Battu and Jules Moineaux. The piece was given at the Variétés, October 28, 1853. The singers were Mlle. Larcena, Bieval and Leclerc. The score is said to be graceful, and the rhythms animated, and the joy of Leclerc was so great, that he for once took care of his voice and dined at four o'clock in the afternoon. But the little piece was soon forgotten and Jacques was again nothing but a conductor, in spite of his capital "Decameron," "La Rose fanée" and the "Barcarolle" which Mme. Cinti-Damoreau was fond of singing.

Was Offenbach a virtuoso of real worth? Fétis, who was inclined to take a sour view of him, while he admitted that nature gave him, as a composer, dramatic intensity and intelligence, insisted bluntly that his playing was feeble, chiefly on account of the weakness of his bowing.

It was about the year 1855 that Offenbach contributed articles concerning music to l'Artiste. He was loud in praise of Berlioz, Weber, Halévy. He was bitter against the platitudes of such operatic composers as Clapisson and other popular favorites of the period; he reproached managers for not producing important works (See "M. Offenbach Critique," by Adolphe Jullien — "Airs Variés," Paris, 1877, pp. 347–358).

"I remained five years at the Théâtre-Français — from 1850 to 1855. It is at this epoch, that in view of the persistent impossibility of putting my pieces on the stage the idea came to me to establish myself a theatre for music. I said to myself that the Opéra-Comique was no longer *à l'Opéra-Comique*. All music which was truly *bouffe*, gay, witty, music, that, in a word, lived, was little by little forgotten. The composers working for the Opéra-Comique made little-grand-operas. I saw that something should be done for young musicians, who, as I, cooled their toes at the door of the Théâtre-Lyrique. The opportunity came. They were going to let in the Champs Elysées the little theatre built for the physician Lacaze, which had been closed for a long time. The exposition of 1855 would bring a crowd into that part of the world. In the month of May, I competed with twenty others, and on June 15 the privilege was given me. Twenty days afterward, I had chosen my company, ordered the scenery, got together librettos, and I opened the theatre of the Bouffes-Parisiens."

The history of the Bouffes-Parisiens of the early years was written by Albert de Lasalle (Paris, 1860). The theatre was a small one, and the highest receipts scarcely reached 1200 francs. Offenbach had charge of everything. He engaged for his company, Darcier, who was already known in Paris; Berthelier, who was heard by Offenbach in a *Café-concert;* Pradeau, who had been a year at the Opéra-Comique, and was engaged by Offenbach before he ever heard him sing. The only star was Mlle. Macé, who was taken from the Gymnase. But Offenbach was more particular in recruiting his pantomimists. He engaged Paul Legrand, the astonishing Pierrot, who had packed the little hall of the Folies-Nouvelles; Derudder, the celebrated harlequin, who was a prodigy of dislocation; Laplace, Lafféli, Négrier, the Price sisters, and Mlle. Mariquita of Brussels. The orchestra-leader was Placet. The theatre was opened July 5, 1855. The program was as follows: "Entrez, Messieurs, Mesdames!" prologue in verse by Méry and Servières (Ludovic Halévy), music by Offenbach; "La Nuit Blanche," saynette, book by Plouvier, music by Offenbach; "Arlequin barbier," pantomime, music by Offenbach; "Les deux Aveugles," pochade, book by Jules Moineaux, music by Offenbach. "Les deux Aveugles" attained prodigious success, and it was in this piece that Pradeau and Berthelier made their débuts. And these works by Offenbach followed: "Le Rêve d'une Nuit d'été," book by Tréfeu (July 30); "Le Violoneux," book by Mestepès and Chevalet (August 31); "Polichinelle dans le Monde," pantomime by Busnach, September 19; "Madame Papillon," book by Halévy (October 3); "Périnette," book by Deforges (October 29).

It was on August 29, 1855, that the famous singer Hortense Schneider made her début at this theatre, in Halévy's "Une Pleine-Eau," music by d'Osmond and Costé. She was discovered at Bordeaux. The critics said of her in Paris, "She sings with taste; she delivers the speech with the maliciousness of a knowing smile, and she is as pretty as an angel." All went well during the summer of 1855, but as soon as the Palais d'Industrie was closed, and the autumn winds came, the theatre was no longer tenantable, and the hall of the Théâtre-Comte in the Passage Choiseul was rented, fitted up at the expense of 80,000 francs, and opened December 29, 1855, with "Ba-Ta-Clan," text by Halévy, a fantastic Chinese piece sprinkled plentifully with *gros sel.*

Pieces by Offenbach in 1856 were "Un Postillon en gage," book by Plouvier and Jules Adenis, February 9; a revival of "Pepito," March 10; "Tromb-Al-Kazar," book by Dupeuty and Bourget, April 3; "La Rose de Saint-Flour," book by Michel Carré, June 12; "Les Dragées du Baptême," book by Dupeuty and Bourget, June 18, an operetta composed for the baptism of the prince imperial, and in which Mlle. Maréchal made her début; "Les Bergers de Watteau," divertissement by Mathieu and Placet, June 24; "Le 66," book by Deforges and Laurencin, July 31; "Le Financier et le Savetier," book by Hector Crémieux, September 23; "La Bonne d'enfants," book by Bercioux, October 14.

On July 17, 1856, Offenbach opened a competition at the Bouffes for an operetta in one act. The successful competitor was to receive 1200 francs, a gold medal, and his work was to be played in the Salle Choiseul. This prize was divided between Bizet (see the article on Bizet in "Famous Composers") and Lecocq, and the works were performed alternately. The title of the successful operetta was "Le Docteur Miracle," words by Batu and Halévy. Lecocq's version led April 8, 1857, and Bizet's was given April 9. The operas kept the stage only for a week or so.

In 1857, these works of Offenbach were performed: "Les Trois Baisers du Diable," a fairy story by Mestepès, January 15; "Croquefer, ou le Dernier des Paladins," book by Jaime the younger and Tréfeu, February 12; "Dragonette," book by Jaime the younger and Mestepès, March 30; "Vent du Soie, ou l'Horrible Festin," book by Gilles, May 16; "Une Demoiselle en loterie," book by Crémieux and Jaime the younger, July 27; "Le Mariage aux lanternes," book by Dubois, October 10. This work had been given as "Le Trésor Mathurin" some years before at the Salle Herz. "Les deux Pêcheurs," book by Dupeuty and Bourget, November 13; "Les Petits Prodiges," book by Jaime the younger and Tréfeu, music by Jonas and Offenbach, November 19. December 28, of this year, Rossini's "Bruschino" was played. In the summer of 1857, Offenbach, with his company, and the new recruits, Désiré, Mesmacker and the famous Lise Tautin, who came from the Grand Theatre at Lyons, and sang and danced and fenced and won all hearts, gave performances in London (at the Saint-James Theatre) and Lyons. In England they played before the Queen Marie Amélie at Orléans House, Twickenham, and the Ducs de Nemours and d'Aumale, drank healths at supper to France and the Bouffes-Parisiens.

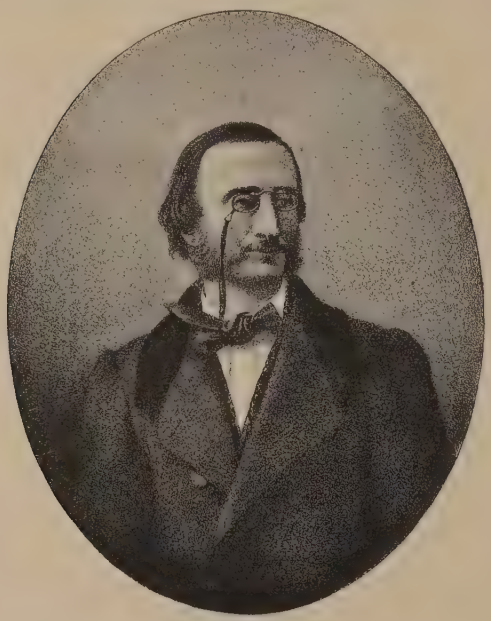
In 1858, Offenbach said good-bye to little operettas, in which only three or four persons took part. He prepared the birth of the *Opéra-Bouffe*. It was March 3, with "Mesdames de la Halle," book by Armand Lapointe, that he began what may be called another manner. This was the first time that choruses were heard at the Bouffes, and for the first time also, that more than five characters took part. "La Chatte métamorphosée en femme," book by Scribe and Melesville, founded on an old vaudeville of the former, followed April 19. For two years Hector Crémieux (1828-1892) had been thinking of putting the story of Orpheus and Eurydice on the stage. The *opera-buffon* in two acts and four scenes, was performed for the first time, October 21, with Lise Tautin as the heroine. It was one of the most astonishing successes that had been seen in Paris for years. The tunes were hummed in the streets and soon found their way to the hand-organs. The cast was as follows: Tautin, Eurydice; Garnier, Vénus; Maréchal, Amphitrite; Chabert, Diane; Cico, Minerve; Enjalbert, Junon; Geoffroy, Cupidon; Tayau, Orphée; Léonce, Pluton; Désiré, Jupiter; and Bache made his début as the Roi de Béotie. The operetta was performed 227 times in succession, and the success, which was not acknowledged by some of the critics, led to acrid articles in the newspapers, articles written against and by the librettist and the composer. The opera revised, in four acts, was brought out at the Gaîté, February 7, 1874. In 1858, the company appeared at Marseilles, and also in Berlin (Kroll's), and at Ems.

In 1859, the works of Offenbach performed at the Bouffes were as follows: "Un Mari à la porte," book by Delacour and Léon Maurant, June 22; "Les Vivandières de la grand armée," book by Deforges and Jaime the younger, July 6.

The Bouffes began to seem to Offenbach too small. There was talk of a ballet for him at the Opéra; but the tragic adventures of Geneviève de Brabant tempted him. The book in two acts was written by Tréfeu and Jaime the younger, and the first performance was November 19. The theatre was packed with the celebrities of Paris, and the success almost equalled that of "Orphée," although the music is less distinguished for its *canaillerie*. Mlle. Maréchal was Geneviève; Désiré was the Golo; and Lise Tautin played five different characters. (Enlarged, this operetta was performed at

the Ménus-Plaisirs, December 26, 1867, and as a fairy-opera in five acts at the Gaîté, February 25, 1875.)

In 1860, Offenbach's "Le Carnaval des revues," in two acts, book by Gilles and Grangé, was performed February 10. "Daphnis et Chloé," book in one act, by Clairville, a parody of the pastorale of Longus, was produced February 27.



OFFENBACH.

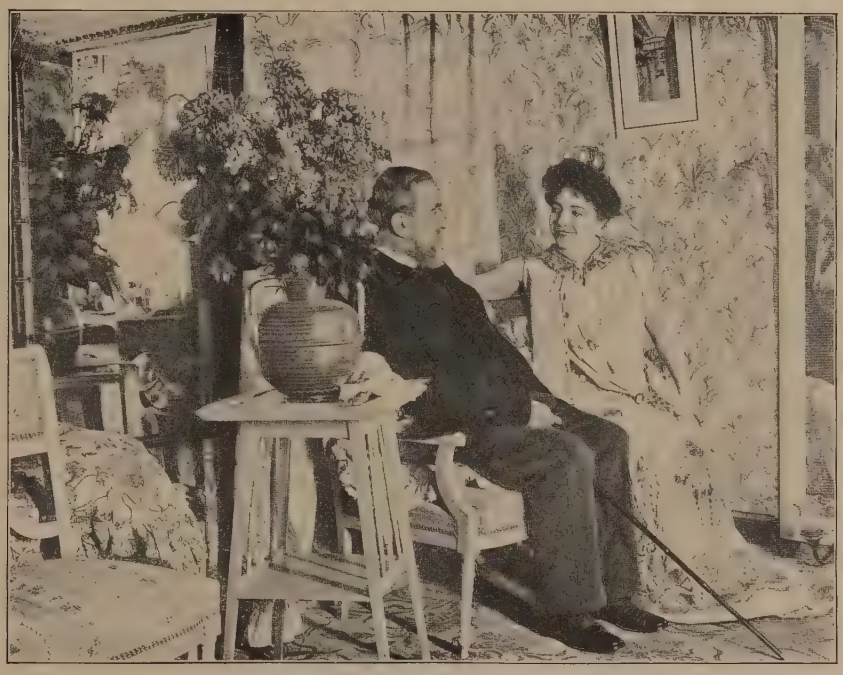
The Company of the Bouffes appeared April 27 at the Théâtre-Italien with a performance of "Orphée." The seats were sold at an advanced price, and Napoleon III., who was present, presented a bronze to Offenbach with this simple inscription: "The Emperor to Jacques Offenbach." The company also appeared at Brussels. And it was in 1860 that the name of Offenbach was on the programs of both the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. "Le Papillon," a ballet-pantomime in two acts, scenario by Saint-Georges and Marie Taglioni, was produced at the Opéra, November 26. The criticisms were severe, and some went so far as to say that the Opéra was disgraced by the trivial and ungrammatical music. Emma Livry, the dancer, who was burned to death on the stage (November 16, 1862), made her début as Farfalla. "Barkouf," book in three acts, by Scribe and Boisseaux, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, December 24, and there was literally a howl of indignant protest. The story was founded on a Norwegian legend told by Xavier Marmier, and on a philosophical tale by the Abbé Blanchet; the hero is a bulldog — which led Scudo to mention the work as "Barkouf, *chiennerie en trois actes*." The critic of la Presse exclaimed: "It is not the song of the swan; it is the song of the goose!" The chief singers were Mmes. Marimon and Belia, and MM. Sainte-Foy, Berthelier and Nathan. There were only seven performances. Rewritten by Nuitter and Tréfeu, and entitled "Boule de Neige," it was produced at the Bouffes December 14, 1871, with the dog changed to a bear.

The operas of 1861 were as follows: "La Chanson de Fortunio," operetta in one act, book by Crémieux and Jules Servières, Bouffes, January 5, 1861, a work of distinction and unusual elegance. Désiré was Fortunio; Mlle. Chabert, Laurette; Bache, Friquet; and Mlle. Pfotzer, Valentine. "Le Pont des Soupirs," book in two acts, adapted from a Venetian story by Crémieux and Halévy. Tostée, the first Offenbachian prima donna to visit the United States (1867), appeared in this operetta and made a sensation by her singing. Revised and enlarged to four acts, "Le Pont des Soupirs" was performed at the Variétés in 1874. "Monsieur Choufleury restera chez lui le 24 Janvier, 1833," buffo operetta, in one act, book by de Saint Rémy (a pseudonym of the Duc de Morny), Bouffes-Parisiens, September 14. (Some say that Crémieux and Halévy assisted the Duke, and there was a private performance for the Emperor at the Palais-Bourbon, in the spring of 1861.) "Apothecaire et Perruquier" in one act, book by Elie Frébault, Bouffes-Parisiens, October 17; an imitation of the old-fashioned *opéra-comique* of the 18th century. "Le Roman comique," book in three acts by Crémieux and Halévy, Bouffes-Parisiens, December 10; the libretto borrows only the title and the names of some of the characters of Scarron's romance. A trip was made to Vienna in the summer of this year by the company.

1862: "Monsieur et Madame Denis," book in one act by Laurencin and Michel Delaporte, Bouffes-Parisiens, January 11, is one of Offenbach's most delightful works. "Le Voyage de MM. Dunanan père et fils," book in two acts by Siraudin and Moineaux, Bouffes-Parisiens, March 21. "Bavard et Bavarde," book in one act by Nuitter, was performed for the first time at Ems, in the summer season. (Some of Offenbach's company played this same summer at Brussels and others

at Vienna.) The book of "Bavard et Bavarde," an imitation of a comedy by Cervantes, was enlarged, and "Les Bavards" in two acts was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, February 20, 1863. Mme. Ugalde as Roland achieved one of the most distinguished triumphs of her career. Even the chronic enemies of Offenbach admitted the charm, grace, and dash of much of this music. "Lischen et Fritzschen," book in one act by Paul Dubois, was produced at Ems, July 15. "Il Signor Fagotto," book in one act by Nuitter and Tréfeu, was produced the same evening.

1864: "Lischen et Fritzschen," with Zulma Bouffar and Désiré, delighted the frequenters of



LUDOVIC HALÉVY. MME. SIMON-GIRARD.

the Bouffes-Parisiens, January 5; but "L'Amour chanteur," in spite of the charms of Irma-Marié, was coolly received. "La Fée du Rhin" ("Die Rheinnixen," book by Nuitter (German by von Wolzogen), was produced in Vienna, February 4, under the supervision of the composer. "Les Géorgiennes," book in three acts, by Moineaux, was brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, March 16, with Mme. Saint-Urbain, Léonce and Pradeau. Ems first saw "Le Fifre enchanté," book in one act by Nuitter and Tréfeu; (it was named at first "Le Soldat magicien," and it was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, September 30, 1868); "Jeanne qui pleure et Jean qui rit," book in one act by Nuitter and Tréfeu (Bouffes-Parisiens, 1865). It was in 1864 that Offenbach swore an eternal farewell to the theatre in the Passage Choiseul, and Hortense Schneider, irritated because she could not get an increase of salary, broke with the manager of the Palais-Royal. She united her fortunes with Offenbach at the Variétés in the famous "La Belle Hélène," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, December 17; for Offenbach followed up his "Orphée" with another operetta, in which the ancient Grecian mythology was mocked. The librettists escaped the fate of the poet of Belgrade, who, in 1900, was imprisoned for five days because he had written satirical verses concerning some of the ancient deities of Greece. The chief singers were Schneider, Hélène; Silly, Oreste; Dupuis, Paris; Kopp, Ménélas; Grenier, Calchas, Couder, Agamemnon; Guyon, Achille; Hamburger, Ajax I.; Andof, Ajax II. The success was delirious; the operetta was the talk of the world.

This success was followed by a verdict in Offenbach's favor in his law suit with the Bouffes-Parisiens.

1865: "Coscoletto," book by Nuitter and Tréfeu, was produced at Ems in July. Offenbach wrote a mass that year for the marriage of his daughter with M. Comte. "Les Bergers," opéra-comique in three acts, book by Crémieux and Gille, was

produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, December 11, and Désiré was fined for an interpolated political harangue. Tautin, Irma-Marié, Léonce and Mme. Frasey were among the chief singers. The opera was a failure, and yet Offenbach himself thought highly of it. Of the first act he wrote, "We are away back in antiquity, and to show that I have no prejudice against mythology, I have treated it in the style of *opera seria*, with a provision, however, that serious music does not exclude melody. In the second act I have plunged into 'full Watteau,' and made every endeavor to remind myself constantly of our masters of the 18th century. In the orchestration, as in the melody, I have tried not to go too far away from the style of Louis XV., the translation of which into music seduces me beyond measure. In the third act, I have tried to realize 'music Courbet.' I have chosen, as far as possible, pictures by him in which the women are dressed. You will appreciate my discreet shyness. I have never written a score with more affection, and I have filled the happiest frame that I could wish for: three epochs and three different colors are reunited in the same opera."

Offenbach abandoned the Bouffes-Parisiens for the second time in consequence of a quarrel with the new manager, and the separation lasted three years. He now devoted himself entirely to the

Variétés. "Barbe-Bleue" was announced. Schneider, who had demanded 2000 francs a month for appearing in "La Belle Hélène," was offered by Hostein, director of the Châtelet, 300 francs a night, and this sum was paid by the Variétés. From that day on, no contract bound her to her theatre. Her word, loyally given, and as loyally accepted, united the management and the singer, until the rupture apropos of "La Boulangère." "Barbe-Bleue," book in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, was produced February 5, 1866. Schneider was Boulotte; Dupuis, Barbe-Bleue; Kopp, Roi Bobêche; Couder, Popolani. And now the Variétés became the consecrated temple of Offenbach. A crowd of adorers rushed thither; strangers hurried their journey to Paris. Theatre directors all over Europe sent members of their companies to watch a gesture of Schneider or an intonation of Dupuis. "La Vie Parisienne," book in four acts by Meilhac and Halévy, was produced October 31, 1866, at the Palais-Royal with Zulma Bouffar, with great success; but the opera that perhaps established most securely his fame among his contemporaries was "La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein," book in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, April 12, 1867, at the Variétés. Schneider, Dupuis, Couder, Grenier, Kopp, Baron, were among the chief comedians. The *opéra-bouffe* was at first announced under the title of "La Chambre Rouge." In 1867, the Exposition drew thousands of strangers to Paris. The censor was busy. Thus, Schneider was forbidden to wear the *grand cordon* in her costume of the first act; and the speech of Fritz, who came back victorious, and said before his sovereign, "Madame, I finished the war in eighteen days," was changed to forty-six, lest Austrians should remember Sadowa, and be offended. Such was the popularity of this work that it seemed that each of the characters existed beyond the footlights. It was no longer Schneider who showed herself in the Bois; it was the Grande Duchesse, who passed among her people. Dupuis did not exist any more; it was Fritz himself who loafed on the Boulevard. And as for General Boum, his figure entered into history. The Emperor, the Empress, the Prince of Wales, Bismarck, Thiers, the Tsar, and kings in battalions, saw this opera, which mocked in biting fashion the little German principalities. *Offenbachisme*, as it was called by the enemies of the composer, extended even to Hungary, for the day, on which at Budapest the Emperor of Austria was crowned with the crown of Saint Stephen, "La Belle Hélène," translated into Hungarian, was solemnly performed. August 7, the Variétés celebrated the 100th performance of "La Grande Duchesse." Schneider was addressed in verse by her faithful subjects. The receipts had amounted to 474,561 francs, and as a result of 273 performances of "La Belle Hélène," 130 performances of "Barbe-Bleue," 265 of the "Vie Parisienne," with the figures stated above, the total receipts amounted to 2,555,380 francs. "Robinson Crusoe," book in three acts by Cormon and Crémieux, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, November 3, 1867, with Galli-Marié as Vendredi, and Montaubry as the shipwrecked hero. The first part disclosed a patriarchal interior, the father reading the Bible, the mother at the spinning-wheel; and the audience, accustomed to the Offenbach of the Variétés, rubbed eyes. Even the conservative Jouvin remarked that the success of "Robinson Crusoe" showed a return of public taste toward the true kind of *opéra-comique*. But the opera had only 32 performances.

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

It was in 1867 that an opera by Offenbach was first given in the United States. The Bateman Company appeared in "La Grande Duchesse," in New York (Grand Opera House), with Tostée as the heroine, and Aujac as Fritz, in the autumn.

1868: "Le Château à Toto," book in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, Palais-Royal, May

6; "L'Ile de Tulipatan," book in one act by Chivot and Duru, Bouffes-Parisiens, September 30; "La Perichole," book in two acts by Meilhac and Halévy, Variétés, October 6, in which Schneider and Dupuis took the chief parts, would have surpassed in brilliancy, even the first performance of "Barbe-Bleue," had it not been for some long, dull passages, which were cut out the next day. When this operetta was prepared for Vienna, the finale was changed and a third act introduced a prisoner of state.

1869: "Vert-Vert," opéra-comique in three acts, founded by Meilhac and Nuitter on a vaudeville of Desforges and De Leuven, Opéra-Comique, March 10, sung by Capoul, Sainte-Foy, Gailhard, Conderc, and Mlles. Girard, Cico, Moisset, Tual, met with success. "La Diva," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, Bouffes-Parisiens, March 22, was dedicated to Schneider, who, they say, inspired the piece; chief singers, Schneider, Thierret, Désiré, Hamburger. "La Princesse de Trébizonde," book in two acts by Nuitter and Tréfeu, Baden, July 31. Offenbach attended the rehearsals dressed in yellow trousers and waistcoat, sack coat of sky-blue velvet, gray gloves, green hat, and a red umbrella. The operetta extended to three acts was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, December 17, with Mmes. Fonti, Van-Ghell, Chaumont, and MM. Berthelier, Désiré, Bonnet, and Georges. An enthusiastic admirer wrote in the Figaro: "Offenbach can present himself at the last day with 'Orphée' in one hand and 'Trébizonde' in the other. The Lord will surely make him his chapel-master." That summer Schneider narrowly escaped death from fire at the St. James Theatre, London. "Les Brigands," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, Variétés, December 10. Aimée appeared for the first time at this theatre, and her colleagues were Zulma Bouffar, Dupuis, Kopp, Léonce, Baron. The delightful operetta was described as a *mariage de raison*, between *opérette bouffe* and *opéra-comique*. "La Romance de la rose," operetta in one act by Tréfeu and Prével, Bouffes-Parisiens, December 11, with Mlles. Périer and Valtesse and MM. Victor, Hamburger, Lacombe.

1872: "Le Roi Carotte," fairy opéra-bouffe in four acts by Sardou, Gaîté, January 15, with Bouffar, Judic, Masset, Soto, in the cast. "Fantasio," opéra-comique in three acts, founded on the comedy of de Musset, Opéra-Comique, January 18, with Galli-Marié, Mlle. Priola, Ismaël, Melchissédec, was unsuccessful. "Fleurette," book by Ascher, Vienna, in March, with Mila Roeder as the heroine. "Le Corsaire noir," opéra-bouffe in three acts, Vienna, September 21, with Marie Geistinger, Mila Roeder, Swoboda. The book was written by Offenbach with the help of Nuitter.

In June, 1873, Offenbach became the manager of the Gaîté. His "Les Braconniers," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Chivot and Duru, was produced at the Variétés, January 29, with Bouffar, Heilbron, Dupuis, Berthelier, etc. "Pomme d'api," an operetta in one act by Halévy and Busnach, at the Renaissance, September 4, introduced Théo at this theatre. "La Jolie Parfumeuse," opéra-comique in three acts by Crémieux and E. Blum, produced at the same theatre, November 29, with Mmes. Théo and Grivot, Mlle. Fonti, Bonnet, Counet, Daubray, and Troy was immediately popular. As manager of the Gaîté, Offenbach began with Barrière and Davyl's "Le Gascon" (September 2), in which Jeanne Tessandier, the now famous tragedian, coming from Bordeaux, made her first appearance in Paris. He also produced Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc" with Gounod's music (November 8).

1874: His operas were "Bagatelle," book in one act by Crémieux and Blum, Bouffes-Parisiens, May 21, with Judic, Grivot, Ed. Georges; "Madame L'Archiduc," opéra-bouffe in three acts, Bouffes-Parisiens, October 31, with Mmes. Judic, Grivot, Perret and Daubray, Habay, Fugère, Grivot, Scipion. He produced Sardou's "La Haine," at the Gaîté, December 3. His own "Orphée" was revived with pomp and success February 7. He also produced "Athalie" with Mendelssohn's music, and Méhul's "Une Folie."

1875: His new works were "Whittington and his Cat," written for the Alhambra, London, and produced there in January. The book was translated by H. B. Farnie from the French of Nuitter and Tréfeu. Offenbach received the sum of 75,000 francs. The first performance in Paris was at the Châtelet, October 19, 1893, when the piece was billed as "Le Chat du Diable." "Les Hannetons," a revue in three acts by Grangé and Millaud, Bouffes-Parisiens, April 22, was sung by Théo, Peschard, Daubray. The music was selected from works by Offenbach. "La Boulangère a des Ecus," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Meilhac and Halévy, Variétés, October 19. Schneider quarreled with the composer, and her place was taken by Aimée. The other chief comedians were Paola Marié,

Dupuis, Berthelier. "Le Voyage dans la Lune," fairy operetta in four acts by Vanloo, Leterrier and Mortier, Gaîté, October 26, with Zulma Bouffar, Mlle. Marcus de Beaucourt, Christian, Grivot, etc. "La Créole," opéra-comique in three acts by Millaud, Bouffes-Parisiens, November 5, with Judic, Van Ghell, Daubray, Cooper. At the Gaîté, he revived "Geneviève de Brabant" in five acts, February 25, with Mmes. Perret, Matz-Ferrare, Théresa, and Christian, Habay. In November he abandoned the management of this theatre. His fortune was distributed among his creditors, his rights were hypothecated for three years, and in 1876 he went to the United States to direct a series of concerts. The story of his adventures in America is told in his "Notes d'un musicien en voyage" (Paris, 1877), a worthless book to which Albert Wolff contributed a preface. Offenbach left Paris April 21. He embarked at New York for home July 8. His first concert was at Gilmore's Garden, New York.

In 1876 the new works were "Pierrette et Jacquot," operetta in one act by Noriac and Gille, Bouffes-Parisiens, October 13, in which Cécele and Esther Grégoire appeared, engaged by the composer at Strasburg; but they failed dismally. "La Boîte au lait," operetta in four acts by Grangé and Noriac, Bouffes-Parisiens, November 3. This piece had been played as a vaudeville, May 15, 1862, at the Variétés. The chief comedians in the operetta were Théo, Paola Marié, Daubray, Fugère, etc.

Then followed "Le Docteur Ox," operetta in three acts, founded by Gille and Mortier on a story by Jules Verne, Variétés, January 26, 1877, with Judic, Angèle, Dupuis, Baron, Pradeau, Cooper; "La Foire Saint-Laurent," opéra-bouffe in three acts by Crémieux and de Saint-Albin, Folies-Dramatiques, February 10, 1877, with Mmes. Van Ghel, Geoffroy, and Mm. Milher, Simon Max, Maugé; "Maître Peronilla," operetta in three acts by "X" (supposed to be Offenbach), Bouffes-Parisiens, March 13, 1878, with Mmes. Peschard, Paola Marié, Mm. Daubray, Jolly, Troy; "La Marocaine," opéra-bouffe in three acts, by Paul Ferrier, Bouffes-Parisiens, January 13, 1879, with Paola Marié, Jolly, Milher, Duplan; "Madame Favart," opéra-comique in three acts by Duru and Chivot, Folies-Dramatiques, December 28, 1878, with Mlle. Girard, Lepers, Simon Max, Luco, Maugé; "La Fille du Tambour-Major," opéra-comique in three acts by Duru and Chivot, Folies-Dramatiques, December 13, 1879, with Mme. Simon-Girard, Luco, Lepers, Simon Max.

And these operas were first performed after his death: "La Belle Lurette," opéra-comique in three acts by Blum, Blau, and Toché, Renaissance, October 30, 1880, with Jane Hading, Milly, Myer, Jolly, Vauthier, Cooper, Lary, etc. "Contes d'Hoffmann," fantastic opera in four acts by Barbier and

SCHNEIDER.

Carré, Opéra-Comique, February 10, 1881, with Adèle Isaac as Stella, Olympia, and Antonia; Marguerite Ugalde as Nicklause; Mlle. Dupuis as Une Voix; Mme. Molé as La Muse; Talazac as Hoffmann; Taskin as Coppélius, le docteur Miracle, and Lindorf; Belhomme as Crespel; Grivot as Andrès, Cochenille, and Frantz; Gourdon as Spallanzani, Collin as Wilhelm, Chénevière as Nathaniel, Piccaluga as Wolfram, Teste as Hermann, and Troy as Maître Luther. The work was a great success. It ran 101 nights that year, and it has been revived.

There may also be added "Jacqueline," a curtain-

raiser (1862), which Offenbach signed "Lange;" "Oyayaye," in one act, Folies-Nouvelles about 1855 (mentioned by Pougin); and a *Fantaisie* "Le Grande Symphonie des Punaises," words by Nadar and Bataille, music by the "Jettatore du passage Choiseul." Delvau says this *Fantaisie* was performed at Offenbach's house (see Alfred Delvau's "Le Théâtre Érotique Français sous le Bas-Empire," Paris, s. d.).

JOSÉ DUPUIS.

The months of July and August, 1880, were for Offenbach a long martyrdom. Nevertheless, he worked with a desperate ardor, hiding from all his anguish at the thought of approaching death, which he divined, and against which he stiffened himself. It had been for years his ambition to write a serious opera, and his "Contes d'Hoffmann," which was to him as the apple of his eye, was not yet finished. About the middle of September, he was able to return from Saint Germain to hear rehearsals at the Opéra-Comique. Toward the afternoon of October 3, working according to his custom surrounded by his family, he was looking over the last act of this opera, when he put his hand to his heart and fainted. The physician could give no comfort, and he himself said, when he came to his senses, "I think this night will be my last," and in these hours of agony the thought of his opera was ever in his mind. A priest from Saint Louis d'Antin sat by his bedside and heard his confession, and at three o'clock and a half in the morning, Offenbach's wife uttered a cry and fell kneeling with her face on the hand of her husband, for he was dead. The funeral ceremonies were held at the Madeleine, October 7. All the theatres of Paris, and theatres from London, Cologne, and Vienna were represented. Sardou was among those who marched by his bier, and Ambroise Thomas followed with the son and sons-in-law. Faure and Talazac sang parts of the service adapted to fragments of "Contes d'Hoffmann," and at the offertory, the Song of Fortunio was played on the great organ. The funeral procession went by a long détour to the cemetery of Montmartre, for they wished that Offenbach should see for the last time his theatres; and so they followed the boulevard by the Bouffes-Parisiens, and the Opéra-Comique, and the Variétés. Behind the relatives, a woman clothed in black, Hortense Schneider, appeared, amid the falling rain, at the cemetery. Sardou was to have made the last address, but before the open grave his emotion overcame him, and he could not speak. Addresses were made by Auguste Maquet, who spoke of the heroic will and the miraculous energy of the composer; and Victorin Joncières.

Delibes, who wished to prove to the family the affectionate regard he had for the late conductor of the Bouffes, supervised the last rehearsals of "Belle Lurette" and orchestrated the overture and an entr'acte which were unfinished. Offenbach left only the piano score of the "Contes d'Hoffmann." This was finished to the very last chord, and the indications for orchestration were noted. The heirs and Carvalho wished Guiraud to orchestrate the work. He hesitated at first, but was finally persuaded by Auguste Offenbach, the young son of the composer, and he set himself to work.

It is worth while for a moment to consider this "Contes d'Hoffmann," which is known in the United States only by a wretched version played ignorantly by a second rate burlesque company, and by the fact that it was the opera on the stage when the Ring Theatre in Vienna was destroyed

by fire, with an appalling loss of life. Albert Wolff wrote just before the first performance: "In this score, the master put his whole soul. He intended it to be the crown of his life, the last word of his art. He used to caress the score as his little Benjamin, and he would say simply, 'It is admirable.' Not a day passed without his returning to it, although busied by other things, striving to make it still better, for he knew full well that his last works had done nothing to add to the brilliance of his name, and that it was necessary for him to make a master-stroke." The libretto was founded by Barbier and Carré, on their drama of the same name, which was performed at the Odéon, March 21, 1851. The opera was performed at Offenbach's own house, May 18, 1879, when the singers were Mme. Franck-Duvernoy, Mme. Lhéritier, and Taskin and Aubert. There had been talk about a production at the Théâtre-Lyrique, just before the latter went out of existence. The part of Hoffmann was intended for the baritone, Bouhy, but the brilliant début of Talazac gave him priority at the Opéra-Comique, and Offenbach did not hesitate to rewrite the part. I now quote in a condensed form the article by Eduard Hanslick of Vienna (1881): —

"The curtain rises on the well-known wine room of Lutter and Wegener in Berlin, which was a favorite resort of Hoffmann. Students, drinking noisily, await Hoffmann coming from a performance of 'Don Giovanni.' He enters, and sings a song about Klein Zack. The students ask in mockery, whether he is in love. 'Not now,' answers Hoffmann, 'but I have had three unlucky love affairs, and I'll tell you about the different women.' Hoffmann begins: 'My first love was named Olympia, and the curtain falls: a remarkable ending, which is as bizarre and thrilling as the whole work. The following acts show on the stage what Hoffmann tells in the wine room of his three sweethearts, Olympia, Antonia and Giulietta. In the first act Dr. Spalanzani introduces to his guests his daughter, Olympia, who is a skillfully made automaton. She can not only move her arms and head, she can sing and dance. Hoffmann is madly in love with her, dances with her, and suddenly there is a fearful noise, for the old optician, Coppelius, who has not been paid for making Olympia's eyes, quarrels with the father, and breaks the costly puppet. This scene is taken from 'Der Sandmann.' The story of Giulietta and the lover who gave her his looking-glass reflection was afterwards cut out. The most thrilling act is played in Cremona, where Hoffmann, after long wanderings, finds again the young singer, Antonia. He loves her, and wishes to marry her. Weak-lunged, she has promised her father, Krespel, never again to sing, and has given up all thoughts of the stage. Suddenly appears Dr. Miracle, enemy of Krespel, and jealous of Hoffmann. He tries to induce Antonia to sing, and the music of the trio of the three men brings gooseflesh to the most hardened theatre-goer. It is of a fantastic height and of a demoniacal nature, such as no one would ever have allowed to Offenbach. Dr. Miracle plays wildly on the violin, brings to life the portrait of Antonia's dead mother, who urges her daughter to sing, and tells her how a glorious career is far better than husband and babies, until Antonia, singing, falls dead. The last act is in the wine room, and the students, surrounding Hoffmann, sing again their drinking chorus. The

BARON.

coquettish prima donna, Stella, and Lindorf, a mysterious, demoniacal man, come from the theatre. Stella, who was formerly a flame of Hoffmann's, flatters him, but he starts back, and leaves her to Lindorf. Alone in the room, Hoffmann is comforted in melancholy dreams by the Muse, who encourages him to immortal composition. It

will be seen that the libretto is not an organically developed scenario, but is rather a potpourri of Hoffmann's tales. And, in fact, the mood of Hoffmann is marvelously reproduced in this fantastic story. The music of this opera as compared with that of Offenbach's other works, may be likened to the 'William Tell' of Rossini, in comparison with his earlier Italian operas. In the weaker numbers Hoffmann attains a delicacy and grace that were before unknown to his admirers, and the best pages show dramatic skill, strong characterization, and a surprising flight of imagination. Hoffmann's writings had always exercised a great influence over Offenbach. In his last years he saw himself as a pale, melancholy, laughing spirit, in 'Die Serapions-Brüder,' and furthermore, his own personality had something Hoffmannesque." [He was reproached, too, for an evil eye, and superstitious Italians would not play under his direction. — Ed.] "The work itself is in some respects the best of Offenbach's pieces for the stage — best in the sense that 'William Tell' is the best opera of Rossini, and yet 'The Barber of Seville' is still better than 'William Tell.' 'Contes d'Hoffmann' is musically more important and purer than the former operettas of Offenbach — but the characteristic talent of Offenbach, comic force, wit that parodies, incredible gaiety — has no opportunity of display in the ghostly stuff of the librettists. The wealth of light, flowing melody, the incomparable gaiety and comicality, the musical wit of Offenbach, are found rather in 'Le Mariage aux lanternes,' 'Fortunio,' "La Belle Hélène,' 'La Vie Parisienne,' 'La Princess de Trébizonde,' and yet, it is a remarkable, and in some respects a unique work, this 'Contes d'Hoffmann;' it gives pleasure, excites, always interests, never bores; for its dramatic expression is strong and true, and the orchestration is of bewitching euphony."

MME. SIMON-GIRARD.
As Hélène in Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène."

Offenbach was of an extremely sociable nature, and from the day when he settled himself in the rue Laffitte, his acquaintance grew larger and larger week by week. There were extraordinary musical and literary performances, in which such men as Duprato, Delibes, Ludovic Halévy, About, Hector Crémieux, Bizet, Gevaërt, took part. His Fridays became an institution of Paris. The wife did the honors of the salon, but his daughters were allowed to appear after their sixteenth birthday. Only one woman who belonged to the artistic world was admitted regularly — Emma Fleury. Gustave Doré did prodigious tricks with cards. There were burlesques of celebrated operas, and memorable was the performance of "Faust" in which Albert Wolff was Marguerite, and Detaille, Faust, while Joncières, in the orchestra, played at the same time the piano and the cornet. Each first

performance of Offenbach's works was celebrated by a supper, in which his intimate friends participated. At Etretat as well as Paris Offenbach was always surrounded by good company, and it was at Etretat that he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, when Stop, the caricaturist, was dressed as Punch, and the married couple wore village costumes.

It was Offenbach's custom to work mornings from seven till eleven, when he received his hairdresser. Then he would go to a restaurant where he would talk business and propose collaboration. During the first part of his life he went to Peters', where he met the Figaro staff. Only once did he fail to be absent, and that was when Peters introduced into his place a trick bear. The affectionate animal went around the table in search of sugar. The next morning Offenbach did not appear. Entreaties and prayers could not prevail over his terror. Providence, one fine day, put in the road of the bear a young fellow whose face displeased the animal. The result was the death of the poor bear, and the composer appeared triumphantly at a dinner where the victim furnished the feast. Later, he breakfasted at the Café Riche. He neither loved nor detested any dish, except when traveling, when he found the most detestable things delicious. His breakfast was usually an egg, a cutlet, and a cigar which was lighted after the third mouthful. In the latter part of his life he breakfasted at Bignon's. The faithful followed him, and his repast was ended invariably by coffee and milk, in which he dipped his cake, bought at the pastry cook's across the way. If he had no rehearsal, he took a cab and returned home. No one ever saw him on foot, except, possibly, at the entrance of the theatre, or on the steps of the Saint-Lazare station. He then took up the work begun in the morning, and from five till seven he napped. This was the only rest that he took in his restless life. It was a revery, rather than a sleep, and he loved to hear the murmur of conversation. After dinner, perhaps he paid a visit to a theatre where his operetta was playing and then he returned home. His wife and children were about him, intimate friends came in, and Offenbach would again take up the pen, indifferent to laughter and careless of noise. Even when he was confined to the bed by the gout, and in the intensity of his suffering, he still wrote. Impatient as he was of criticism, he always consulted his wife. He never passed a page that she had not heard; and sometimes he argued when she declared that a passage was unworthy of him, but the next morning he wrote a new version, and submitted it to her. Scarcely was the scenario brought to him before he saw the whole action on the stage. It was his weakness to accept more than once in a moment of enthusiasm a book whose faults were irremediable. He loved to work with his librettists, to arrange with them duets, couplets, ensembles. His constant preoccupation was to avoid monotony. After gaiety he sought grace, and he loved to see tenderness succeeded by a burst of laughter. At rehearsals he was severely critical of his own work, and did not hesitate to cut out the most successful page if it prolonged unduly the scene. These sacrifices were sometimes made after the first performance, for entire scenes of "Orphée" were cut out, even up to the fifteenth performance.

All manner of hard things were said of Offenbach, the musician, during his life, and for some years after his death. Although he had warm admirers in France and Germany, to many he was an abomination, and his music was not music but *musiquette*. About ten years ago Mr. Krehbiel referred to him as "the satyr of the Champs-Elysées," and quoted approvingly from Bergerat: "'He was the Beethoven of the sneer,' said Émile Bergerat, when Offenbach died, and then with a fantastic pencil worthy of Jean Paul he drew a dreadful picture of Offenbach and his times; of the mighty fiddler beating time upon the well-filled goat-skin, or sawing away across the strings, his mouth widened with a grin, 'like some drunken conception of Edgar Poe, or some fantasy of Hoffmann,' while the startled birds flew back to heaven, the moon split herself back to her ears, and the stars giggled behind their cloud-fans. 'The planetary system only revolved to frisky rhythms, and the earth herself, like a mad top, hummed comically about the terrified sun. *En avant la musique!* And the old edifice crumbled in dust all around the musician.' To Bergerat, Offenbach was the great disillusionizer of the age, the incarnation of what he conceives to be the spirit of the nineteenth century, a spirit that hates and contemns the past, mocks at the things which the holy simplicity of former centuries held sacred, throws ridicule upon social sentiments, rank, caste, ceremonialism, learning, religion."

Some found in him the incarnation of the spirit

of the Second Empire, and to them Sedan was a personal rebuke to the master of opéra-bouffe.

It is true that the Muse courted for years by Offenbach was a rouged hussy with disheveled hair and disordered dress; her breath was hot with wine; her song was broken by hiccoughs; she wooed through half-closed eyes; her gestures were a wriggle and a kick. But to condemn sourly the

HENRY MEILHAC IN HIS LIBRARY.
(Collaborator with Halévy in "La Belle Hélène.")

composer for the little respect shown by his librettists toward English conventionalities and prejudice is to be sadly insular, morose, and hypocritical. No man was ever more fortunate than Offenbach in his chief librettists — Meilhac, who died in 1897; Halévy, who still lives; Crémieux, who killed himself in 1892 from grief at the death of his wife; Millaud of the Figaro, who also died in 1892. Equally fortunate was he in his interpreters — Schneider, who after the death of the man that made her famous, left her Italian husband to stay on a farm in France, look after her garden, and then (1900) live in a convent at Toulouse — Paola Marié; Dupuis who died honored and prosperous in 1900; Baron, who appeared in 1900 in a gorgeous revival of "La Belle Hélène;" Tostée, who could not survive her daughter; Aimée — the list is long. But it was, after all, the music of Offenbach that vitalized the performance. For this man had rare gifts; an inexhaustible flow of melody, simple and often irresistible sentiment, the keenest sense of humor and wit, mastery of rhythm, and an incredible, unfailing, unsurpassed dramatic instinct.

Much has been written about the art of Offenbach from the time of the diatribes of Clément and John S. Dwight to the graceful, sparkling tribute paid him by Henri Lavedan in his speech when he was admitted in 1899 to the Academy as the successor of Meilhac, a speech that epitomizes operetta life during the reign of the third Napoleon; "Leaping like one of Hoffmann's devils from the prompter's box, a violin at his finger tips, a

sort of Paganini *de bal d'Opéra*, with flaming eye, a wizard's laugh, who waves his magic bow and on an enchanted rhythm of velvet and flame enraptures all these marionets lost in laughter and kisses. Immediately brown polkas with wide-awake eyes, blond German Waltzes, quadrilles for the skyward-pointed legs of Mogador, tender melodies, sighing rondels, fiery brindisis, Bacchic strophes and triumphal évohés. Couplets of the Sabre or the letter of Périchole — O how you gush forth! — without interruption or truce, bearing on wings of crystal, over ocean and desert to the uttermost parts of the earth, the name of this Parisian charmer, this demon of genius who called himself Jacques Offenbach."

From the wealth of material, and not forgetting the essays by Paul Marsop and Edward Dujardin, I quote an opinion by Saint-Saëns.

"Without being a great musician, Offenbach was a great musical personality. His influence over the tastes of his epoch was profound, entirely out of proportion to the worth of his works, and for this reason there was something miraculous in this influence. When you see the important position held by operetta in the world, you would think that you were witnessing the sudden madness of the human race; that you were looking at a disorderly dance led by a chaffing Mephistopheles, a workman in decadence. Operetta undertook the task of dwarfing everything, of debasing everything, and it succeeded. It did still more. It gave to the civilized universe a taste, a desire, and almost a passion for everything that is vile and little. To-day its work is over. It has no longer the convulsions of its youth, when it struggled for existence, and drolly fought to gain its place in the sun. Become peaceably bourgeois, it stretches itself at ease in the little kingdom which it has conquered, as banal as a goldfish in its familiar globe. And this takes the place of dramatic art and poetry and music in the eyes of the greatest number of human beings.

"Now the illustrious founder of operetta had surely not foreseen its high destiny, nor would one pretend with justice that he had coldly meditated and prepared deliberately his nefarious work.

"As many others, he was a victim of circumstances, and he had not searched out the path which he followed. His beginnings had been very modest. Some still remember a little Offenbach, a 'cellist, who made you believe by the force of his wit that he had talent, and directed the orchestra of the Comédie-Française in the fabulous times when that theatre had an orchestra. Offenbach had then written some tunes; they were a little thin in texture, but they were piquant and original. They had obtained, without difficulty, a deserved success. But he dreamed of opéra-comique, and he must have felt in him a furious need of activity, if you can judge by that which he afterwards did, which would be enough to make of him an extraordinary man. M. Villemessant has told in his memoirs how this activity was paralyzed after the manner of many others by the prudence of a celebrated manager. Offenbach was one of those who do not know how to wait, and in his impatience he founded the Bouffes-Parisiens. Now, supposing the manager had been less timid or more farsighted: Offenbach, with his impulsive nature, his marvelous instinct for dramatic resources, would have infused new blood into *opéra-comique*. Under the influence of the surroundings, his muse would have worn another face; or the surroundings, far from strengthening his talent, would have stifled it. But, however that might be, opéra-comique was not killed by operetta.

"Delivered to himself, the *maëstro* Offenbach, as they called him with a rather ironical emphasis, followed the natural bent of his spirit, and gave himself over to the furious caricature, to irreverential and diabolical parody. He knew a great pleasure; he was absolutely free. Manager of the theatre where his pieces were played, he did not have to submit to the ideas of another, and the pullings and haulings which all authors know were spared him. A foreign idea, however good it may be, always injures a work; it removes the naturalness and the frankness of character. Offenbach frankly wrote in his own fashion, and in this is there always a great chance of success. You must join to this an admirable scent, the art of putting each artist on his own plane, and getting as much as possible out of him by respecting his natural aptitude.

"That was the golden age of the opéra-bouffe, which was modest then; and if it had known how to keep its place, there would have been no reason for cursing it.

"There was in a corner of Paris a little theatre where one could laugh with waistcoat unbuttoned. Was it not charming? The great public found a great joy. The fastidious plucked there piquant

OFFENBACH'S TOMB.

audacities, novelties which made them indulgent toward grossness and platitudes. Louis Veuillot has spoken somewhere of the truffle of the gutter, apropos of the songs of Thérésa. Offenbach excelled in serving you with this truffle cooked in champagne, with the depraved luxury of a late supper. Each one tasted it almost secretly, as though it were a forbidden fruit.

"The vertigo of operetta and the downfall of taste date from the transplantation of Offenbach at the Variétés. When 'La Belle Hélène' appeared, Paris became drunk and all heads were turned. The most respectable women vied with each other in singing: '*Amour divin, ardente flamme!*' Pink and white children said sweetly to their mothers, '*Maman, tourne vers moi un bec favorable.*' Then, when 'La Grand Duchesse' came, the drunkenness overflowed all Europe. The poor musician of the Théâtre-Française must have experienced pride without measure. He made game of the world, and the world was at his feet. This 'Grande Duchesse,' which covered with ridicule kings, generals, and society from high to low, was adored even by those whom it lashed till the blood came. Sovereigns coming to Paris telegraphed on their way, that they might be sure of a box. They took no time for rest, and they ran from the railway station to see 'La Grande Duchesse.' There was no longer any talk of the Comédie-Française, or of the Opéra, or of the Opéra-Comique. There was in Paris only the Theatre of the Variétés; Schneider was the only play-actress; and Offenbach the only composer.

"Now these fine days have passed away, the glory is tarnished. But a force was born which spread and did its work. Opéra-bouffe sown everywhere has invaded everything. That which was only a temporary debauch is changed into habitude. The operetta has settled down, has become a good girl, and has finally taken the place of opéra-comique. The latter had a reef to avoid, the *genre mesquin*, and it occasionally struck against it. The operetta goes from shabbiness to nothing. See what one has gained by the change.

"The facility of Offenbach and the rapidity of his execution were incredible. He literally improvised. His scores are written in flyspecks, in microscopic notes. He had a system of abbreviations which he pushed to the limit, and the simplicity of his methods of composition permitted him to make a frequent use of this system. Great fertility, melodic gift, harmony that was at times distinguished, much wit and invention, great dramatic skill — here was more than was necessary to success.

"He squandered it all."

"No one surpassed Offenbach in his knowledge of the theatre," says Hanslick, "and in this, he was indeed one of the most learned of composers. He often changed his melodies, when the rhythm did not seem to him sufficiently irresistible and original. In invention of rhythm he was remarkable. The theme '*Oh que j'aime le militaire,*' he changed from ten to twelve times, until the rhythm seemed to him exactly right. Flowing with melody, he needed only the simplest accompaniment of two or three chords to write the prettiest and most characteristic of melodies. Much weaker than his melodic and rhythmic talent was his harmonic art, and he knew practically nothing of counterpoint. In his eminent comic ability, his music is unequalled."

Hanslick closed as follows the long and discriminating essay which he wrote shortly after Offenbach's death: "A German by birth, Offenbach nevertheless had a complete mastery of the French language, and this was shown, as was his extraordinary individual talent, by the manner in which he used the *parlando* and the *arioso* forms. No composer excelled him in correct and incisive declamation, or in the musical accent of a charming melody. See, for instance, the letter that la Périchole writes to her lover.

"Furthermore, in his operettas, the isolated music pieces grow naturally out of the situation, and they give delight through their well-proportioned form. It is true that in his works there is a certain ballast of farcical nonsense and frivolity, which, even in the best examples, do not rise into the clear atmosphere of art. This is due, in part, to the kind of piece, and also to the taste of the Parisian public. Many could not see in Offenbach anything but this excrescent blight of frivolity and farce. No species of dramatic and musical entertainment grows old so quickly as the comic, especially the burlesque comic. The favorite pieces of this kind disappear, one after the other, and new constantly make place for the new. Offenbach's operettas are already (1885) crowded out by novelties which are not better, but are only different. Many of the pieces of

Offenbach, which were written twenty-five or thirty years ago, are still given to-day and heard with pleasure, and this is surely a proof of unusual musical vitality. It is the pleasant duty of the critic, out of the mass of pieces that were once praised and are now forgotten, to recognize the true musical worth of that which survives after the success of the moment. And works of this kind must also be treated with a sense of historical perspective; the time in which they were written must be considered. The true critic will recognize in Offenbach a talent of the very first rank in the field of joyful and comic music. He was, it is true, with this talent a servant of his period, but at the same time, he was master in his own house."

[Many of the biographical details in this article are taken from André Martinet's "Offenbach; Sa vie et son oeuvre" (Paris 1887).]

M. BARON (Calchas), M. BRASSEUR (Ménéles), M. GUY (Agamemnon).

HOLMÈS—CHAMINADE

[Founded on sketches by Imbert and Radiguer.]

THERE have been many female composers in France. Mme. de Laguerre's "Céphale et Procris," a lyric tragedy in five acts, produced at the Paris Opéra, March 15, 1694, had no more success than Augusta Holmès's "La Montagne noire" produced at the same opera house two hundred years afterward; nor should Louise Bertin (1805–1877), the singular friend of Hector Berlioz, and the composer of "Esmeralda" and other operas, be forgotten, although her works are dead; nor should Jeanne Louise Farrenc (1804–1875) be ignored, a musician of indisputable talent and unusual fertility, who, praised by Schumann, wrote three symphonies and much chamber music, and of whom Fétis spoke as "the only woman in musical Europe who without scholasticism and pedantry shows veritable knowledge combined with grace and taste." But there are two women living to-day in France whose reputation is more than national and who are personalities.

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People who used to go to the Popular Concerts founded by Pasdeloup, admired a young girl of striking beauty, who seldom failed to be present. That which drew especially the attention of the audience was her marvelous golden hair, which, assuming a color still more pronounced under the sunbeams that came through the windows of the Circus, threw an intense light on everything that was about her. Add to this a charming face, a rich complexion, and the style of beauty that you find in the women painted by Rubens, a clear-cut profile which suggested the liveliest intelligence and prompt decision. Very young at that time, she listened with profound enjoyment to the works of the great orchestral writers, works which have exercised such a great influence over the new French school. This young girl, whose musical taste was revealed at an early hour, was Augusta Holmès. She was investigating then, by study of the masters, the charms of the science which she was later to acquire. She was present at the angry disputes which took place over the performance of fragments of Wagner's works. Of a richly gifted and clear-seeing nature, she became a passionate admirer of the creator of lyric drama, and was one of his most earnest disciples.

Augusta Mary Anne Holmès was born at Paris, Dec. 16, 1847, of Irish parentage. She became a naturalized French-woman in March, 1879. Her father, Dalkeith Holmes, was a retired army-officer. She is of kin to the McGregors of Scotland and the O'Briens of Ireland. In an interview with Jean Bernac, Mlle. Holmès spoke as follows concerning the beginning of her career: "I have had to struggle both as a composer and as a woman. The artistic career is not easy to my sex. Whatever you may have been told to the contrary, the steps are much more difficult, and the good fellowship, which helps so many artists, is in a way shut off from a woman who has the good or the ill luck to be born a musician. 'Ill,' if the composer is obliged to live by her music, for how rarely can she live by it! She, who would be able, if circumstances were not unduly hard, to devote her time to the Muse, is obliged to give lessons, to bother about fees, and, harried and tired out with this occupation, from which she can seldom withdraw herself, she is expected to produce a work. I have never known a woman who could lead these two lives simultaneously, and there was only one man, my dear and illustrious master, César Franck."

Her family did not wish her to devote herself to music. They preferred painting, if their daughter insisted on a professional career. She learned to draw and paint, and was thus enabled to sketch

her own ideas for costume and scenery for her different works. Her love of music overcame the objections of her family, and she appeared as a child-wonder in parlors and concerts. At a concert given at the Hotel de Ville, under the direction of Baron Haussmann, she drew the attention

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of musicians as well as the general audience by her "Chanson de la Caravane" with chorus. But her first published work was a melody entitled "La Chanson du Chamelier." These two works, the second of which was published when she was fourteen years old, are the only ones in which the text is not by her, for, as she said to M. Bernac, "Strange to relate, I have no musical ideas unless I write my own poem. This is a special gift, and I say it with no intention of praising myself, for it is an inborn characteristic. When I write a poem, I hear vaguely the music which I afterwards set to it, and, with regard to the composition of my melodies, I sing, and the words simultaneously place themselves in my themes." Her first songs were signed "Hermann Zenta."

She first studied harmony and counterpoint with Henri Lambert, organist of the Versailles Cathedral, and she was advised by Klosé, a military bandmaster, and a teacher of the clarinet in the Paris Conservatory. At the age of eleven she conducted a quickstep of her own played at Versailles by the band of the Artillerie de la Garde Impériale. "Get up there, little one, and conduct it yourself," said to her jokingly Klosé; she did as they told her, and conducted well. It was in 1875 that she became a pupil of Franck. "With the exception," says Adolphe Jullien, "of an opera, 'Héro et Léandre' (Opéra Populaire, 1874), and of the Psalm 'In Exitu' performed by the Société Philharmonique in 1873, her compositions nearly all date from this time;" but he does not mention an overture, "Astarté," which was performed at a concert, of the Société nationale in May, 1875. She studied with Franck two years. An Andante Pastorale from a Symphony founded on the story of Orlando Furioso was performed at a Châtelet concert, January 14, 1877. In the following year she gained a second prize, after Dubois and Godard, who were bracketed together, at the competition instituted by the city of Paris, with her Symphony "Lutèce," which was first performed at Angers (November 30, 1884). It was at Angers that "Pologne," a symphonic poem, was first played; it was produced in Paris under Pasdeloup, December 9, 1883.

It was in 1880 that she again tried for the prize offered by the city of Paris with her lyric drama "Les Argonautes." To quote her own words: "I had nine votes against eleven. The first prize was awarded to 'La Tempête' by Alphonse Duvernoy. I consoled myself for this check by 'laying the flattering unction to my soul' that Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Franck, Fouque, Lascoux, Godard, Lamoureux, Colonne, and Perrin, voted in my favor. I had against me, Hérold, the Préfet of the Seine, Ambroise Thomas and the Municipal councillors." Her drama was published, and then produced by Pasdeloup, April 24, 1881, with Rose Caron, Renée Richard, Mlle. Panchioni, Laurent as solo singers. Her next works were "Irlande," a symphonic poem (Concerts Populaires, March 2, 1882), "Les Sept Ivresses," a collection of melodies, "Vision de Sainte Thérèse" (sung at the Châtelet March 31, 1889, by Marguerite Martini), a "Veni Creator," "Pro Patria Ludus," and the "Ode Triomphale."

"Pro Patria Ludus," symphonic ode for chorus and orchestra, was performed at a Conservatory concert, March 4, 1888. The work was inspired by a decorative painting by Puvis de Chevannes, which, exhibited at the Salon of 1880, is now in the Musuem of Amiens. The recitatives were declaimed by Mounet-Sully. A critic wrote: "The music is of rare purity and of unparalleled grace. The chorus of the forge might be especially pointed out. Women are singular beings when they occupy themselves seriously with art, and of all our present female musicians Augusta Holmès is indisputably the one who has the most talent. These women seem preoccupied, first of all, to make people forget they are women. They persist in showing an exaggerated masculinity, and they do not stop to reflect that it is precisely this preoccupation which reveals the woman. Whatever Mlle. Holmès may do, or whatever she may wish, she belongs to the French school by the vigor of her harmony, her clearness, and the logic of her conception and exposition. She has the sentiment of tonality too profoundly rooted in her to give herself over to the endless modulations, which are the necessary consequence of the system to which it is fashionable to sacrifice in these days." (Noel and Stoullig's "Annales du Théâtre," 1888.)

The "Triomphe de la République," a triumphal ode in honor of the Centenary of 1789, is a still more important work. It was first performed at the Palais de l'Industrie, September 11, 1889. "For ten years," says Mlle. Holmès, "I had cherished the project of creating a patriotic work, to be performed by great choral and orchestral masses. The anniversary of 1789 presented itself, and funds were voted for popular fêtes and banquets, but there was no talk of anything novel in the spectacular line. I thought it was the right moment to make known my views, and I paid a visit to one of the Paris deputies, who introduced me to Alphand, the great municipal organizer. The latter adopted my project, and devoted to it the entire 300,000 francs which had been voted as a subsidy. There was an orchestra of three hundred, and in addition to the supernumeraries there were over nine hundred singers on the stage. Four performances were given: the first for celebrated personages, the second for school children, the third was a free performance for the people, and the last, supplementary, with an admission fee, was devoted to the relief of sufferers from the floods at Antwerp, and the receipts amounted to about 90,000 francs."

In the year 1888, the Government opened a literary and musical competition for a cantata to be performed at the distribution of the prizes of the Exhibition of 1889. The poem of Vicaire was chosen by the jury, but no result was arrived at from the competition of musicians. The opportunity was offered to Gounod, who declined. Augusta Holmès had already proposed a festival scheme, modeled on ancient festivals and those of the first republic. The city of Paris received with enthusiasm both the poem and the music of her cantata "Ode Triomphale." This composition was put immediately in rehearsal. There was much talk when it was announced that the performance would cost at least 300,000 francs, and there were cries of favoritism, for it was not known that she had offered her work to the city of Paris, and demanded as a recompense that the doors of the Palais de l'Industrie should be opened to the public the three days of the performance (11, 12, 14, September, 1889). The conditions under which this work was given were unfavorable, for the hall was enormous, and much of the musical effect was unnecessarily dissipated. The spectacle, however, was marvelous. She herself had supervised the building of a stage three times greater than that of the Opéra. Scene painters and costumers employed all their resources to make the great room a fairy-like temple. The background of the scene was a representation of distant mountains, the Vosges. Groups came in turn upon the stage, bearing emblems and symbols of different corporations: vine-dressers, reapers, soldiers, sailors, workmen, arts and sciences, young men and maidens, children — these groups made in turn their entrance, and sang in appropriate music the praises of their respective callings. And when they had taken their assigned places around the altar, the lights were lowered. There was a murmur in the orchestra. A funeral march was heard. A veiled figure, revealed by a rosy light thrown upon her, walked slowly toward the altar with extended arms. She mounted the steps and fell on her knees before the altar, and there the Republic came forth in answer to the cry of the chorus, "Appear, O Goddess." There was full light, and the people on the stage knelt and sang a triumphant hymn to the daughter of glory. The figure in mourning was freed from her chains, and appeared clothed in the colors of France. Wheat grew at the foot of the altar. Offerings were made by the crowd to the goddess. These details indicate under what conditions and for what purpose Mlle. Holmès composed the poem and the music. In the immense frame, she could not introduce music that abounded in ornamentation or was too scientific. She was obliged to follow the direction of sweeping lines, and in this she was eminently successful. This work was performed at Havre, Angers, Boulogne, at the Châtelet in Paris. The name of the composer crossed the frontier; and when the festival in honor of Dante and Beatrice was held at Florence, in 1890, the city commissioned her to write a cantata, "Hymne à la Paix," which was performed in the Politeama Theatre. Her triumph was pronounced. Musicians, the public, and even the government, through Crispi, united in paying her homage. Returning from Italy she composed the Suite Symphonique "Au Pays bleu," which was first performed at the Châtelet, March 8, 1891. There are three movements: "Oraison d'Aurore," "En Mer," "Une Fête à Sorrente." In the second movement a duet for violin and 'cello is accompanied by a chorus singing with closed lips. Joncières wrote of this suite: "Mlle. Holmès is indeed always interesting.

AUGUSTA HOLMÈS.

BATHS OF APOLLO AT VERSAILLES.

Her muse, a little pagan, sings songs heroic or voluptuous, which inflame hearts, or trouble the senses with surprising intensity. Her form, wholly modern, has, however, none of the incoherences with which the majority of young composers may be reproached. She knows what she wishes to say, and she expresses it with remarkable clearness. She always has ideas."

MLLE. BRÉVAL AS YAMINA.

Her chief work for the stage is "La Montagne noire," opera in four acts, libretto by herself, which was produced at the Opéra, Paris, February 8, 1895. Aslar and Mirko are two heroes of Montenegro who have sworn eternal friendship. A Turkish slave-girl, pursued by the conquerors of her masters, finds grace at the feet of Mirko, who falls in love with her. Héléna reminds him of his vows, but Yamina conquers, and woos him to flight and treason. Aslar pursues the fugitives, and is stabbed, not mortally, by the Turkish woman. Mirko is horrified, and for a time becomes his better self; but he again yields to Yamina, and in the siege of a city to which he has fled, he is again urged by Aslar to keep his oath. Mirko will not leave the woman; Aslar kills him; Yamina runs away, and Aslar is slain by a bullet. The success of the opera was what is politely known as a *succès d'estime*, and one critic was ungallant enough to say that the mountain brought forth a mouse. The music is described as bizarre rather than original in melody, harmony and rhythm. The cast was as follows: Mirko, Alvarez; Aslar, Renaud; Père Sava, Gresse; Yamina, Mlle. Bréval; Dara, Mme. Héglon; Héléna, Mlle. Berthet; Une Esclave, Mlle. Mathien.

"Hymne à Apollo" for solo voice, chorus and orchestra was first performed at a concert of the Paris Conservatory, January 22, 1899, with Delmas as the singer, and it produced a marked effect. "Andromède," symphonic poem, was first performed at a Colonne concert January 14, 1900. The peroration — harmonics on the violins, and piccolo — illustrates these words: "The hero seizes the virgin; and on the wings of Pegasus bears her to the deep celestial fields." "The work shows the characteristic virility of the composer. The description of the ocean and the monster is a little shallow in ideas and boisterous in expression; that of the arrival of Perseus is far superior and the orchestration is original and brilliant. The finale with its tendencies toward literary rather than musical psychology is less interesting."

There should be added to this list of compositions an allegorical cantata, "La Vision de la Reine"; music in company with Fauré, Widor, and others, to Bordese's cycle "Contes mystiques"; a setting of verses by Catullus; and a hundred or more songs. It is said that operas "Astarté" and "Lancelot du Lac" are in Mss.

Many have paid tribute to Augusta Holmès, and nearly all of her eulogists have spoken of her virility. Thus Henri Gauthier-Villars in 1889 wrote: "Somebody here spoke of her as 'a pretentious bluestocking.' O, no! She wears boots, boots with spurs on them. She is certainly not a woman, in her use of the brass in the 'Ode Triomphale'; here she is a whole regiment; and at any rate she might fairly be called '*La Fiancée du Cymbalier*.'" Another wrote: "Flaubert said one day to a literary woman, 'Nature deceived herself when she made you a woman. You are on the side of the males.' He might have addressed the same words to Augusta Holmès. If she has not clothed herself in male costume, it is without doubt because she thinks that a woman would lose too much in

giving up the clothing of her own sex. She has been so beautiful, with the beauty dear to Rubens, that the dismal male costume would only have injured her beauty ; and yet in her corsage, in her famous white waistcoats in the form of a shirt-front, she has perhaps introduced a certain feature which tends to masculinize her dress. Her writing, even, has nothing that is feminine about it. Her poetry, her music, everything, indicates a temperament full of vigor." Imbert, from whose biographical sketch many details have been taken for this article, writes in like vein: "The talent of Augusta Holmès is absolutely virile, and nowhere in her works do you find the little affectations which too often disfigure the works of women. With her, nobility of thought and sentiment take the first place.' She worships the beautiful, and her muse has sung only subjects that are worthy of being sung. She is imperturbable and all the resources of orchestration are known to her. Perhaps her poetical instincts were quickened in her childhood by Alfred de Vigny, and we must also not forget that among her ancestors was the bard, Henry of Huntington. The dove was the favorite bird of her childhood, and it perched on her shoulder, inflated its pretty throat with sighs of love, and perhaps inspired in her the first suggestions of the warm and languorous ecstasy which in after years she sang so well. We still remember parties that she gave in her pretty apartment in the rue Mansart. There she played with her friends a trio by Schumann or Raff, or she sang with profound sentiment from 'Tristan und Isolde,' and occasionally we came together to read some orchestral work of the mistress of the house. Wherever a new work was given, she was present, and she applauded all bold attempts at originality. Not content with going to Lucerne, Munich, and Bayreuth to commune with Wagner, she was always present at performances given with the assistance of friends, warm admirers of the master."

And here let me record the advice given her by Wagner: "Less emotional regard for me, Mademoiselle! For sentient and creative beings I do not wish to be a upas tree, whose foliage stifles the birds. Mark my advice. Be of no school, and especially, avoid mine."

Two celebrated Frenchmen have written about her at length. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam contributed an article to Vie Moderne (June 13, 1885), which was published afterward in "Chez les Passants." Here is an excerpt: "Midway in the Rue de l'Orangerie, surrounded with old gardens, is a time-honored mansion that was built toward the end of the reign of Louis XV., the well-beloved there lives in strict seclusion, a wise old man, an ex-Irish officer, Dalkeith Holmes and his daughter, a young woman of fifteen or sixteen years. This young girl, very beautiful with her abundant golden hair, gives you the impression of genius. You would say that she were as one inspired. The most surprising thing is the masculine quality of her musical talent. Not only is she a virtuoso of the first rank; her compositions have a very marked and personal charm, and she is already sure of her technical knowledge and of her profession. She is not one of the infant phenomena, destined to become later an excellent housewife, but she is a true artist, and her future is assured. . . . That evening we heard oriental melodies, and the first harmonic thoughts of the future author of 'Les Argonautes,' 'Lutèce,' and other works. These appeared to me as already outside of the conventional molds of old-fashioned music. Her voice lent itself readily to every intention of the composer. As a rule I am suspicious of skilled voices which in a parlor often dignify the worth of the composition that is inherently mediocre, but in this case the music was worthy of the singer, and I marveled at 'La Sirène,' 'La Chanson du Chamelier' and 'Pays des Rêves,' without mentioning Irish songs which the young singer delivered in a manner to evoke in our minds visions of pine forests and far-off mists. At the end of the evening, there were passages from 'Lohengrin,' which were made known to me by Saint-Saëns, because, except for some few performances at the concerts, we knew the mighty master only through the impressionistic articles of Baudelaire. This music thrilled the young musician, and her admiration for the magician of 'Tristan und Isolde' has never weakened."

Saint-Saëns recognized her talent, but he reproached her with an intense desire to make the hearer forget that she is a woman ; with a consequent use, therefore, of extravagant force, sonority and strange modulations ; with indulgence in debauches of brass and the big drum. Joncières was not of the same opinion : "In her 'Lutèce' and in 'Les Argonautes' there is a masculine and powerful spirit which is astonishing in the work of a woman. Nor is this virility factitious, as too often happens in the productions of women

through affectation. This virility is great and strong in consequence of vigor of thought and nobility of sentiment, not through any material means employed." Perhaps Saint-Saëns changed his opinion in later years. At least, he wrote thus enthusiastically concerning her, immediately after the performance of the "Ode Triomphale:" "It is impossible for me to allow this captivating work of Augusta Holmès to go by without saluting it as it deserves. Her day has at last come to the valiant one, and it should come. Oh, those evenings at Versailles! What a luminous remembrance they have left, those orgies of youth, music, art and poetry! The beautiful pythoness was not content to cultivate art and to preach it. She brought it out into the light! As Venus fecundated the world, twisting her hair, so she shook over us her reddish locks, and when she was prodigal with the lightnings of her eyes and the brilliance of her voice (*voix salpingéenne*) we ran to our pens, our brushes, and works were born, some of which have remained. She had unexpected enthusiasms, incredible fads. One day she had a violent passion for Kali, the East Indian Venus, goddess of love and death. She wrote an opera of which Kali was the heroine, and she excited us by howling, 'Kali, Kali, implacable goddess!' with furious accompaniment on the piano. To-day, after too long an interval, the ex-priestess of Kali comes forward with an imposing work. She has given us a grand spectacle, one not to be forgotten. She chants the praise of art, patriotism, science, as they love to be sung. Never mind the few imperfections in detail, the doubtful choice of certain themes: here is a great decorative painting. What is necessary to see first of all is the general effect. I cannot admire too much the sureness of hand, the power, and the strong intelligence with which the composer has ruled these formidable choral masses, and dominated this orchestral sea, whose billows now swelling and now subsiding under the trident of Colonne, have filled with their waves the vast palace. It needed more than a man to sing the centenary. As it was impossible to find a small god, the French Republic has found that which was wanted, a muse!"

CÉCILE CHAMINADE.

Cécile-Louise-Stéphanie Chaminade was born at Paris, August 8, 1861. Her taste for music developed itself at an early hour; the piano was her favorite plaything; and before she knew how to read correctly, or to write legibly, she tried to express by it the naïve thoughts which sang in her childish soul, and she told to it the confidences which other children keep for their dolls. Bizet, who heard her when she was eight years old, foresaw her future, and advised her parents to give her a solid, complete education. They were fond of music, but they were little disposed to see one of their own family enter upon an artistic career, and they waited some years before they obeyed the authoritative voice. Then convinced by the lively ardor with which the little girl gave herself to the piano, and also by the first success with which she gratified their pride, by composing for the church at Vésinet pieces which were judged worthy of performance, they decided to let her follow her bent; but the father insisted that her general studies should not be sacrificed to the study of music, and so from the age of fourteen to twenty-two she led a busy life in which ribbons played a slight part.

She studied the piano with Le Couppey, harmony, counterpoint, and fugue with Augustin Savard; she finished her education by playing chamber music with Marsick and Delsarte.

The recognition which Chaminade has acquired as a pianist and as a composer proves that she brought to her studies a conscientiousness and a fixed resolve not often characteristic of women. The solidity of her talent and the worth of her work bear witness to the legitimacy of her reputation, which is not confined to France, but is established in countries where she has played, or where her works have been played, as in England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, the United States.

Having devoted her life to music as others give up their lives to prayer, she has banished herself in art as in a convent, and she has found pleasure there. She has put into her music the longings of tenderness and compassion which are in the hearts of all women, and also the charm and vivacity of her mind: hence her success.

She has already written much. The catalogue of her music, issued by the chief publishers in Paris, includes a ballet and symphony "Callirrhoë," scenario in one act by Rougier, which was performed at the Grand Theatre, Marseilles, March 16, 1888; "Les Amazones," a dramatic symphony with chorus, poem by Grandmougin (Antwerp, April 18, 1888); a Concertstück for piano and orchestra; two suites for orchestra; two trios; a piano sonata:

CÉCILE LOUISE STÉPHANIE CHAMINADE.

Reproduction of a photograph from life by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

three pieces for piano and violin; sixty or more piano pieces, of which some have been published in collections; as six concert studies; six romantic pieces; six romances without words; six humorous pieces, which are well known to all pianists.

Her first orchestral suite, which was performed for the first time at a Popular Concert, is made with much art, care and knowledge. The "Airs de Ballet," played at Paris in 1889, were criticised as "smelling perhaps too much of the piano, and the second movement recalls Chabrier's España, Hungarian dances, and some other things." To these pieces must be added two choruses produced at the Châtelet, November 10, 1895; Carnival waltz, — scherzo, choral, — three choral pieces for orchestra in the old style; also "Pardon Breton," Noël des Marins, and Angelus for orchestra. She has written much vocal music: choruses, duets, three collections of twenty melodies for voice and piano, some of which have attained world-wide fame, and of which others as "L'Anneau d'Argent," "Fleur du Matin," "Les Rêves," "Ritournelle," "Sans Amour," "Viatique," may be cited as of particular interest; a scene for bass, "Les deux Ménétriers" (poetry by Jean Richepin), shows by the vigor of melody that as an artist Chaminade can cease being merely charming — and this is a quality.

She has now (1900) nearly completed a work made up of six choruses, "Poèmes évangéliques."

She has appeared in many cities as a piano virtuoso, from London to Berlin.

Mlle. Chaminade is now at work on a lyric drama in three acts; the libretto has been written by Armand Sylvestre. The future of this work preoccupies her. Perhaps she is not ignorant of the contempt that men entertain toward the efforts of the female artist who endeavors to be masculine in music, but she would be foolish to delay her attempt on account of fear; for if the gods, whose power of thought expressed in symbols assures the march of humanity toward progress, have a legitimate right to call themselves superior to woman whose nature obeys more willingly the impulse of sentiment rather than the deductions of logic, other men are deprived of the force of truth when they pretend to be proud of the inequality of the sexes in matters of art. There is no use in defending oneself against the gods, who are rare, and furthermore indulgent; against the others, for the defense of the work, it is enough to continue the energy of the gesture that creates it. This is the means of proving to systematic detractors that the majority of works admired by them in the repertory of our opera houses do not surpass that which a musician happily endowed and having developed her talent by study can realize.

I hope that Mlle. Chaminade will not hesitate to bear away the victory which she deserves. And this is not a foolish compliment to a woman, for all those who know her agree in finding her as charming as she is distinguished; it is the sincere expression of sympathy which this industrious and conscientious artist deserves.

Louis de Romaine spoke as follows of Chaminade's Concertstück (apropos of a performance at Angers), and of her talent in other things: "The Concertstück made an excellent impression on the audience. The beginning is brilliant, perhaps noisy for a moment, but the ear quickly succumbs to the charm of a melodic idea which never approaches vulgarity and is developed by an accompaniment formed of ascending scales, which are blended in orchestration that abounds in color, vigor and brilliance. The work assumes toward the middle a decidedly melodic character, but the piano part becomes more and more interesting, and then after a formidable use of the trombones, the theme appears as at the beginning with piano embroideries that are graceful and delicate. A charming work, refined and full of sentiment. Mlle. de Chaminade has talent, and true personality appears, and this, in the present time (1890), is more than ever a precious quality. As a matter of fact, talent runs in the street, the profession has no longer secrets for anybody; there is an enormous amount of music produced, and this music passes as the more or less brilliant meteors which traverse space and leave nothing behind them. As a rule there is a want of breadth in them, and in spite of their colossal dimensions and pretensions to grandeur, too many compositions do not tell a fourth of that which they announce, and of that which is expected. Here we are in the presence of a work written with undisputable authority, of a work strong and virile, too virile even, and this is the one reproach that I should be tempted to make. I have almost regretted not to find more of the grace and sweetness which are of the very nature of woman, and of which she possesses all the secrets."

GABRIEL PIERNI.

ARTHUR COQUARD.

GABRIEL CASTILLON.

DE CASTILLON, CHAUSSON, AND OTHERS

DEBUSSY, DUPARC, ROPARTZ, COQUARD, ETC.

A CHILD was born at Chartres, December 13, 1838, who was to be in France one of the forerunners of chamber music worthy of the name. Other musicians before him had indeed tried to introduce into France this kind of music, till then exclusively reserved to the German nation, but their praiseworthy attempts had resulted with rare exceptions only in the appearance of compositions which were for the most part without color and without breadth. He was one of the first to imprint a particular hall-mark on intimate pages which he wrote for several instruments; and these pages show that he had an original temperament as well as a marked taste for the works of great writers the other side of the Rhine. They, indeed, were his first teachers, but profound study did not take away from him the originality which distinguishes his first as well as his last compositions, and one may say that he was to chamber music what Berlioz had been to great lyric works, an artist who dealt a fatal blow to conventionality and routine. His life was not without bitterness, for his contemporaries neglected him. He consoled himself, as did César Franck, by the thought that some of his works had been presented to the public. Powerful as these works are, there is in them an impression of profound sadness; there is a hint at premature death. This sadness, which saturates nearly all of his works, is not that of despair, nor is there any thought of anger or revolt. It is virile and resigned.

The musical nature of Marie Alexis de Castillon de Saint-Victor was manifested at an extremely early age. His family was musical, and he pursued his studies at home, where he learned the piano. He was passionately fond of the organ, which he played for his pleasure and instruction in the famous cathedral. He went to Paris in 1856 to enter the École Saint-Cyr, for his father, the Marquis de Castillon, wished him to follow a military career. After he left the school, he was an officer in a regiment of cuirassiers, but, drawn irresistibly toward music, he soon resigned his position. He had studied with Delioux, a piano teacher, but after his resignation he studied two years with Massé, and then, dissatisfied, went to César Franck. His first step was to burn all his compositions. He learned to love Wagner by fellowship with Duparc and Saint-Saëns, but, despite his admiration for this master, the influence of Bach was much stronger in his own works. When the war of 1870 broke out he enlisted and fought, although his health, which was never strong, suffered cruelly from fatigue and privation. To his friends, and to the officers who advised him to retire from active duty he replied, "Such people as we march until we drop." He did not fall on the battlefield, but he carried away from the war the germs of the disease which removed him three years later in the flower of his age. His courage at the battle of Mans brought a decoration. As soon as the war was over, de Castillon took up his musical studies with more ardor than ever. His works began to be played in concerts both great and small. His piano concerto was performed, with Saint-Saëns as pianist, at a Pasdeloup concert, March 10, 1872. The public hissed the work violently, and Saint-Saëns, in a state of wild anger, struck the piano with clenched fists, and left the hall in the middle of the finale. The public of that period had not the intelligence to understand his music. The more common observation was, "It is the music of a mad man," and it is not then astonishing, that the poor composer was unfortunate in performances, and that this misfortune was encouraged by the dullness of the hearers. Nevertheless, in March, 1872, the Armingaud Quartet performed his piano quartet with success, and among a cer-

tain group of artists and amateurs, the music of Castillon was appreciated while he was alive. In the winter of 1872–1873, he was obliged to seek a more temperate clime, and he settled at Pau. Here he wrote a piano trio, piano pieces, and a paraphrase of the 84th Psalm, for solo, chorus and orchestra. He also orchestrated the first Impromptu of Schubert in C minor, which was performed at Pau, in January, 1873. Returning too soon to Paris, Castillon was seized with hemorrhages and died early in March, 1873. At the funeral Saint-Saëns improvised on the theme of the andante from the concerto which had been hissed. Since his death, several of his works have been played with success, such as an orchestral suite, May 4, 1873, at a concert of the Société Nationale. The Psalm for solo, chorus and orchestra, performed May 16, 1874, failed in consequence of the interpretation. Full justice was first done his chamber music by Ysaye in 1894. Pugno played the piano concerto with marked success in various cities during the season of 1899–1900.

The musical thought of de Castillon is full of grandeur and free from all vulgarity. The distinguishing merits of his art are invention and nobility. This art expresses dramatic emotion clad in a robe of sadness, the melancholy of life. The sentiment is absolutely poetic, but the expression of this sentiment is not always equal to the idea itself. The workmanship is not equal. His composition should be considered in the ensemble and not in the detail, and here find a certain affinity between him and Berlioz. In both, the plan and the general harmonic structure are often grand; the thought is lofty, but there are imperfections, hiatuses, in the detail. It is true that Castillon himself was never satisfied with that which he did. He studied constantly, he avoided society to arrive more rapidly at the end which he saw before him, but which he did not believe he had ever reached. Gallet tells us that the development of an idea came to Castillon always before the idea itself. In other words, he endeavored to simplify that which blossomed spontaneously in his brain, to arrive at the pure essence of his first inspiration. He then worked at his first ideas to make from them developments of the musical theme, a result of obstinate hammering rather than a true and irresistible gush from a fountain. He was especially enamored of chamber music. The sonata for piano and violin (Op. 6) is indeed long drawn out. The work demands imperative cutting, but there are pages worthy of Beethoven and Schumann, two composers of whom he often reminds me. The finest movement is the andante, which is beautiful from beginning to end. Perhaps the piano quintet (Op. 1) is the work which is the best known; the scherzo is especially charming, and the adagio which leads into the finale begins with a superb exposition which breathes the spirit of Bach, and then enters into one of those adorably beautiful phrases in which Castillon opened his heart. The trios, the string quartet, and the piano pieces bear the marks of originality.

Other works are the overture "Torquato Tasse," written in 1871, and performed for the first time by the Société Nationale in 1892, — a profoundly dramatic work which would be perfect if there were not long-winded passages which the composer himself indicated for excision in performance; "Esquisses symphoniques" (Op. 15), finished in Paris in 1872. The paraphrase of the 84th Psalm (Op. 17) contains interesting passages, and shows again the influence of Schumann. Other pieces worthy of mention are the "Cinq airs de danse" for orchestra; "Trois pièces dans le style ancien" for piano, which were afterward orchestrated; the "Marche scandinave" dedicated to Bizet (1872); the Symphony in F (1865); an unfinished mass.

De Castillon was tall and blond, with a mustache and side whiskers, a projecting lower jaw, eyes of violet blue, of distinguished carriage, — in fact, the ideal of a dashing cavalry officer, and it was impossible, at first sight, to look upon him as a musician. Delightful in conversation and address, he was a favorite in society, and he was loved by all those who, intimate with him, knew his affectionate nature and his goodness. At first acquaintance, he was cold, and he did not give way to the benevolence which could never refuse anything to young musicians with whom he came in contact. Marriage did not tempt him, on account of his devotion to art. He was a man of much more than ordinary intelligence, but he withdrew more and more from active life, and took refuge in revery. And thus Melancholy seized upon him, and held him for her own.

[From the French of Hugues Imbert. See also Gallet's "Notes d'un librettiste."]

CHAUSSON.

Ernest Chausson was born at Paris in 1855. He was killed June 12, 1889, at his estate in

Linay; his bicycle ran away with him, and his head was dashed against a stone wall. He was born of a wealthy family, and his parents demanded that before he gave himself to music, he should be admitted to the bar. He was twenty-five years old when he became a pupil of the Conservatory in the class of Massenet; but his true master was César Franck. His first compositions were two songs (1878), and five piano pieces (1879), which were published, and afterward destroyed by the composer; a lyric song for solos and chorus, "Jeanne d'Arc," published in 1880, which has also disappeared. In 1881, two of his first songs were sung at a concert of the Société Nationale — "Nanny" and "Les Papillons." "Quelques Danses," for piano, in imitation of old dances, but freely rhythmed and difficult, were performed by Risler at a concert of the Société Nationale, April 3, 1897. In chamber music he was known by a Trio in G minor (1883), and "Concert" for piano, violin, string quartet, played for the first time at Brussels by the Ysaye Quartet, and afterward heard at Paris in 1892; and piano quartet in A major, Op. 30. For orchestra, he wrote an entr'acte for the "Caprices de Marianne," entitled "La Mort de Coelio," which was played at a concert of the Société Nationale, April 18, 1885; "Viviane," a symphonic poem, first performed at the Cirque d'Hiver, March 30, 1884, and then, revised and reorchestrated, at a Lamoureux concert, January 29, 1888; "Solitude dans les bois," performed without success at the Eden, December 12, 1886; symphony in B flat (Op. 20), (Société Nationale, April 18, 1891); "Poème," for violin and orchestra, played by Ysaye, April 4, 1897, at the Châtelet; choruses, duets, motets, "Chant Nuptial," "Hymne Védique." He wrote also "Hélène," a lyric drama in two acts founded on a poem by Leconte de Lisle, of which two scenes were performed at the Société Nationale, May 14, 1887, and January 21, 1888, — a chorus agreeably rhythmed and modulated, which welcomes Paris on his arrival at the house of Menelaus; a ballade for unaccompanied quartet; two little scores to accompany pieces for marionettes, by Bouchor — "La Tempête," after Shakespeare, played toward the end of 1888; and the "Légende de Sainte Cécile," performed January 25, 1892; and a grand opera, "Roi Arthus," which had been accepted by the Carlsruhe Opera House. Among his chief songs are "Le Colibri," "Hébé," "La Pluie," "Les Morts," "La Caravane," with orchestra — "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer," "Temps des Lilas," "Nocturne," "Amour d'antan," "Printemps triste," "Nos souvenirs," "3 Lieder" (1897), "Serres Chaudes," by Maeterlinck, 1897.

I quote from the memorial notice of Pierre de Bréville, published in the Mercure de France, September, 1899: "He, as well as Franck, during his life, was a man unknown. He did not occupy in the attention of the public the place to which he had a right. Concert directors thought little about him, theatre managers had no curiosity concerning his opera, and the press, as a rule, was silent or unkindly about him. . . . He interested himself in the music of his colleagues, and their success brought him joy. He was ingenious in assisting the young to appear before the public, and he was always ready to render them the most delicate service. If he met with ingratitude, he did not mind it, for kindness was natural to him, and he was generous from love of generosity. His library showed the breadth and the interest of his intelligence. He had brought together memoirs, legends, literature of all peoples, poets, philosophers, and he had read these books, so that one could not see how in a life so short he had done so much in so many ways. He had made a journey to Germany to hear the works of Wagner, which were not then played in Paris, and he had brought back with him the compromising title of 'Wagnerian'; for it was at the time when the professor forbade his pupils to bring into the class the dangerous score of 'Parsifal.' Under very unfavorable conditions, Chausson tried for the *prix de Rome*. He failed, and left the Conservatory, and thenceforth he had but one master, the one to whom d'Indy dedicated his 'Chant de la Cloche,' saying, 'To the one so justly named the master, Franck.' The symphony in B flat is of such incomparable nobility that it induced the German conductor, Nikisch, to reveal it to the Parisian public, May 3, 1897, at the Cirque d'Hiver. The efforts of Ysaye and Colonne finally brought him into notice, and the exceptional value of so widely differing works brought attention, in spite of his modesty and his remoteness from all puffery. The success of his quartet made people say that he was improving; and as no one knows how to stop suddenly from being unjust, and since it was necessary to find an excuse for former indifference, people abused, without knowing them, the older works to extol the new ones. 'He

is just beginning,' they said, 'to be personal,' and yet it would be easy to show that this personality was not a recent thing, and that it was displayed in the first melodies written when he was still a student. . . .

"It may be said that all of his work exhales a dreamy sensitiveness which is his alone. His music pronounces perpetually the word *cher*. It is not a fiery passion. It is always affectionate, and the affection is gentle agitation in discreet reserve, — it is indeed himself who is disclosed in it, — he, a little timid, who avoided noisy expansiveness and delighted in intimate relations. Yet, if he did not know useless brutality, he nevertheless knew what power was, as certain dramatic scenes in 'Le Roi Arthus' show. He has been accused of melancholy, and yet he was not a sad man. But the melancholy which veiled his soul, veiled also from his eyes the vulgarity of exterior spectacles. He had no reason to fear or avoid vulgarity, for he did not know it. He communicated without consciousness his own thought of things, and thus joyous nature was darkened by the revery of one who, indifferent to its seductions, formed a striking contrast to its smiling impassibility. And so in the 'Soir de fête,' the festival itself disappears, borne away in the dreams of the poet, who searches far from it, calm and the night. It might also be said that he was preparing himself for an evolution toward simplicity; but he had always loved and practised simplicity, as when he wrote to the celebrated words of Verlaine, beginning 'La lune blanche,' the masterpiece to which its title 'Apaisement' is as intimately bound to the verse as to the music; as when he composed the symphony and the Concert with such precise instruction. The truth is, that more confident, master of his form, he worked without deliberate intent more freely than formerly; but this spontaneity was acquired only after many years. Outside of a string quartet, a new symphony, overtures, a sonata for violin, and a new drama were sketched. They were announcing rehearsals of 'Roi Arthus' at Carlsruhe. At London, Barcelona, The Hague, Liége, Brussels, even Paris, they were learning how to write his name on programs. An accident, tragic, inexplicable, crushed the forehead peopled with projects, and stopped the heart that beat only for noble thoughts."

[See sketches by Servières and Tiersot, in the Guide Musical, December 19, 1897, and July 2, 1899; also an article by Stéphane Risvaëg, Guide Musical, April 9, 1899.]

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY.

[Founded in part on an article by Servières.]

Claude Achille Debussy was born at Saint-Germain-En-Laye, August 22, 1862. He studied in the Conservatory of Paris as a pupil of Marmontle for the piano, and Guiraud for composition, and he took the *prix de Rome* in 1884 with a cantata entitled "L'Enfant prodigue." From Rome he sent as his contribution a scene for soprano, alto, female chorus, and orchestra, "La Demoiselle élue" (after Rossetti's poem translated into French by Gabriel Sarrazin), which was performed by the Société Nationale in the Spring of 1893. Since then he has written an orchestral suite; a string quartet, first performed by Ysaye's Quartet in Paris, in December, 1893; a symphonic prelude to Stéphane Mallarmé's "L'Après-midi d'un faune," which was first performed December 23, 1894, at a concert of the Société Nationale, Paris. He began an opera, "Chimène," and he has also worked at a music drama founded on the "Pelléas et Mélisande" of Maeterlinck. He has written a Petite Suite for piano, four hands; Arabesques for piano; "Chansons de Bilitis," after Pierre Louys, sung by Blanche Marot, March 17, 1900, at a concert of the Société Nationale; and he has orchestrated the Gymnopédies of Erik Satie.

His first song was "Nuit d'étoiles." This was composed at the Conservatory and appeared in 1880. Elegance was more apparent than originality. Other songs by him are "Fleur des blés," "Beau soir," "Romance," "Les Cloches," "Mandoline," but his individuality is more clearly revealed in five Poèmes of Baudelaire, six "Ariettes" (verses of Verlaine), and in "Proses Lyriques," for which he wrote words. The settings of Baudelaire's poems — "Balcon," "Harmonie du soir," "Jet d'eau," "Recueillement," "Mort des amants" — frightened publishers, partly on account of the choice of subjects, which were perhaps not adapted for the young person, and partly by the manner in which the music was written. There were strange and incorrect harmonies, broken and jointless rhythms, unsingable intervals; there was not the slightest regard for the human voice; all the singularities of a disciple of Chabrier, who proposed to himself to make the bourgeois sit up, were heaped together in this extraordinary work. Debussy published them

himself in 1890. True talent is displayed in this series, and, especially in "Balcon," a fiery ardor and a brilliance of symphonic invention bear witness to the natural gifts of the musician. Unfortunately the verses are often badly declaimed, prosody is violated, the meaning of the words is destroyed by the line of the melody, and there is also an abuse of chromatic modulation. The composer in his next series, "Ariettes," a setting of six poems of Verlaine, paid more respect to the public and to the singer. Two of these songs were sung by Bagès, February 2, 1889, at a Société Nationale concert. The poems are "C'est l'extase langoureuse," "Il pleure sur mon cœur," "L'ombre des arbres," "Chevaux de bois," "Green," "Spleen." The music has an undeniable charm. Each of the pieces has its personal merit and especial color. In four of them, an instrumental idea is opposed to the modulations of a vague melody, so that the music is a kind of revery which is merely breathed by the voice. But the celebrated "Spleen" and the equally famous "Chevaux de bois" are treated otherwise. Here, the instrumental idea is the subject of development, and the vocal melody is independent or adaptable to it, according to the case. Another collection of songs, "Proses Lyriques," resembles the first in the strangeness and the complexity of the harmony. While these songs are not easy, they can be sung by any artist or amateur who has a trained ear. The wonder is, how a composer, who is as much in love with originality as Debussy, can have remained under the influence of earlier years so that he still serves himself with the old-fashioned melodic devices of which Messenet was the inventor; all the odious diatonic triplets stretched out *ad nauseam*, all the recitative in repeated notes, which no more in song than in the opera house can replace lyric declamation or allow the musician to dispense with searching for the true vocal inflection. All our revolutionaries — Charpentier, Chapuis, Bruneau, Debussy — are in this plight. They reject with affectation the rules of harmony, which they learned in the Conservatory, but they cannot escape from the most common melodic forms, and they can break them only by these recitatives in repeated notes which have absolutely nothing to do with music. It seems to me that a musician who is so richly endowed as Debussy, should first of all strive to renovate vocal melodic forms, to discover the true accent of prosody; let him leave to vulgar dazzlers the boyish audacities which create astonishment for only a few years; for these pass out of fashion much more quickly than classic forms.

Debussy at the Conservatory was a favorite with the elder Marmontel, although he was a true *gamin*. The *prix de Rome* was awarded him by 22 out of 28 votes. The score of Debussy was regarded as one of the most interesting that had been handed in for many years. To-day a man of extremely radical ideas, he delights in startling statements and paradoxes. It is said that he has long meditated a pamphlet on "The Inutility of Wagner's Music."

The music of Debussy has naturally awakened hot discussion. When some of his compositions were performed at Brussels, through the influence and with the assistance of Ysaye, March 1, 1894, Maurice Kufferath wrote a carefully considered review for the Guide Musical. He began by characterizing the young composer as a prominent disciple of the new school of musical stippling, and of universal amorphousness. "Whither this school will lead us is difficult to foresee, and it is not our business. Our grandsons will, perhaps, treat us as old fogies because we did not know how to understand Debussy, just as we have sometimes treated our predecessors who were not able to divine Wagner. In the meantime, it is necessary to admit that this new music seems to us sought out rather than inspired, willed rather than felt, and it is terribly fatiguing in consequence of the excessive accumulation of the most super-refined harmonic devices. This music is often more literary than truly musical; — it looks toward purely exterior effect, while it pretends to be intimate and symbolical. The string quartet in G minor is a strange and bizarre work, — at least it seems so after one hearing. Now and then you would think you were in the famous street of Cairo at the Paris Exposition of '89. Leaping rhythms, violent shocks of harmony, alternating with languorous melodies of the violin, viola, or 'cello, which recall the chromaticism of oriental tunes; *pizzicati* which make one dream of guitars and mandolins; floods of rich harmony, broad and sustained, invoke the remembrance of the Javanese *Gamelang;* there is in this quartet, a curious assemblage of sonorities, some charming, some irritating. It is by no means common music; on the contrary, it is full of distinction. It is an hallucination rather than a dream. Is it a work? I do not know. Is it music? Per-

haps, but in the same fashion as the canvases of the neo-Japanese of Montmartre and its Belgian suburbs. Now there is more music in the cantata, 'La Demoiselle élue.' The orchestra has a remarkable tonal charm. Nevertheless, constant change of rhythm, unexpected modulations, accumulation of themes, and superimposed subjects and figuration, the constant search for unexpected and rare combinations, produce a vagueness of expression which is certainly the opposite of that which the composer wished. There is a singular contrast between the extreme complexity of the form and the simplicity of the words to which the music is set. The more the naïve or even puerile, not to say absolutely foolish, the verse, the more forced are the harmonies, and the wilder the themes. Mlle. Roger sang two of the composer's 'Proses Lyriques,' that is to say, two songs in which the piano and the voice pursue chromatic designs opposed to each other at intervals so near or so distant that there is a painful feeling of a complete absence of tonality, and at times there is absolute cacophany. If this music is not the subject of a wager, it is surely a decided symptom of a diseased ear. It is true that in the works of this composer, there are qualities which are not at all common. There is a fine distinction of sonorous effects, a great richness in combination, and here and there a pathetic accent charms; but on first acquaintance all this is covered up by a heap of deliberate bizarreries, and the hearer is singularly uneasy. There is a strange disturbance of the mind, like in the awakening after a nightmare."

It should be remembered that M. Kufferath is by no means a conservative, nor is he easily disturbed by radical tendencies in modern music. On the contrary, he is constantly giving encouragement to the young school, and he is known throughout the world as one of the most zealous, and at the same time sensible disciples of Wagner.

Henri Gauthier-Villars added this note to a short review of Debussy's "bewildering" quartet:

"Opinion of the facetious Guigues Talavernay: 'The finale of Debussy seems to me confusedly adequate to himself, to the difference of the human spirit, which includes unconditionally all the transcendental concepts without which being has only the virtual relativity of a potentially metaphysical essence. Perhaps I do not make myself sufficiently clear, but it seems to me this quartet is a little wanting in clearness.'"

HENRI DUPARC.

[Based on an article by Georges Servières.]

The songs of Henri Duparc, composed from 1875 to 1880, were known in manuscript by a small number of admirers. The composer was obstinate in avoiding publicity. Finally his friend Baudoux overcame his scruples, and drew from a wished-for obscurity, songs that were destined to make a date in the history of the French *lied*.

Duparc was born at Paris about 1847. He studied at the college of the Jesuit Fathers of Vaugirard, and was then admitted to the bar, but piano lessons from César Franck inspired him with the desire to be a musician, and to his piano lessons he added lessons in counterpoint, fugue, and composition. His family did not object to his desire, but insisted that he should not make music as others made it. As far back as 1869 he published six piano pieces called "Feuilles d'automne." His early friends were Saint-Saëns, — who arranged for two pianos, his symphonic poem, "Lenore," and dedicated to him the "Jeunesse d'Hercule," — Fauré, de Castillon, and the painter Regnault. In 1870 he became acquainted with works of Wagner, and journeyed to Munich to hear them. The war broke out, and he took part in the siege. He suffered severely from ill health, and to cure himself he settled in the Lower Pyrenees. He lived at Monein alone; he worked on a lyric drama, "Roussalka" (on a poem by Pushkin), wrote little, and erased much. His chief works are as follows: "Feuilles d'automne" for piano, a sonata for the piano and 'cello' (1872, unpublished); an orchestral suite, which was rehearsed in 1873 by Pasdeloup and declared impossible; a set of waltzes for orchestra, which were played June 24, 1874, at a concert of the Société Nationale; a second suite "Poème Nocturne" (composed in 1874 and destroyed); a piano suite, and a symphonic poem "Lenore" (composed in '74–'75), which was performed October 28, 1877, at a Popular Concert, and has since then been revised by the composer. Some of his earlier songs he has disavowed. And in truth "Soupir Sérénade," and "Chanson triste" are nothing but agreeable parlor romances. The "Romance de Mignon" is not of marked individuality, but it already shows his tendency to allow an instrumental phrase, which traverses here and there the accompaniment, to intervene in the vocal

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melody. This device is found later in his more recent "Galop," which, although it is somewhat melodramatic, reveals a rare vigor of temperament and vibrant ardor in the brilliant sonority of the orchestration. The same qualities and faults are found in the "Vague et la Cloche" (1874). "Fuite," duo for tenor and soprano, was sung in 1873. More important are "L' Invitation au voyage" (1874, and since then orchestrated), a true masterpiece by which the nostalgia of Baudelaire is eloquently translated into tones; "Sérénade florentine" (1876); "Le Manoir de Rosamonde" (1876); "Extase" (about 1877); "Testament" (1877); "Phidylé" (1878); "Lamento" (1879); "Au pays où se fait la guerre" (1877), and "Élégie" (1878, to the poem of Moore on Robert Emmet).

Some are of a tender and melancholy expression, as the "Sérénade," "Extase," "Lamento." They are distinguished by careful workmanship, harmonic suavity, rhythmic elegance. "Extase" is one of the most exquisite. Perhaps they are, especially "Lamento," inspired in a measure by Fauré, while "Au pays" reminds one melodically of Saint-Saëns, while the harmonic richness reveals the pupil of Franck. Others are dramatic or passionate, as the "Manoir de Rosamonde," "Testament," and the expressive "Élégie." "La Vague et la Cloche" is remarkably orchestrated, perhaps too realistically. "Phidylé," sung at a concert of the Société Nationale, April 8, 1893, is of the finest melodic style.

These later songs are unlike other songs. They are of absolute originality, and of a depth and sentiment that are rarely found in French music. Their dominating qualities are honesty, spontaneity, energy, which reflect the frank character and exuberant enthusiasm of the composer.

The retirement of Duparc is a genuine loss to art. Franck repeatedly said that Duparc, of all his pupils, and of his generation, was the one best organized to create musical ideas, the one whose vigorous temperament and dramatic sentiment marvelously suited the opera house.

J. GUY ROPARTZ.

[Founded on the French of H. Radiguer.]

J. Guy Ropartz was born, June 15, 1864, at Guingamp, France. At the age of twelve he made up his mind to be a musician, but he was first obliged to pursue other studies while waiting till he came of age. After he had finished his literary studies at Rennes, at the College of St. Vincent, and then at Vannes under the Jesuit fathers, he studied law and was admitted to the bar at Rennes. He then went to Paris to finish his musical education. Up to that time he had studied chiefly the piano. He entered the Conservatory, and was admitted to the classes of Dubois for harmony, and Massenet for counterpoint and fugue, but he left the school to study under César Franck. He wrote incidental music for "Pêcheur d'Islande," a drama by Loti and Tiercelin, founded on the well-known romance by the former. The piece was produced at the Eden (Grand) Theatre, Paris, February 18, 1893. This music has been arranged in two concert suites. The first includes "Prélude," "La Maison des Gaos," "La Noce;" the second suite includes "La Mer d'Islande," "Scène d'Amour," "Les Danses." His other chief works are a symphony in three movements, on a Breton choral (1895); "Les Landes," a Breton landscape for orchestra (Angers); "Passage Breton" for Chinese shadows; Fantaisie in D major, for orchestra (Colonne, March 6, 1898); "Cinq pièces brèves" for orchestra; "Dimanche Breton," a suite in four movements; "Le Convoi du Fermier" for orchestra; quartet in G minor (1894); "Sérénade" for strings; "Prière," for baritone and orchestra; adagio for 'cello and orchestra (November 19, 1899); "Carnaval," symphonic impromptu for orchestra; "Festival March" for orchestra; "Lamento," for oboe and orchestra; "Marche de Fête" for orchestra; "Quatre Poèmes," after Heine's intermezzo, for baritone and orchestra (Nancy, December 14, 1899); piano pieces, among them, a piece in B minor for two pianos (Nancy, November 22, 1899); andante and allegro for trumpet and piano; organ pieces, of which one, on a Breton theme, has been arranged for orchestra; "Les Fileuses de Bretagne" for female voices; a few songs; pieces for the church. His 136th Psalm, for chorus, organ and orchestra, which was first sung at Nancy, at a Conservatory concert, March 13, 1898, has been performed with great success at Düsseldorf, Mainz, Liége, and in Paris, both at the concerts of the Société Nationale and the Conservatory. His music to "Kêruzel" (by Tiercelin, 1895), "Le Diable Couturier" (1894) and "Famille et Petrie" (1891) should also be mentioned. He has devoted himself chiefly to symphonic and chamber music, forms which, in spite of the choral symphony

of Beethoven, and the gospel according to Wagner, remain in the eyes of musicians the highest manifestations of musical art. He has written not only music, but poetry, as "Adagiettos," "Les Nuances," "Modes Mineurs"; "Intermezzo (d'après Heine)" in collaboration with P. R. Hirsch; also "Le Parnasse Breton Contemporain," in collaboration with Tiercelin, and "Notations Artistiques," a collection of criticisms and impressions of travel. He has also contributed frequently to journals and magazines, and a comedy in one act, "La Batte," was played at the Théâtre d'Application in 1891.

He was appointed director of the Conservatory of Nancy, September 18, 1894. This school was founded in 1880, and has been subsidized by the government since 1884. M. Ropartz has been largely influential in its success. He has also arranged festivals, organized with the assistance of composers and virtuosos, French and foreign, at which works of large proportion, as "Les Béatitudes," the Ninth Symphony, "The Damnation of Faust," "Orpheus," and works of like character have been given. Ten concerts are given yearly at Nancy under his direction, and the programs are distinguished for catholicity and taste.

ALFRED BRUNEAU.

Louis Charles Bonaventure Alfred Bruneau was born at Paris, March 3, 1857. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, and took the first 'cello prize as a pupil of Franchomme in 1876. He studied composition with Savard and Massenet, and in 1881 he took the second *prix de Rome* (no first prize was awarded that year) with the cantata "Sainte Geneviève." He made his début as an operatic writer with "Kérim," a lyric drama in three acts, book by Milliet and Lavédan, at the Château d'Eau, Paris, June 9, 1887. It was a work of slight interest, and the libretto was childish. Then came "Le Rêve" in four acts, founded by Gallet on the novel of Zola, Opéra-Comique, Paris, June 18, 1891. The chief singers were Mlle. Simonnet, Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin, MM. Engel, Bouvet, and Lorrain. This was followed by "l'Attaque du Moulin" in four acts, founded by Gallet on a story of Zola, an episode of war which was published in the "Soirées de Médan," Opéra-Comique, Paris, November 23, 1893. The chief singers were Mlle. Delna, Mme. Leblanc, MM. Vergnet, Bouvet, Clément, Belhomme and Mondaud. This opera was eminently successful. "Messidor," an opera in five acts, book in prose by Zola, Opéra, Paris, February 19, 1897. Both book and music were severely criticised, although Bruneau was applauded for his courage in endeavoring to illustrate line by line and word by word the text of his illustrious collaborator. The chief singers were Mme. Deschamps-Jéhin, Mlle. Berthet, MM. Alvarez, Delmas, Renaud.

Among his compositions for concert are "Penthesilée," verses sung by Mlle. Bréval at a Colonne concert (1892); "Leda," performed at a Godard concert in 1884; an heroic overture for orchestra; quartet for clarinets; symphonic poem; many songs, among others a setting of Mendès' "Lieds en prose" and "Lieds de France"; a Requiem mass that was produced in London by the Bach choir, February 25, 1896, when the chief singers were Amy Sherwin, Marion McKenzie, Edward Lloyd and Robert Hilton.

Bruneau received the prize Monbinne of three thousand francs for his opera "l'Attaque du Moulin." He was critic of Gil Blas from 1893 to 1895, when he succeeded Réty as critic of the Figaro. A volume of his essays entitled "Musiques d'Hier et Demain" was published in Paris in 1900.

What the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote of Bruneau's "Requiem" may well be applied to other music of the composer: "The point is, are we satisfied with M. Bruneau? Frankly, we are not. His work reminds one of an immeasurably inferior Gounod. Moreover, he lacks entirely Gounod's sense of melody. He has, indeed, the best qualities of what is generally known as the French musical method; but he adds to that somewhat suave manner an eccentricity — shall we say? — a deliberate search after ugliness, which is extremely undesirable, and is in effect extremely disagreeable. The fact is that M. Bruneau, having been gifted with a capacity of writing the modern ballad *ad infinitum*, possesses just sufficient critical instinct to save him from that extreme indignity. The result is that he flies with terror from everything that seems commonplace to the everyday ear, not perceiving that he is thereby inventing a new commonplace which is of no greater virtue than the old. This, indeed, saves M. Bruneau's work from any imputation of cheapness, so far as the present time is concerned; but we much doubt, if the generation of trash had

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been directed into a different channel, whether his 'Requiem' would have missed such a notoriety. We praise his learning, his accomplishment, his musical knowledge; we are sorry that we are unable to praise his orchestration. At the same time, it would be ungenerous not to say that the 'Benedictus' is for the most part quite beautiful; it breaks down at the 'Hosanna,' but the division in this part of the composition is so marked that the worse portion does not disturb the effect of the better. Bruneau's use of plain chant is of course justified by Gounod and Mozart; but we cannot conscientiously declare that he uses his undeniable advantages of loan, in this respect, nearly so well as Gounod, who (say) in his combination of the old 'Stabat Mater' with a new melody, realized, as no composer ever realized before, the possibilities of a combination of the ancient forms, austere and ascetic, with the more florid manner of a later age. Gounod, indeed, is sentimental; but he is not foolishly so; and, we regret to say, M. Bruneau, when he sentimentalizes, does not accomplish his ambition seriously; he is quite aware that sentimentalism is absurd, and he successfully proves its absurdity. Take it all in all, the new Requiem, though doubtless a very clever work, so far as the ingenuity of its construction goes, cannot claim the attention of those to whom serious musical art means anything of moment."

PIERRE ONFROY DE BRÉVILLE.

Pierre Onfroy de Bréville, the son of a lawyer, was born of an old Norman family, February 21, 1861, and he studied the rudiments of music at the Paris Conservatory. As soon as he felt an irresistible impulse to compose, he sought out César Franck, and was, until the death of the latter, one of his faithful disciples. He has written comparatively little. "I lost much time in useless study," he once said. This was an ironical fashion of characterizing years which were consecrated to law and work in preparation for the pursuit of diplomacy. He presented himself at the competition for the *prix de Rome*. "But you do not come from the Conservatory," they objected. "What does that matter? I am a Frenchman, I am less than thirty years old, and I fulfill the conditions demanded by the law. Here are the papers in evidence." He obtained only two votes at the preparatory trial, and thus found out that lessons from Franck were a serious injury to one ambitious for a career.

De Bréville's first orchestral work was "La Nuit de Décembre," symphonic poem, after a poem by Alfred de Musset. — "The music is clear, fastidious, and of expressive intensity." He has also written for orchestra, "Méditation"; overture to Maeterlinck's "La Princesse Maleine"; Prelude and incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Les Sept Princesses," in which he has represented the sleep of the women by a theme of four notes which constantly varies in tonality and timbre. The tenor sings a plaintive, mysterious song of discovery, and the sailors are heard in chorus. Other works are "Hymne à Venus" (duet or female chorus in the Phrygian mode with orchestra); "Medeia" (soprano, female chorus, and orchestra); "L'Ondine et le Pêcheur" (mezzo-soprano and orchestra); "Sainte Rose de Lima" (soprano, female chorus and orchestra); "La Tête de Kenwarc'h" (baritone, chorus and orchestra). For piano: Fantaisie, Portraits des Musiciens (Fauré, d'Indy, Chausson, Franck); Stamboul, Eyoub, Galata, Variations, etc. He has also written a mass; several motets for solo voices, female and mixed choruses; a suite for organ, and some singularly interesting songs, among them: "Le Furet de Bois joli," "Le Baiser," "Bernadette," "Les lauriers sont coupés," "Il ne pleut plus, bergère," "Hymne à Venus," "Les Fées," "Dormir," "Poèmes barbares," "Après la mort"; "Petites litanies de Jésus": "Sur la pont"; "La Tour, prends garde"; "Variante sur l'air au clair"; "Chanson d'amour," "Chanson triste," "Élégie," "Extase," "La Forêt Charmé," "Harmonic du Soir," "Le Rhin." He wrote the incidental music for A. F. Herold's adaptation of "L'Anneau de Çakuntala" (Théâtre de l'Œuvre, Paris, December 16, 1895). Gauthier-Villars gives this pen sketch: "De Bréville, the enemy of the late Bizet, the bitter censor of Berlioz, the accomplished gentleman whom the fear of vulgarity (in music, I mean) impels to strangle ideas as soon as they are born; an exquisitely refined musician; a searcher after rare and precious harmonies." Since February, 1898, de Bréville has contributed to the Mercure de France admirable critical articles, which are full of delicate appreciation, catholic and brave in spirit, hostile to both ancient and modern *Kapellmeistermusik*, and characterized by subtle suggestions.

HENRI CONSTANT GABRIEL PIERNÉ.

Henri Constant Gabriel Pierné was born at Metz, August 16, 1863. At the Paris Conservatory

he was a pupil of Marmontel, Franck, and Massenet, and he took the first second *prix de Rome* in 1882. His chief works for the stage are "Le Collier de Perles," a pantomime in two acts (Spa, 1891); "Les Joyeuses Commères de Paris," a fantaisie in five acts (Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, April 16, 1892); "Pierre poète," pantomime in two acts (Théâtre d'Application, Paris, April 21, 1892); "Bouton d'Or," in four acts (Nouveau Théâtre, January 4, 1893); "Le Docteur Blanc," mimodrame in five acts (Menus Plaisirs, April 5, 1893); music to "Yanthis," piece in four acts by J. Lorraine (Odéon, February 18, 1894); music to "Izeïl," a drama in four acts by Silvestre and Morand (Renaissance, January 24, 1894); music to "la Princesse lointaine," a piece in four acts by Rostand (Renaissance, April 5, 1895); music to "Salomé," a lyric pantomime by Silvestre and Meltzer for Loie Fuller the dancer (Comédie Parisienne, March, 1895); "La Coupe enchantée," an *opéra-comique* in two acts by Matrat (Royan, August 24, 1895); "Vendée," a lyric drama in three acts, book by Brisson and Folley (Lyons, March 17, 1897).

His other works include a piano concerto; a hymn to the Russian visitors in 1893; lyric episode, "Nuit de Noël" (1870), performed at an Opéra concert in December, 1895. — "The pickets of the two hostile armies cease fighting at midnight; they each think of the old Christmas songs, and there is a brotherly feeling as though it was a truce of God. Pierné gives us not only the view of the battlefield covered with snow, but a picture of exquisite melancholy and reflection. — "L'An Mil," symphonic poem with a chorus in three parts, was first performed February 27, 1898, at a Colonne concert. The three themes represent the terrors inspired by the apocalyptic proclamation relative to the year 1000 summed up in the psalmist's words *Miserere mei;* the grotesque *Fête de l'Ane et des Fous*, a sort of parody on the Holy Mysteries by which free-thinkers braced themselves against the mourning of the majority; and third, the comfort which the faithful experienced in awakening as usual on the morning of the dreaded day. Many perhaps were prejudiced because of the realism of the "Fête des Fous," and thought that the brass recalled a little too much the cornets of the Moulin de la Galette that is so dear to Charpentier. The *Dies Irae* is introduced, and a *Te Deum* affords an imposing conclusion. "Deux Contes de Jean Lorraine" was first performed March 22, 1896, at a Colonne concert. The first of these is "Les Petites Ophélies," and the second "Une Belle est dans la Forêt." Pierné has also written piano pieces, songs, and the "Gallic Muse" for solo voices, chorus and piano.

He succeeded César Franck as the organist of Sainte Clotilde in 1890; he resigned his position in 1898.

ARTHUR COQUARD.

[Founded on articles by Imbert and Radiguer].

Arthur Coquard was born at Paris, May 26, 1846. At an early age he wished to become a musician, but his parents thought it best to deprive him of any musical instruction, until, as a reward for success in literary studies, he was allowed at the age of fifteen to open certain musical books. He had no master, and he learned even his notes by himself. At sixteen, completely ignorant of harmony, he wrote for his school in the country, a fantaisie for a brass band, which was his first success. In 1862, he became acquainted with César Franck, of whom he became later the pupil. Franck wished to make him an artist in the true sense of the word, and so, when Coquard left college in 1865, he began to study harmony at the same time with the law. And now he was in a dilemma. Love of music led him toward the ideal, but necessity demanded that he should at once make for himself an independent position. He was not able to give piano lessons, for he had no talent for the piano. He finally made up his mind to renounce art, and so, from 1866 to 1870, he devoted himself to law and literature. He was also the Secretary of M. Martel, President of the Senate. During the Franco-Prussian war, he was a soldier, and for bravery during the siege of Paris he received a medal. In 1871, reading the choruses of Racine's "Esther," he felt himself suddenly turned again toward music. He set these choruses and showed them to Franck, who gave him substantial encouragement, and he began again to study. His début as a composer was January, 1876, at a Colonne concert, with "Le Chant des épées," a ballad for baritone (Lassalle) and orchestra. From 1875 to 1881, he was connected with the National Library. Among his chief works are "Héro," a dramatic scene for soprano and orchestra (Pasdeloup, March 12, 1882); "Ossian," symphony with solo harp (1882); "Cassandra," (February 26, 1882), lyric scene founded on the

DE BRÉVILLE.
JONCIERES.

CHAUSSON.
DUBOIS.

ROPARTZ.
LEROUX.

"Agamemnon" of Seneca; "Episode orientale" for orchestra (Colonne, February 7, 1897); several sets of songs, of which songs perhaps "Haï Luli" (1890) is the best known; "Noce au village," musical eclogue; "Le Songe d'Andromaque" (Lamoureux, December 26, 1886); a legend for violin and orchestra; some pieces of chamber music; motets; organ pieces, etc.; "Jeanne d'Arc," oratorio; "Christophe Colombe," lyric scene for baritone and orchestra (Colonne, March 6, 1892); andante and menuet for orchestra; suite for orchestra; piano trio. His works for the stage are as follows: music to de Bornier's "Agamemnon" (Comédie-Française, June 22, 1868); "Helvetia," tragedy by Longhaye; "L'Oiseau bleu," by Mme. Simone Arnaud (Théâtre d'Application, March, 1894); "Philoctète," Quillard's version of Sophocles's tragedy (Odéon, November 19, 1896); and these operas: "L'Épée du Roi," opera in two acts, book by Silvestre (Angers, March 20, 1884); "Le mari d'un jour," *opéra-comique* in three acts, book by d'Ennery and Silvestre (Opéra-Comique, February 4, 1886); the completion of Lalo's "La Jacquerie" (Monte-Carlo, March 9, 1895). "Jahel," lyric tragedy in four acts, book by Arnaud and Gallet, was accepted at Rouen in 1899, neglected at rehearsal, and then withdrawn by the composer with pecuniary loss; but it was produced at Lyons in the spring of 1900, with great success. In 1899 Coquard resigned the position of Director of Music at the Institut des Jeunes Aveugles, which he had held since 1891. His works not yet performed are "Pompeii," an opera in four acts; "La Reine de Beauce," a lyric comedy; "Cain," lyric drama, with text by the composer; and "La Troupe Jolicoeur," a lyric piece in three acts.

Coquard was music critic for Le Monde. He has also written an essay on César Franck (he orchestrated the first act of his master's "Ghiselle"), and a work crowned by the Academy, "De la Musique en France depuis Rameau" (1891). Perhaps his most predominating characteristic is a too marked tendency toward the dramatic, and his tendency in works of shorter breath gives the appearance of too strenuous exertion and bombast. His chief compositions are the choruses from "Esther," and "Christophe Colomb."

PETER BENOIT.

BELGIAN, GERMAN AND
BOHEMIAN COMPOSERS

BELGIAN, GERMAN, AND BOHEMIAN COMPOSERS

(BENOIT, GILSON, BLOCKX, LEKEU, TINEL, STRAUSS)

PIERRE LÉONARD LÉOPOLD BENOIT, or, as he prefers to call himself, Peter Benoit, was born at Harlebeke, western Flanders, August 17, 1834. In his early years, without any elementary instruction, and without a teacher, he began to compose music. In 1851, his father put him under the care of Fétis, at Brussels. The boy entered the conservatory of that city, studied the piano, harmony, and composition. Two years afterward, he obtained the second prize for harmony, and he took the first prize for harmony, counterpoint, and fugue in 1854. In 1855, he competed for the grand prize offered by the government for composition, and he obtained an honorable mention. The next year he wrote the music for several Flemish melodramas for the Parc Theatre. Among them was one entitled "De Belgische Natie" ("The Belgian Nation"), which was performed July 27, 1856, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the coronation of Leopold I. In December of that same year, he was made conductor at the theatre, and his pretty Flemish opera entitled, "Het Dorp in't Gebergte" ("The Village in the Mountains"), was performed. In 1857 he again presented himself in the competition for composition, and took the first prize for a cantata entitled, "Le Meurtre d'Abel." This work was performed in September of the same year at the Conservatory. As a pensioner of the government, Benoit went to Germany; he studied at Leipzig and Dresden, and visited other German cities. At Berlin, an "Ave Maria" for eight voices and two choruses was performed by the Dom chor. He also published during this period of his wandering, six songs for voice and piano, "Douze pensées naïves," or sentimental melodies, for voice and piano, twelve motets for voice and piano, and some piano pieces. He sent to the Royal Academy of Belgium an essay on the school of Flemish music and its future; also, a "Petite Cantate de Noël." On his return to Belgium, his "Messe Solennelle" was performed at Brussels and Ghent. Benoit went to Paris in 1861, with the hope of seeing his opera in three acts, "Le Roi des Aulnes" ("The Erl King"), performed. They say that this work was accepted by the Théâtre-Lyrique, but it was never performed. While awaiting the rehearsals, he accepted the position of orchestral leader at the Bouffes-Parisiens (April, 1862), and for some time he fulfilled these duties. But he soon returned to Brussels, and again set himself at composition. His ultra Flemish feeling became more and more pronounced, and in 1867 he was appointed director of the Flemish School of Music at Antwerp. The following list includes the more remarkable of his compositions: "Te Deum," 1863; "Requiem Mass," 1863; "Quadrilogie," performed at Antwerp in April, 1864 (this work, divided into four parts, is the union of the two just named compositions with the Christmas Cantata and the Mass already mentioned); piano concerto, performed at Brussels in 1866; flute concerto, Brussels, 1866; "Lucifer," a Flemish oratorio, Brussels, September 30, 1866; "Isa," a Flemish opera in three acts, Brussels, Flemish theatre, February 24, 1867; "De Schelde" ("L'Escaut"), a Flemish oratorio, 1869; Cantata, 1869; "L'Église militante, souffrante et triomphante," a religious drama for solo voices, and chorus, with organ, 'celli, double basses, trumpets and trombones, performed at Antwerp in 1871; "D'Oorlog" ("La Guerre"), a species of grand oratorio-cantata, performed at Antwerp, August 16, 1873, and shortly afterward at Brussels; "La Colonne du Congrès," cantata, Brussels; Cantata in three parts, Liége; "Prométhée," oratorio, Ghent; "Hymne l'Harmonie," Antwerp; "Chant de la Lys," cantata performed at a festival occasion at Courtrai, in the presence of the king, 1875; "Les Faucheurs," a choral symphony; music for "Charlotte Corday," a historic drama in eight

scenes by Ernest Van der Ven, after the novel by Karl Frenzel, which was performed at the Flemish theatre, Antwerp, March 18, 1876; music to Van Goethem's drama "Willem de Zwijger" (1876); "Antwerpen" for triple male chorus (1877); "Jonc-frou Kathelijne," scena for alto solo and orchestra (1879); "Muse der Geschiedenis," for chorus and orchestra (1880); "Hucbald" for baritone solo, double chorus, and orchestra (1880); "Triomf-marsch" for the inauguration of the Brussels Exhibition of 1880; "Hymne à la Beauté" (1882); "Van Ryswick," cantata (Antwerp, 1884); "Juich met ons," cantata in honor of the Burgomaster Buls (Brussels, 1886); "De Rhyn," cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (1889); "Het Meilief," a Flemish drama, text by Demeester, Iseghem (October 22, 1893); "Ledeganck Herdacht," cantata for military bands and mixed chorus (this was written for the dedication of the statue of the poet K. L. Ledeganck at Eecloo, August 29, 1897): "The unison dominates, and the chorus is seldom divided. The beginning is of sombre character. Flanders weeps the death of her loved poet. This part is broadly conceived, and the master has made use of the old Greek modes. Then men and women alternately sing of the poet, and children joyously give forth the *Boekweitlied*, the song of wheat, music of incomparable freshness. The episode that follows, which is not the least beautiful, is the song of the three sister cities, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. The veil which covers the statue falls, and from the height of the tower of the church, a fanfare is sounded which is punctuated by the cannon. The final chorus is an ensemble of powerful sonority." He has also written songs, piano pieces, etc. Benoit has been a frequent contributor to musical and other journals, and he has written several pamphlets concerning Flemish music, conservatories, the origin of cosmopolitanism in music, festivals, etc. He was made a full member of the Royal Academy, Berlin, in 1882.

"The majority of the works which are mentioned, are distinguished by a grand power of conception, genuine qualities of inspiration, and a rare knowledge of the orchestra and of the employment of great masses. Without doubt, the talent of Benoit is an honor to his native country."

This is the judgment of Mr. Arthur Pougin, who, however, expressed his views at length concerning the extreme patriotism of the composer, a patriotism which he prefers to regard as parochialism.

Benoit was not the first who insisted on Flemish music for Flamands. Perhaps the founder of this so-called national music was Pierre Verheyen, who was born in Ghent, in 1750, and died there January 11, 1819.

A remarkable tribute was paid Benoit by Georges Eekhoud, in the Mercure de France of October, 1897.

"They have celebrated at Antwerp the promotion of the School of Flemish Music to the rank of Conservatory. A master of powerful originality, Pierre Benoit, held justly as the chief of our musical movement, has been at the head of this school for twenty-five years. This imposing manifestation was held especially in honor of the man whose popularity in Flanders is to be compared only with that enjoyed by the novelist, Henri Conscience. A curious parallel might be drawn between the two artists. They both addressed themselves chiefly to the crowd, and flattered in a way the instincts of the great majority. They are essentially decorative geniuses, and they see only one side, from which they argue. They are not subtle or super-refined. Good fellows, these geniuses, hail-fellows well met, such as you have in France, to cite only the exuberant and fertile Dumas *père*.

"Benoit is a robust sexagenarian, with square shoulders, a lion's head, flowing locks, and sanguine complexion. With his serene forehead without wrinkles, his nose of imperious curve, his powerful jaw, his firm chin, his eyes lighted by the joy of the immortals, his expression at once intelligent and kindly, he reminds me of the Jupiter seated with Mercury in Jordaen's celebrated picture, Philemon and Baucis.

"He came from Harlebeke, a village of the French frontier, and as was the case with Conscience, the son of a Besançon father who migrated to Antwerp, following the naval engineers of Napoleon, his name is wholly French. Harlebeke is the home of roughs, and smugglers, smugglers of tobacco, stirring fellows who despise the beaten path. The characteristic of these people is extreme bellicosity. There is not a Sunday that someone in the drinking shops does not use the knife, or try to cut buttonholes in the blue blouse, the red flannel shirt, and the firm, muscular flesh. Now among the hot-blooded and revolutionary peasants and the frankly subversive defiers of everything, there is place for the artist, as a Lombroso would say.

"And so this restless earth of impetuous blood brings forth creative personalities.

"We find young Benoit in 1861 at Paris. He accepted the position of conductor at the Bouffes-Parisiens, where the god, Offenbach, the Jupin of operetta, drew a continual procession of admirers in all grades of society; a sort of sardonic fiddler leading a devil's-reel of courtiers, courtesans, women of society, fashionable lorettes, statesmen, princes, generals, even crowned heads; spectators so fascinated by the prodigious humor and the unbridled spirit of these parodies that they forgot there the blows against their prestige. There is something piquant in the coming together of Offenbach and Benoit. Sophocles in the employ of Aristophanes!

"Benoit's task of beating time did not prevent him from pursuing secretly composition. He even tried sacred music, and he wrote a requiem during the entr'actes at the Bouffes. Often after one or the other of the demoniacal finales of 'Orpheus,' the orchestra met their chief, below the stage, to try there the orchestral effects of the requiem. You may imagine the astonishment and the vague consternation of the public at hearing rise from the depths a succession of lugubrious chords, after this music with dishevelled hair. Imagine also, the fantastic polyphony which must have come into the soul of Benoit from the mixture of the gay notes of the operetta conducted by him, and the funereal accents of the requiem of which he dreamed.

"Having returned to Belgium, where the high and useful position of director of the Antwerp Music School awaited him, he was often obliged to suffer from Philistine hatred and the shabbiness of the administration. Despite his prestige with the crowd, which was enthusiastic over his grand works of out-of-doors, the ill-omened meddlers among city magistrates and the official world dared more than once to interfere with his pedagogic program, and to impose on the master the lucubrations of their pretentious incompetence. Even a little while ago they appointed a commission of Philistines, among whom flourished a seedsman, a wool merchant, an examining magistrate, and the Lord knows the others. Did not one of these nightmares take it upon him, with the assistance of a long and almost fatal sickness which kept Benoit far from the field of activity, to suppress two or three courses that were dear to him? Still worse. These evil intruders found nothing better than to humiliate the artist, and proclaim his subordination to them by posting in all the classrooms a set of rules in which the duties of the director were declared, section by section, as are the duties of simple pupils. Fortunately, he was at last master in his own house, and all these annoyers, gadflies, have been sent back to their molasses and lard from America.

"As a composer Benoit has excelled especially in oratorio. His oratorio is not the religious oratorio of Bach or Händel; it is pagan. Imagine if you can the music that the Renaissance lacked. It would have embellished the festivals given by the Dukes of Burgundy and Charles V.; it would have illustrated in England, if not the delicious fairy pieces of Shakespeare, too fine for these thick and perhaps a little heavy accompaniments, the masks of Ben Jonson represented before James I. in which queens and peeresses realized in *tableaux vivants* the most sensual allegories with which Rubens had decorated the gallery of the Medici.

"Close your eyes in listening to one of these oratorios or one of these cantatas. In your imagination rise unheard-of decorations, massed, multiplied by the composer; antique forums, Italian palaces, roads crowded with ships, armies in battle array, massacres or kermesses, fields of fairs or executions, arbors of taverns or portals of sanctuaries, phantasmagoria of demons and archangels, clumsy gambols of kobolds or the aerian ride of elementary spirits: all these visions alternate, are blended gradually or contrasted in violent antithesis, amalgamate themselves in discreet orchestration as a twilight mist, where one devours the other, or they embrace and fulminate as thunder clouds.

"In 'Oorlog' ('War') the fields covered with gilded ricks against which, under the midday sky, the reapers rest, assume a gradually tragic appearance. Under the baton of the leader, as under the wand of the magician, the glittering wheat fields, theatre of an idyllic siesta, are transformed little by little into a camp of soldiers surprised by the enemy; now the ricks are as tents in flames; the reapers slumbering in easy and peaceful positions represent, stiff and convulsed, the corpses of soldiers, and the poppies have become splashes of blood.

"Another time there are grand and festive military processions, the roads are scattered with flowers, under triumphal arches between colonnades erected by the masters, and paid for through the rivalry of opulent guilds.

"There is a joyous entry of the sovereign into his good town.

"A gaping idler, standing tip-toe on the edge of the sidewalk, looks at the procession.

"The head of the procession comes into the square. At first the heralds-at-arms raise and turn toward the sky their straight and crooked trumpets from which hang heraldic standards. The mouth-pieces of brass open-jawed spit imperiously discordant calls. Outriders, escorting halberdiers with breast exposed, smoking harquebuisers, march with a martial and heavy step. Virgins and priestesses, youths with shrill voices, tell their beads or pick roses to pieces. Chariots o'ertopping the gables of wooden houses, jolt, stumble, as though drunk with their importance, and bear through tortuous alleys, the spoils of parks and gardens, and also the treasures of sacristies, whole store-houses of stuffs and jewels, like ambulatory cathedrals or vagabond forests, thrones, altars, peopled with supernumeraries as plastic as effigies of ancient gods.

"Bells sound in the belfries, drums beat in the fields, and above the continuous bass of the uproar of the folk burst forth noëls and strident hurrahs. At the farther end prelates in pontifical robes ride under canopies held by escorting pages. And all along the way there is a shoving, there is a rumbling that suddenly ceases, of gapers massed on right and on left, hanging to the projections of façades, glued to windows, a swarming of the curious, who kneel as well as they can before the passing monstrances and shrines, who raise themselves to cheer the tribune, salute the prince, hoot the buffoon. At long intervals, on platforms richly carpeted, lounge distinguished matrons, the daughters of deans of corporations, passing as the equals of queens, more cheerful and more healthy than the baronesses with frowning foreheads, who stare at them furtively, and push forward their sour visages.

"Without being written for the opera house, these scores, 'La Muse de l'histoire,' 'Oorlog,' 'Lucifer,' 'L'Escaut,' 'Le Rhine,' 'Cantata de Rubens,' and many others, are eminently dramatic. Benoit is as careful here about his scenario — scenario is the right word — as though he were concerned with a lyric drama or with the departure of a historical and allegorical procession. The performance of one of his works demands a personnel and choral supernumeraries as numerous as a grand spectacle or a cavalcade. The composer arranges his different orchestral phalanxes, he ranks or scatters his families of singers as a decorator of the good old period, or a talented 'brusher' of frescos, composes his sketches.

"Amorous of the crowd, especially of this Flemish crowd, of rude and high color, fellows of ferociously beautiful humors understanding this world, rough and arrogant with boyish candor, to the point of becoming the soul of it, or better still, the incorporation of it, Benoit searches by his massive and plastic orchestration all the sonorous agents capable of translating the clamors of festivity, lamentation, triumph, carnage, astonishment.

"His work celebrates the collective life and the pomps of a race. It is optimistic as the crowd, as great humanity, or better still, as infinite matter.

"In 'Oorlog,' slaughter is thickened with such admirable relief and color that it is a delight to listen to it.

"And so the martyrs and the executions of Rubens flatter the eyes and give them an appetite; just as the appearance of a well-kept butcher shop rejoices the stomach. The magnificence and the taste of the workmanship overcome the terror or the cruelty of the subject.

"An impression of robustness, breadth, consistency, comes forth from these oratorios. The fundamental themes, developed at length with the flux and the reflux of melody, make one dream of the majestic course of a stream. And not without good cause has Benoit sung 'L'Escaut' and 'Le Rhine' and even with more intimate knowledge the 'Lys' his blond and native river.

"The principal melodic woof rolls through harmonies rich and copious, like the pasture-lands reclaimed from the sea, the alluvial deposits of the Escaut and the North Sea. Here and there episodic motives, so many tributaries of the fundamental theme, run into it to pay tribute and to be lost in it.

"When it moistens countries more undulating, the flood hurries its course, because, embanked between rocks, it would be slow in gaining the northern Plains and in displaying itself under the dais of an infinite sky in the spacious bed offered to the plethora of its waves. It despises the disorderly course and the vain petulance of torrents: its wrath does not spend itself in childish leaps and in fugacious little cascades which threaten rather than foam; but it runs riot and raises rough billows like those of the ocean, and instead of

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insisting madly on polishing pebbles, it supports and balances giant ships.

"Thus the oratorio of Benoit disdains superficial fevers and sterile agitations, and when it unlooses its orchestral storms, its choral tempests, the rhythms preserve always the heavy and clumsy aspect of the ancient Klauvaerts, gleaners of golden spurs, reapers of the silver lilies.

"By the side of Benoit majestic and cheerful, by the side of a musician of state feasting a town, an entire people, an intimate Benoit is revealed, an invoker of roguish scenes and seraphic visions, and the same paw which builds with a trowel the great oratorios, 'Lucifer,' 'La Guerre,' 'L'Escaut,' will trace the delicate and tender lineaments of the 'Cantate des Enfants.'

"It is impossible in hearing this last work not to think of the dear little pets of Flanders and Brabant, with their pretty blond and rosy heads, animated with those great blue eyes, a clear blue, the blue porcelain of plates that ornament the mantlepieces of farms in western Flanders — of these little boys and girls squatting on the threshold of cottages, or swarming together, disorderly in the sun as little chicks in the sand of the highways.

"And what another note is that struck by Benoit in his two lyric dramas, 'La Pacification de Ghent,' and 'Charlotte Corday'! Here the art of the master acquires an intensity of expression far superior to that which one admires in his oratorios. His conception has broadened. His workmanship is spiritualized.

"By the side of the pathetic realism of the revolution in the streets of Paris or of the Spanish terror in the Netherlands, behold, in the form of the entr'acte, the characteristics of William of Orange and of Marat, which are portraits of an almost psychologic truth.

"We no longer have relations merely with a vigorous colorist or a pompous manager of apotheoses and triumphs, but with a thinker, a seer. In a like manner, Rubens sometimes draws near to da Vinci."

PAUL GILSON.

Paul Gilson was born at Brussels, June 15, 1865. He studied chiefly by himself, but was at the Brussels Conservatory from 1886 to 1889, in which year he gained the *prix de Rome* with his cantata "Sinai." He has written "Le Démon," a lyric drama (Mons, about 1893); "Les Suppliants;" "Daphné," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra; "David," an oratorio; "Francesca da Rimini;" incidental music to Maeterlinck's "La Princesse Maleine;" "Alvar," an opera in three acts, book by Bède, and translated into Flemish by Hiel (Théâtre Flamand, Brussels, December 15, 1895, sung by Mme. Smith-Grader, Rans and Hendrickx, — without success); "La Mer," symphony; fantaisie sur des Airs canadiens; Scottish Dances; Scottish Rhapsody; suite pastorale; a septet; Humoresque for wind instruments; Inaugural Cantata for the opening of the Brussels Exposition, May 10, 1897, in which old Flemish folk-songs are given alternately to the voices of children and adults — there is a charming intermezzo for orchestra with an ingenious development of the theme of a folk-song; a jubilee cantata for the 50th anniversary of the Belgian telegraph (September 27, 1896); Rapsody à la Marcia; "La Captive," ballet; marche solennelle; songs. In 1898 he succeeded Emile Mathieu as director of the music school at Louvain.

"La Mer," a series of symphonic sketches, was first played, and with great success, at Brussels, March 20, 1892, at a concert conducted by Joseph Dupont, to whom the work is dedicated. A poem by Eddy Levis, which suggested this music, was read at the performances in Brussels and Paris, before each movement of the suite. The first scene represents sunrise at sea. It has one melodic subject, which is the foundation motive of the whole work. The second scene introduces lusty dances, one of which is "La Ronde du Gabier" ("The Dance of the Top Man"). The third movement, "Twilight," tells of the love scene between the sailor and his lass. He takes to his ship. She implores the enigmatic, implacable, and cruel night in his behalf. The finale is "The Storm." The vessel is swallowed up, and before she goes down the dances and songs of the sailors are heard as in mocking irony. "The Sea" is a work of technical strength; it is more than this, it is a work of high poetic imagination. There is the mystery of the sea; there is the thought of undug graves. There are no cheap attempts at musical photography, any more than in Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture. Perhaps the third movement is too long. The long drawn out conversation of the lovers, the repeated assurances of devotion, are of little interest to a third person, in spite of the famous saying of Emerson. But in this same movement what exquisite harmonic and orchestral effects! The first movement is noble

throughout. A strong voice speaks with authority. The second movement will undoubtedly always be the most popular of the four, on account of the pronounced melody and rhythm, and in this song and dance Gilson is hearty, rough, without being musically vulgar. The last movement is full of force. In this highly original work, which is something more than a study in orchestration, there are depth of passion, freedom, and boldness of orchestration.

"Francesca da Rimini," book by Jules Guillaume, was first produced at Brussels, January 20, 1895, with Dupont as conductor, and Mmes. Sidner and De Cré and MM. Martapoura and Pieltain as solo singers. The first scene is "Dans les limbes," where the guilty lovers find themselves after their death. The leading idea is, that since they are together nothing can disunite them. Hell will be her Paradise, Francesca exclaims, even when the angels invite her to gain alone the celestial regions. They are brought before the judge, Minos, and Paolo tells his story. "We loved each other. The order of a dying father threw her into the arms of another. My hated rival was my own brother. I went into exile. I wandered everywhere, seeking forgetfulness, but in vain. I returned, and decided to live or die near her." The demons cry for justice against the couple. Minos is about to pronounce it when Paolo tries to save his companion. He said, "I alone was guilty." Minos condemns them both. The second scene is "Le deuxi me cercle de l'enfer," where the whirlwinds described by Dante bear the lovers to and fro. At last, in anguish, Francesca cries, "Lord, come to my aid!" and while the demons repeat that her prayers are in vain, she addresses to the Lord an ardent supplication. The angel Gabriel comes toward Francesca, and announces that Heaven, touched by her distress, will open to her. Francesca insists that Paolo shall accompany her. Her entreaties are in vain, and she insists on remaining with her lover in the place of torment, in eternal condemnation and eternal despair.

"With simpler means," says Maurice Kufferath, "and by making the most of his forces, M. Gilson could undoubtedly have produced a more intense effect. He spends all his strength on the first blow; we know all that he is about to say, and what he says loses even on account of his excessive interest and energy. . . . In a word, this work — which is a very remarkable, extraordinary one — is lacking in nuances and treatment. However, the composer's mastery of orchestration, the astonishing variety of combinations amassed at his pleasure by his imagination, the discoveries in association of timbres and harmonies at the moment they are needed, — these may be admired without reservation."

JAN BLOCKX.

Jan Blockx was born at Antwerp, June 25, 1851. His father, an upholsterer, who in idle moments used to improvise both the words and the music of topical songs, died when Jan was six years old. The boy was learning his father's trade when he fell in a private house where he was working. The mistress of the house was greatly distressed, but the accident was not a serious one, and to reassure her he began to drum on the piano. They found that he had talent, and they obtained permission from his mother for him to study music. He entered the conservatory at Antwerp where he studied composition with Benoit and Hennen. He afterward studied with Brassin at Brussels. In 1877, he brought out at the Flemish theatre in Antwerp, an opéra-comique in one act, "Iets Vergeten," book by de la Montagne. In 1877, he was first among twenty-two competitors with a cantata for the Rubens festival at Antwerp, "Ons Vaderland." In 1880, he produced at Leipzig, where he stayed two years, an orchestral work, "Kermisdag," which gave him a good deal of reputation. And there were also these early works: March for the inauguration of the statue of Henri Conscience in Antwerp in 1884; albums of songs; oratorio, "Een droom van 't Paradijs," performed at Antwerp in March, 1883.

"Milenka," ballet in two acts, scenario by Berlier, was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, November 3, 1888. His début at this theatre was as *répétiteur*. The music of the ballet is composed of frank and popular themes; it is full of animation, color, dash. This was followed by "Maitre Martin," opéra-comique in four acts, book by Eugène Landay, at the Monnaie, Brussels, November 30, 1892.

But far more successful was his Flemish opera in three acts, "Herbergprinces," book by Nestor De Tière, which was produced at Antwerp, October 10, 1896. (Translated into French by Gustave Lagye, the opera "Princesse d'Auberge" was first performed March 4, 1898, at Ghent, and afterward at the Monnaie.) The story is of low

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life at Brussels about 1750, under the Austrian rule. A young musician, who was known by his comrades as "the Puritan," is infatuated with Rita, the daughter of an inn-keeper. He is loved by the adopted daughter of his mother, Reinilde, and bitterly hated by Rabo the blacksmith whom Rita has discarded for her new love. The musician Merlyn deplores his dissipation and his shame, and vows to devote himself to art alone, but Rita, in carnival time, again fascinates him. Rabo reappears, and, mocked by his former sweetheart, threatens Merlyn and kills him in a quarrel at the moment when Katelyne comes to announce the triumph of the young composer. Reinilde seizes a knife and rushes upon Rita, but stops; the knife falls from her hands: "Death is a deliverance. Eternal remorse is a better vengeance."

"Thyl Uylenspiegel," lyric drama in three acts, book by Henri Cain and Lucien Solvay, was first performed January 18, 1900, at the Monnaie, Brussels. The libretto is founded on the epic legend by Charles De Coster, not on the old book that stimulated the fancy of Richard Strauss. The action is in Bruges, and the time is that of the oppression of the Duke of Alva. The characters are symbolical. The hero is the mind of the people of Flanders; Nelle, its heart; Soetkin, its valiant mother; Claes, its courage; and Lamme, its belly. "Criticisms of the music are the wounds of friends. The composer will make a truly original work, as he succeeded indisputably in the ballet, 'Milenka,' when he undertakes tasks that suit his talents. Aiming too high, he misses the mark." The chief singers were Mlles. Ganne and Goulancourt, and MM. Imbart de la Tour, Gilibert, Dufranne and Pierre d'Assay.

Other works are "Triptique orchestral," "Jour des Morts," "Noël," "Pâques"; "De Klokke Roeland," cantata for mixed chorus, children, orchestra, composed in 1888, and performed at Rosselaere (Roulers), (the bell Roland sounds, and the old belfry weeps for the fate of the city; a heroic march, and again the bell sounds mournfully until there is a triumphal song of hope in the future); "Light," male chorus with solos; "Song of Peace" for female chorus or children; "Saint Nicolas," *pantomime enfantine* (1894); trio; piano quintet; songs. Blockx has been characterized as the Teniers of music. His latest works, however, are not a fulfillment of the rich promise of his earlier years, chiefly because he has apparently disdained his own true talent.

GUILLAUME LEKEU.

[Based on articles by Ernest Closson and Henry Maubel.]

Guillaume Lekeu was born at Heusy (Verviers), January 20, 1870, and he made his first musical studies at the music school of that town. When he was twelve years old, his parents moved to Poitiers, and there he studied seriously at the Lyceum. At the age of sixteen, he went to Paris, drawn thither by music. He had the good luck to meet César Franck, with whom he studied harmony, form, and, in fact, composition. In 1891 he competed for the *prix de Rome* of Belgium, and his cantata "Andromède" took the second second prize. This moderate success was enthusiastically greeted in his birthplace, where "Andromède" was performed under his direction, as was the "Fantaisie sur airs populaires angevins." He busied himself actively in composition, but a short time after this local triumph and another visit to Paris, he died January 21, 1894, of typhoid fever at Angers, where his parents were then living. Although he wrote little and died young, this little is marked by an intense personality, and the personal quality in modern music is too rare for us to ignore it. Lekeu was distinctively of the young French school, and his music shows all the good qualities and all the faults of that school: independence of form, predominance of the musical idea, a gift of perhaps too refined tone color, fastidiousness in style, excessive boldness in harmony. But it should not be forgotten that the young composer was intoxicated with his freedom from pedagogism and fired with a ferocious hate of all applauded commonplaces and vulgarity. Chiefly remarkable in his writing, are inexhaustible richness of invention, the very melodic character of his inspiration, and the fiery spontaneity and the peculiar intensity of individual feeling. His musical sentiment is characterized by tenderness, compassion, and a premonition of death.

Besides the works already mentioned, he wrote two orchestral pieces — Etude symphonique (chant de triomphale déliverance), also etude symphonique, No. 1, "Hamlet," No. 2, "Faust;" "Poème" for violin solo and orchestra; Adagio for orchestral strings; "Chant lyrique," for chorus and orchestra; fragments of incidental music to de Musset's "Barberine," and Hugo's "Les Burgraves"; "Epithalme" for string quintet, 3 trombones and organ;

small pieces of chamber music, and for the piano; an adagio for violin, 'cello, and string quartet; a remarkable sonata for violin and piano; a piano sonata; a piano quartet left unfinished, but d'Indy completed the second movement, "lent et passionné," and the work was performed at a concert of the Société Nationale, Paris, February 1, 1896. He also wrote several songs, among them "Sur une tombe," "Ronde," "Nocturne," of which he wrote the text; that of the first is in prose, and that of the others is in free verse. These songs reveal intimately the strange boldness and pure ideality of his art. The last is purely lyrical, not sentimental; it is a landscape seen with the eyes of the soul. The length of the sentences enlarges the melodic phrase to a marvelous breadth.

Maurice Pujo published in "l'Art et la Vie" an article by Lekeu, which reveals, as does his music, an infinite sadness, a sister of the melancholy of Leopardi. The article is entitled, "Commentary on the Meditation in G minor for string quartet." "It is the groaning of a soul that suffers and searches vainly calm and salvation in the Faith. The long drawn-out sob of a despairing man face to face with the terrible and unfathomable problem of destiny!" Hear the conclusion: "Suffering finds itself again alone, it exhales itself in lamentations which die only to be born again; each chord groans, each note groans; vainly do short appearances of the beginning of the sacred theme insist on a hearing; they are not heard at all; lamentations drive faith away, they wish to be alone, to find delight in their utter sorrow; and soon all that is religious has fled forever; the heart is abandoned to its sufferings, to its tears, and the heart delights in itself and is exhausted by itself, and it repeats distractedly that the Faith is powerless in the presence of human suffering."

I now quote from Henry Maubel: "Lekeu died before he had attained intellectual virility, but a portion of the work that he meditated and began survives him, and thoughtful readers find a soul of marked individuality in the uneven pages signed by him. These pages are the gray writings of a poet who did not have time to allow his art to ripen; or to trace the fertile forms which his brains produced in plenty. . . . He was at the beginning of his road, and he walked with a gait at times nervous, at times wearied. With the desire of seeing the landscape only through himself, and of wishing to see it in *harmony*, he heard only the interior voice, and even when he had not the necessary art to make this audible to others, the quality of this voice, still weak or not under control, marks the page that one will recognize and remember — so true it is, that what workmen in art call the form is only the appearance. . . . In the prison of flesh, where one is stifled in darkness, a window looks out on the infinite landscape. Those who do not wish to make the effort to draw themselves up to it, say that it is a blind window. He divined this window; he opened it, and images poured into it. He felt that life put itself in movement for him alone; he wished to stay by the open window of his thought and contemplate the procession of his dreams. I cannot better represent the attitude of this musician, who forced himself to be absolutely that which destiny wished, — the harmonist of his sensitiveness. Harmony busied him above all things, and this art must be understood in its truly aesthetic meaning. He studied to unify his impulses. He searched relationships and tried to tie together the rhythms in vast theories. The landscape, where his dreams walk in the melancholy of the land of bogs or mists, undulates from region to region, so that you do not experience any materiality of country. That which characterizes this music, which often ends in doubt or in weariness, is that the music is continually on the march, and it disdains symmetry and statics. It *goes*, under the fixed look of him who searches in it an end beyond sensations. In his harmonies Lekeu worked to infinitate tonal feeling, and you arrive at an undiscovered country, where the hills are as fluid as the billows of the sea, and where the waiting of the soul of the poet hovers restlessly."

EDGAR TINEL.

By Philip Hale.

Edgar Tinel was born March 27, 1854, in the village of Sinay in East Flanders. He was the son of a poor schoolmaster and organist. His early days were characterized by self-sufficiency and by a desire to be alone that he might lose himself in fantastic dreams. What terrified children of a like age, gave him profound and secret delight. In sleepless nights the tones of the midnight bell were to him noble music, and the cemetery awoke in his little soul feelings of homesickness and longing. His father brought him up with the utmost care, for he recognized the boy's true talent, and he first educated him musically by

EDGAR TINEL.

his own organ playing. As soon as he found that he was at the limit of his resources, he sent him to a neighboring city for greater opportunities, and the boy was not frightened by wind or weather from satisfying his thirst for knowledge. But the wisdom of the new teacher was soon unequal to the task of instruction, and young Tinel was sent to Brussels to school and to the Conservatory, where he was received with prophetic praise by Fétis. But Tinel's strength was unequal to the double studies; his poverty was such that he was often hungry, and he was obliged to be his own tailor and cobbler in hours that should have been hours of leisure. In his thirteenth year he entreated his father to let him devote himself wholly to music. This permission was given, and he supported himself in a measure by giving piano lessons and by taking part in church song. In 1872 he took a prize for piano playing, and in the next year he took the highest prize by his performance of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106. Although the career of a virtuoso was open to him, a composer's life was more congenial. A journey to Germany, where he visited the grave of Schumann, and made the acquaintance of Joachim Raff, determined Tinel to devote himself exclusively to composition. His father died, and the care of the family fell upon Edgar. Soon afterward other afflictions came upon him. His cares were increased, and he did not hesitate to play for dancing, or to serve as accompanist for a juggler. But in 1877, his cantata "Klokke Roeland" took the *prix de Rome*. When the trunk of the winner was searched for forbidden means of help, the only book found was Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." This prize was a substantial one: besides the means for the first performance of the work, it brought a sum equivalent to $3,200, for a student-journey through Germany, France and Italy. It is characteristic of the man that as soon as he had returned from this journey, he immediately, with all his strength, worked for the reform of church music. Strange to say, the future creator of the brilliant "Franciscus" insisted on a return to simplicity in church music, and even a return to the *cantus planus*. He wrote a pamphlet on the Gregorian song at this period; the book has found no translator. It contains principles and theories that are singularly like certain opinions of Wagner. Thus, Tinel declares that the most important element of song is the text which the melody accompanies and illuminates; that tonal truth in song depends on the understanding of the text; that music is made for words, and not the opposite; also "leave the director's baton in the concert room." This propaganda had a good result; Tinel was appointed in the place of Lemmens as director of the Church Music School at Malines. But misfortune again fell upon him. Overwork brought a dangerous disease, which was removed only by a dangerous operation, which was repeated. Tinel answered the physician, who insisted that a third operation was necessary for the preservation of his life, "First, I must finish my 'Franciscus.'" This strength of soul accomplished a miracle: work brought back his health, and made the operation unnecessary; it also made him a celebrated man far beyond the boundaries of his little fatherland; for an important work met for once a friendly fate. The city of Malines produced "Franciscus" at its own cost, and indeed allowed fourteen performances. Brussels followed suit. The publishers competed for his manuscripts. "Franciscus" was produced in Germany at Frankfort, Berlin, Cologne, Leipzig, Munich, and other cities, and the Niederrheinische Musical Festival honored him by a performance in 1894. Everywhere was the same praise, the same enthusiasm, but the composer remained modest and serene. Thus he wrote to Bernhard Scholz, when the latter informed him of his success, "To have a work of mine sung in Germany was always the dream of my life, and now this dream has been fulfilled. After I read your letter I fell on my knees, and I sang aloud, with tears, 'Glory be to God!'"

The first performance of "Franciscus" was at Malines, August 22, 1888. The original Flemish text is by Lodewijk de Koninck. The first performance in America was at New York, in February, 1893. The story of "Franciscus" is the story of St. Francis of Assisi, the same saint who, in the legend for piano by Liszt, preaches to twittering birds while the holy man praises them in a baritone voice. The author of the text has employed poetic license in telling the story of Peter Bernadone Moriconi of Assisi, who was not a knight, but the son of a merchant. Born at Assisi about the year 1181, he followed his father's calling until 1206, when he resolved to retire from the world. "He devoted himself so much to solitude; mortified himself to such a degree, and thereby contracted so ghastly a countenance, that the inhabitants of Assisi thought

him distracted. His father now thought of making him resume his first profession, and employed a very severe method for that purpose, by throwing him into prison; but finding that this made no impression on him, he took his son before the Bishop of Assisi, in order to make him resign all claim to his paternal estate, which he not only agreed to, but stripped off all his clothes, even to his shirt." The saint died October 4, 1226, and he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX., May 6, 1230. Tales innumerable are told of the saint's goodness and charity. To mortify his flesh, he would lie on ice and snow. He bestowed the name of brother and sister on creatures how diminutive soever they might be. "A grasshopper stood on a fig tree, which was near the man of God's cell. This grasshopper used often with his chirping to invite this man of God to praise his Creator, he having learned to admire the magnificence of the Creator in the most minute things. He one day called this grasshopper, when, as though it had been instructed by Heaven, it flew on the hands of St. Francis, who saying 'Chirp, sister grasshopper, and praise God with your melody,' the grasshopper immediately obeyed and began to chirp." It was of this saint that Atterbury spoke in his sermon on "The Power of Charity to Cover Sin," when he claimed that the exercise of charity "warms us with such a zeal for doing good, as breaks out sometimes into acts not reconcilable with the rules of right reason," and gave as an instance St. Francis preaching the gospel to beasts and birds. In the accepted version of the turning of the young merchant from the world, the reveller hears a voice from Heaven calling him to love poverty. This is the story as told in the text of the oratorio, or drama without visible action. The first part tells of the life of the noble knight, and the splendor of the court at Assisi. A choral recitative describes an Italian summer's night. The gay guests join in the dance. Francis is asked to sing, and he begins the ballad of poverty, which is here set as a strophic song with a chorus after each stanza. The festivities are over, and Francis strolls along the quiet lanes, which are bathed in the silver moonlight. Suddenly a voice from the sky calls upon him "to make the cross his weapon, to give up earthly wealth, and choose poverty for his bride. Francis, in religious ecstasy, resolves to obey the command, and the first part closes with voices from Heaven, in female chorus, proclaiming the glory of God." In the second part, Francis is a monk; his former companions join him; the coldness of the church and the contradictions of the world are deplored; the voice of hope is heard; there are choruses of infernal spirits and spirits of love, and Francis sings an ode to poverty, which is almost a literal translation of the poem attributed to him; peace is proclaimed among warring nations; Francis bursts forth in a hymn to the sun. The Angelus, at the beginning of the third part, prepares for the death of the saint, a scene remarkable for its sublime simplicity. The church scene, with the funeral march and the finale, is of impressive grandeur. The pilgrim's staff, as in the Tannhäuser legend, planted over his grave, shoots forth wondrous leaves and blossoms.

It is easy to say that many voices are heard in this oratorio. There is the voice of Wagner; there is the voice of Tschaikowsky; there are other voices; but chief of all, is the voice of Tinel, who speaks his own language, and with authority. The work is intensely modern, but it is built on the old rock of ecclesiastical formalism. The cantor is side by side with the man of the world; the waltz is heard with the burial chant; daring harmonic progressions, restless tonality, calm solving of contrapuntal problems, a yearning after that which is still unknown in music, — these are all found in Tinel's work. The orchestration is often gorgeous; at times it is not wholly free from eccentricity. There is cutting of cameos; there is reckless use of the palette knife. The composer writes with a supreme conviction, with a firm belief in the power and glory of the church whose saint he celebrates. He knows the sensuousness and the vanity of the world, and he knows the ineffable joy of absorption in a divine vision. He has not so many new things to say, as he has new ways to say things that might otherwise have been forgotten. His subject is pure and noble. He recks not of popularity, nor would he court deliberately applause. In this oratorio he expressed his aspirations and his convictions. He fulfilled his task.

Tinel's other compositions vary in value. His first published work was a collection of four Nocturnes for voice and piano, which show already at the beginning his fine harmonic instinct. Then comes Op. 2, a collection of three piano pieces of inferior worth; the Scherzo (Op. 3), although there are suggestions of Chopin in the bravura passages, is of genuine imagination; the songs in Op. 5, 8, 11, and 12, show that Tinel's declamation

is not modern, as we understand the term, nor does it follow out his own theoretical ideas; Op. 9, piano sonata in F minor, dedicated to Louis Brassin; Op. 14 is made up of five piano pieces, a hymn, an "Ave Maria" and a graceful scherzo; Op. 15 is a piano sonata in G minor; Op. 16 is made up of three songs; Op. 17 is "Roland's Bell," one of his most important works. It tells the song of the famous bell of Ghent, which signaled war and fire, and also announced the triumphs won by the people of Flanders. This was followed by a Flemish poem, "De drie Ridders," for baritone solo and mixed chorus, a composition written in folk-song vein (Op. 19). More important, as showing his development, is the mysterious poem, "Kollebloemen," for tenor solo, mixed chorus and orchestra (Op. 20), a singularly dramatic and poetic work. His first compositions for the orchestra alone were three symphonic tone pictures written in illustration of Corneille's "Polyeucte": an overture; "Paulina's Vision," and "The Festival of Jupiter." Later compositions are a series of Grave songs (Op. 22), of which No. 6, "The Dead Ride Fast," is a miniature ballad, that recalls Bürger's "Lenore," and all of which are influenced by the physical sufferings of the composer; sacred music, among them a "Hallelujah," a communion song, "Te Deum," sixth Psalm, mass in honor of the Holy Mary of Lourdes, five motets, six sacred songs, and Maria-lieder, in all of which Tinel's firm faith is mirrored. An organ sonata must also be mentioned. In 1889 he was made inspector of the State music schools, and in 1896 he succeeded Hubert Ferdinand Kufferath as professor of counterpoint and fugue at the Brussels Conservatory. He wrote a pamphlet, "Le Chant Grégorien, théorie sommaire de son exécution," which was published in 1895.

Tinel's "Sainte Godelive," *drame musical*, text in verse by Hilda Ram, was performed for the first time at Brussels, July 22, 1897, under the direction of the composer. The chief singers were Jeanne Raunay, Mlle. Friché, Mme. Feltesse-Ocsombre, and Mm. Séguin, Disy, and Vandergoten. The libretto is of extreme poverty and naïvete. The story is of the life and the martyrdom of Saint Godelive, the wife of a brutal husband, who abuses her because she prefers the love of Christ to his love, and finally puts her to death.

"Sainte Godelive," which was criticised harshly and voted dull even by Tinel's friends, was performed for the first time in the United States at Milwaukee, April 18, 1899. The first performance in Germany was at Crefeld, November 22, 1899.

[The biographical details of this article are taken from a sketch of Tinel by Martin Krause.]

RICHARD STRAUSS.

RICHARD STRAUSS

I.

RICHARD STRAUSS is a man of genius; perverse, tumultuous, radical, morbid, bitten by wrong-headed theories — yet a genius. But thirty-six years old he has in his brief artistic life summed up all schools, all styles, and has planted victorious standards on new ambiguous territory. Precocious as Mozart or as Chopin, Strauss nevertheless lacked individuality until his twentieth opus; though signs were not lacking in the early compositions to assure the acute, interested critic that a new man was at hand. Von Bülow felt the paw of the young lion when he saw Opus 7, the serenade for wind instruments; and Alexander Ritter, recognizing the gifts of the youth, pointed out to him the way wherein he would prosper artistically. The interior force we call genius, which Goethe named his daemon, accomplished the rest. Richard Strauss in Germany to-day is emperor of the orchestra.

How he labored one may discover by studying his music from the second to the forty-fourth composition. Strauss served an apprenticeship as severe as Maupassant under Flaubert; and to get in his hand,— *pour faire la main*, as Balzac said,— wrote and destroyed a large number of early attempts, thus unconsciously following the examples of Balzac and Swinburne. And if in his début there was little to startle, little that set pounding the public pulse, yet the critical few heard and noted; the average thousand merely remarked the presence of a new and not very pleasing figure in the musical arena. Evidently a close student along safe, well-known lines, the young son of the hornist, Strauss of Munich, promised to become a respectable composer, perhaps an orchestral conductor in some sleepy Bavarian town.

When Richard Strauss attained maturity, Wagner had just died, Tschaikowsky was barely heard of, Liszt a venerable figure, rather than a living force, while Brahms, disdainful of public esteem, went his way, a musical enigma. In the spiritual play of influences about him, the young Strauss did not long hesitate. Munich was a hot-bed of revolutionary art two decades ago, and the eager student of the university felt the new electricity. In his person he represented the cultures of all schools; he was nurtured on Bach, and reared upon Mozart and Beethoven. After the classicists came the dreams and raptures of the romanticists, and for Strauss this movement was a veritable plunge into a new element. He immersed himself in the music of the men of 1830, and emerged a young giant, overheated perhaps, but wiser, and a master of himself. From his Meiningen days he prepared for a spiritual journeying to new lands, — prepared himself as does some hardy traveler bent upon exploring the boreal pole. Here was the problem: Bach had done all that could be done in the purely polyphonic realm; Mozart and Beethoven developed the symphony; the one on the decorative side, the other in the silence of his epical and mighty soul; and so fugue and symphony seemed a barred gate. The music drama culminated in the works of Richard Wagner, who quite sprawled over the horizon, wrote in egoistical and gigantic letters of fire, *C'est Finis!* The smaller forms of chamber music, sonatas and song, were represented by such names as Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Chopin. Even that monstrous hybrid, the oratorio, had long since been dominated by the giant Handel. Berlioz and Liszt worked in a new vein, but had they not exhausted it? Was not the submission of Brahms to the old formal yoke a tacit acknowledgment that the ultra-new men, the experimenters in program music, were on a false track? In putting these questions to himself Richard Strauss covered twenty years of work; for with arduous unquenchable curiosity he attempted every form extant. He wrote two symphonies, fifty songs, much chamber music, piano music, concertos for various instruments, choral works; and then he struck the trail of his future path, the trail of the symphonic poem. In 1888

he composed Don Juan, a Tone Poem, and since that time his name has been in the mouths of men, ever a wonder, often an affront.

Wagner's early efforts in purely instrumental music were tentative gropings, and at no time revealed sympathetic mastery. With Strauss, even if there was not novel melodic invention, there was technical prowess. His two symphonies are symphonies, and his chamber music shows a feeling for form and a strenuous use of the file. At one time he had a peculiar predilection for Brahms. The dazzling color, the swing, power, and the luxuriance, almost Asiatic in orchestral rhetoric, were absent then in the young Munich composer. Sober in line, a lover of strict form, a fugue maker, an ardent devotee of the classical masters, Strauss gained in these practice-years a surety of touch, a grasp of material, — above all an individual style. He sought for, fought for, an instant style. He was not a born poet; he contrived his own genius, contrived it as did Wagner, as did Ibsen. Men like Mozart wear purple and fine linen in the cradle, for the good fairies preside at their birth. But they die young, venerable before their time. Strauss has lived, or attempted to live, in his narrow span, the entire evolutionary cycle of music. A daring nature, torrential in creation, yet cautious for his years, he is deliberatively a self-conscious genius. He may not say unto himself, "Lo! I am he that was foretold," but he says this in his music; there he has all the arrogance of genius. In a section of his new symphony, The Life of a Hero, Strauss quotes the mottoes from his preceding works, and quotes them with approbation. The student of Hegel, has read Schopenhauer, and from pessimism has been converted by Nietzsche to a riotous, conquering optimism, the optimism of the Ego. Thus, Strauss, playing at first with a few simple types of music, is the interesting artist of song and symphony. He labors at quartets and concertos, and writes purely for the experience in extended work for piano and orchestra. But the spirit of the time holds to him a mirror crying, "Ecce Homo!" and straightway Richard Strauss becomes tone-poet, philosopher, hero! The evolution is accomplished — that is, unless there is some sinister ending to this great drama of the individual. Wearing various masks behind which disports his extraordinary and versatile self, he is Don Juan, full of torrid declarations, smooth oaths, courtly gestures, and suffering the sorrows of the snuffed-out rake. Macbeth appears, a mighty shade among shades, and the dramatic note, so brilliant and gay in Don Juan, becomes sombre and agitated. But this Munich master, this peer of Arnold Böcklin, Franz Stuck, and Gerhart Hauptmann, is only beginning his mad choric dance. Death and Apotheosis shakes the world of music and poetry to its centre. From a "necessitous little room" went forth a voice, the voice of a world-weary artist who declared that all was vanity, — youth, love, fame, art, life itself — all were vain, and Death the Conqueror the true reality and revealer. It was as poignant a message as Tolstoï's Death of Ivan Illyitch, and the sensitive shuddered. Many critics cried "décadent"! and not without cause. If this great tone-canvas is symbolical, its realism is almost brutal. The death motive, pathological though it be, was caught on the dying sigh of Tristan.

Another huge sommersault and the merry Till Eulenspiegel, Till of the Owlglass, hops into the orchestra, and our teeth are on edge with his harmonic pranks, his crazy tunes, and hideous noise-making. He upsets more than market-women with his rude mediaeval laughter, and our nerves are only pacified when he is gibbeted as high as Haman. Where is this carnival of masques to end? Where is Strauss leading us? The profound philosophies, the Bacchic cries of Zarathustra, once a dweller in the rear-world, now an over-man, was the answer. Richard Strauss seemed to have compassed the sublime. Also Sprach Zarathustra has sublime moments, and for once the adverse choir was silenced. But the follower of Zoroaster-Nietzsche must needs hark back to the Spain of Cervantes and behold we are on the dusty highroad with Don Quixote and his lusty Sancho Panza, he of the big paunch and hard pate. The variations on that famous journey are rung out in a fashion that would have set roaring the great Spaniard, and even mystify the most faithful Straussolaters. And now the reign of the characteristic, the veristic is declared; Beauty in an objective sense does not exist. To be beautiful, music must be true. The old decorative pattern, hand-painted and glazed, has had its day. It stands yonder in the curio cabinet. Beethoven smashed the classical mold into huge fragments, and since his day men have been breaking these fragments as their individual fancy dictated. The only rule to be observed was the rule of symmetry, or let us call it euphony. Wagner is euphonious; he seldom

makes ugly music. Strauss often does. When a situation in his ideal libretto calls for cacophony, he gives it. Does Till Eulenspiegel ride over the dames — we hear the screams, curses, and clattering of things falling. The Strauss scores are full of evil smells. He hesitates at nothing, not even depravity. A very Rabelais among composers, his laughter is gross but often mirthless. It is a mask; a wonderful miming; cerebral and not truly from the belly. The décadent, as he is now called, decomposes the page into the paragraph, the paragraph into the sentence, the word, the letter. Strauss, whose analytical powers amount to sheer genius, strips, peels, and scrapes apart the psychological pulp of Don Quixote and his porcine squire. The ten variations are astounding feats of the scalpel. Nothing like Don Quixote has ever been encountered in musical literature; even those breath-catching devices of Brahms in the Paganini variations, Opus 35, seem elemental in fantasy when confronted with Opus 35 of Strauss. Every phrase in the latter has its meaning, perhaps too obvious a meaning for such of us who delight in the more suggestive adumbrations of musical language. But the power, the humor, hellish in its malice at times, the evocation of soul, of landscape, of reality, are all phenomenal. Here music is the slave of a will as strong as Milton's Satan. It is twisted into shapes abhorrent to its inherent genius, and made to speak, eloquently and hideously, in divers tongues. It is a new, a more passionately expressive art, but much of its fabled loveliness has been wrung from it in the transformation.

Was not this said of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, of Tristan und Isolde? And now the wearer of poet's mantles would show himself as he conceives himself to a dazzled, puzzled world. Richard Strauss, in his new symphonic poem Ein Heldenleben, is the real hero of this most complicated and startling psychological apparatus. If Gabriele d'Annunzio is pronounced a capital specimen of Nietzsche individualism; if Stanislaw Przybyszewski and his almost delirious exploitations of a delirious soul are branded as Nietzsche's own, what can be said of The Life of a Hero with its apotheosis of self, its orgiastic worship of the ego, its prostration before the image of his I? All but the most rabid disciples have deserted the Strauss banners, and there has been revived in Berlin the old gossip about the delicate adjustment of the composer's mentality. This is foolish. Strauss is sane, none saner; but his sanity is not the sanity of the man in the market place, nor of them that go down to the churches in drab. A brilliant apparition in the firmament of art, a poet, a thinker, a hero, an overman — what his significance will be a quarter of a century hence none may say. May he not be the Messiah of a new Evangel, of which Berlioz, Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt were only the forerunners? Strauss derives from all three, yet is Richard Strauss, withal. Or, he may be but the musical analogue of that strange monster in the skies mentioned in the fourth book of Rabelais. This monster was of an amazing appearance, with its wind-mill wings, its red crimson plumes, carbuncle eyes, emerald ears, topaz teeth, and wearing on its neck a gold collar with a strange Ionian inscription. Furthermore, as it flew through the air it cried all the while, "Carnival! Carnival! Carnival!" But whatever is the zoölogy of this strange Strauss, he cannot be dismissed with the shrug of a Hanslick. He is here, he is making tremendous music, and he must be accorded the historical precedent. Unlike other modern composers he may be fabricating a new art. Let us endeavor to understand his message, to interpret his tonal hieroglyphics.

II.

Richard Strauss the man! If, like some brilliant barbarian, Hun or Visigoth, some Attila or Alaric, he has sacked music's very stronghold, in private life he is the reverse of the Vandal. He has torn down but to rebuild, a very Bakounin of music, yet the following description does not convey the impression that Strauss is a dangerous anarchist. "Strauss is tall, slight, with a large, finely developed head and long, spidery arms." Very blond, with big, fatigued blue eyes, he is outwardly the typical Scandinavian. The brow is both bold and reflective; the general bearing of the man self-controlled and masterful. Decidedly a personality, a twentieth century *Übermensch*.

His life is interesting but in no wise remarkable. Richard Strauss was born at Munich, June 11th, 1864. He is the son of Franz S. Strauss, first horn-player in the Bavarian Court Band. Like Brahms, whose father was a Hamburg contrabassist, Richard settled all doubts as to his vocation by playing the piano at four, and composing, two years later, a three-part song and a polka in C major. These stock anecdotes of great composers must be appreciably discounted, though

MUSICALE

Karl Herffer.

in this case the election by the boy of a musical career was unmistakable handwriting on the wall. Before he went to school he had tried his hand at songs, piano pieces and an orchestral overture. Sent to the elementary schools from 1870 to 1874, the gymnasium from 1874 to 1882, and the University from 1882 to 1884, Strauss laid the foundation of a comprehensive culture, a catholicity in taste, a love of *belles-lettres* and general knowledge of the world's literature. He mastered the technics of the violin and piano when quite young, and in 1875 studied with Kapellmeister Fr. W. Meyer, theory and composition. This course lasted five years. The composing went on apace. A chorus for Sophocles' "Electra" and a Festival chorus were given a hearing at a Gymnasium concert. Three of his songs were sung in 1880; and on March 16th, 1881 — memorable date for the Strauss camp — his string quartet in A, Op. 2, the scherzo of which he wrote in his fifteenth year, was played. Four days later the first symphony in D minor was accorded a hearing, and the extreme youth of the composer called forth remonstrances. In 1883 Berlin heard his C minor overture. The symphony and overture are yet to be published.

Then came the first stroke of luck for the youngster. Von Bülow's attention being attracted by the charmingly written and scored Serenade (Op. 7) in E flat, for thirteen wind instruments, put it in the repertory of the Meiningen orchestra. Strauss had already written his Opus 6, 'cello sonata; Opus 8, violin concerto; Opus 9, piano pieces; Opus 10, lieder; and Opus 12, a symphony in F minor. This second symphony was composed during the season of 1883–4. It was first played in New York by Theodore Thomas, December 13, 1884, and later by Walter Damrosch. A Horn concerto, Opus 11, and piano quartet, Opus 13, were composed at the same period. The latter opus won a prize and was but recently played by the Kneisel quartet and Mark Hambourg. It shows a straining after the bigger canvas; as if the form were too cramped for the strenuous composer. The andante and scherzo are the more agreeable movements. Wanderers Sturmlied after Goethe's poem, beginning "Wen du nicht verlässest, Genius," revealed the taste of the composer for literary themes, for themes that exalt the individuality. This Opus 14 is written for six-voiced chorus — two soprani, one alto, one tenor and two bassi — and orchestra. It shows the serious influence of the "Schicksalied" of Brahms. A second suite for wind, first heard at Munich, was conducted by the composer.

Strauss became music director at Meiningen, October, 1885; conducted his own F minor symphony — a genial work largely planned — and also made his début as pianist in Mozart's D minor concerto. Von Bülow honored him by conducting the concerto. He met Alexander Ritter, who inducted the youth into the Eleusinian mysteries of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, and altogether proved himself friend as well as preceptor. Von Bülow trained him in the noble art of conducting, and when he left Meiningen Strauss became his successor in November, 1885, making a trip the following spring to Rome and Naples. In 1886 he left Meiningen to become director of the Munich Court theatre, remaining there until 1890, when he received a call from Weimar. In the ducal city Strauss shed his pupil's skin, developing into a brilliant conductor. His radical tendencies were recognized, and his espousal of the music of the extreme Left caused his conducting of Wagner to become of notable interest. In 1892 his lungs were affected, and a protracted journey to Greece, Egypt, and Sicily was necessary. He had not been idle, however, for on his return his grand opera Guntram, Opus 25, and dedicated to his parents, was produced at Weimar. He married in 1894 Pauline de Ahna, the soprano, who had created the rôle of *Freihild* in Guntram. From Weimar Strauss returned to Munich as Court Kapellmeister, and three years later he succeeded Hermann Levi as general music director. Not satisfied with certain details Strauss left Munich to become Court Kapellmeister at the Berlin opera, which position he still occupies (1900). He had conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin after the death of von Bülow, but the trip from Munich to Berlin was exhausting, and Arthur Nikisch was permanently engaged. Strauss has conducted at Bayreuth, festivals, at Düsseldorf, and Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, Liége, Cologne, Leipzig, Milan, and Moscow. In 1897 he visited London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Barcelona, and a year later Zurich and Madrid. As conductor he ranks among the great ones, is particularly strong in the modern repertory, and is received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. His Parisian experiences were most gratifying; he appeared in the double rôle of conductor-composer, his wife singing with acclaim.

During his Italian trip he wrote Aus Italien,

Opus 16, a symphonic fantasia that has been heard in America with delight. It is fresh, vigorous, even somewhat vulgar, in themes, and characteristically colored. The orchestration is the envy of the younger men. Italia was first given in Munich in 1887 under Strauss. His violin sonata, Opus 18, was composed the same year. Followed fast the series of daring orchestral frescos which have placed the name of Strauss at the very forefront of living composers. And yet how un-German his music seems, hatched though it be from the very nest of the classics! Strauss is not of the same blood as the Vienna dance composers. He has written a valse, but who could compare the light voluptuous Danube music to the ecstatic scarlet dance of the Overman in Also Sprach Zarathustra!

The Strauss piano music is hardly inviting to any but the most devoted. Severe in outline, sombre in hue, it leans not to the sweet intimacies of Chopin or Schumann. Opus 5 is a solo sonata in B minor some thirty pages long. I prefer Tschaikowsky's effort in the same form. If it is not as *klaviermässig* it is more mellow. Stern, and in the mood Doric, the several movements of the Strauss sonata are sinewy rather than plastic, though the adagio in E has some moving moments. The scherzo is light and bright in execution. The composition will never become popular. In Opus 3 there are some pieces of interest, — five in all, — and here Schumann's influence is writ plain. Dense is the pattern, while the ideas are based on a poetic idea. Two numbers from Opus 9, Stimmungsbilder, will please. They are a tender Träumerei and a delicate lyrical bit called An Einsamer Quelle. In the latter the harmonic changes recall Wagner. The most ambitious piano music is the Burleske in D minor for piano and orchestra. This must have been written in 1885, though it bears no opus number. It is extremely difficult in the solo part, and not especially grateful. I can recall no one but Eugen d'Albert as having played it. Here Brahms is to the fore, the very opening bar of the piano being the theme of Brahms' first D minor Ballade. But how different the treatment! Bitter, rather airy, more sardonic than witty, this Burleske demonstrates that the Teuton often unbends as sadly and stiffly as the Briton. Compare the piece with the incomparable jesting of Scarlatti's Burlesca, that joke which begins in G minor and ends in D minor! It is the eternal difference between the Italian and the German. Crabbed I should call this Burleske, making admission that I have not yet seen the orchestral parts. The 'cello and piano sonata in F is a capital composition, and so is the sonata in E flat for viola and piano. His concerto for violin and orchestra in D minor has never received the attention it deserves; and I wish for the sake of novelty that the beautiful horn concerto, Opus 11, would be given during an American musical season. For the waldhorn Strauss has a natural sympathy.

The lieder literature is important in quality. He has written over a half hundred songs, some of them priceless in idea and workmanship. It is in this form that his friends and enemies have agreed upon his melodic invention. This refers to the various collections numbered Opus 10, 15, 17, 19, 21, 26, 27, 29, 32 and 34; but one wonders if the later collections in Opus 39 and Opus 41, 43 and 44 were received with the same enthusiasm. Some of them are harmonically difficult to grasp, and many are deceptive; when Strauss seems at his simplest, he is often most irritatingly complex and recondite. But an overflowing meed of praise must be awarded the Opus 15; the lovely serenade in F sharp from Opus 17; several from Opus 21 and 27, and all of Opus 29. A critic considers O warst du mein, from Opus 26, number 2, and Sehnsucht, Opus 32, as the most beautiful of all. No moods seem denied Strauss. His exposition of the most exotic is indicative of a subtle rather than a sensuous musical nature. Yet how simply and naturally he has indicated a primitive emotion in Jungenhexenlied, Opus 39, No. 2. The song is a masterpiece. The sturdy power, the sheer muscularity of The Workman from the same set, should make it beloved of manly male singers. Its great, resounding blows in F minor stir one's very soul. And its sentiment is that of healthy socialism, as befits the text of the poet Richard Dehmel. Death the Releaser, Leises Lied and To my Son complete this opus. The latter has a noble ring. The Silent Longing is the capture of an exquisitely evanescent mood. There are five numbers in Opus 41, — a Cradle Song; In der Campagna; On the Shore, — full of introspective beauty, a dashing, vagabondish song; Brother Good-for-nothing, and Whisp'ring Songs. In all, the music seeks the emotional curve, in all is there absolute fidelity to the poetic theme — that is, fidelity as the composer conceives it. Of mere sensuous or decorative music-making, there

is none. Strauss is ever beset by the idea; whether dramatic, metaphysical, or romantic-lyric, the idea takes precedence of the sound that clothes it. So there is little pretense of form, little thought of vocal exigencies, while the piano accompaniments are the most difficult ever written.

Guntram, for which Strauss wrote his own book, the single opera of this composer, is not familiar to Americans. It was never a great success despite its earnestness and indisputable depth. Modeled on Wagnerian lines it has for a subject the doings of The Fighters for Love, an order of Knights, which, Parsifal-like, in the middle of the thirteenth century wars for the Cross and Brotherly Love; but with song and not with sword. Guntram the hero is a Fighter for Love, and his adventures and passion for Freihild form the basis of the book. The preludes to act one and two were given in this country under Emil Paur and Walter Damrosch. The first is a lovely scheme of orchestration, Wagnerian in texture, and celebrates the yearning desire which the singers have consecrated to art and to the Cross. The second prelude is a brilliant, joyous picture of a Festival of Victory. The form and development are absolutely free. It is interesting to note on the last page of the first prelude an essential-turn that comes straight from Götterdämmerung. Strauss employs it with skill as a pregnant motive. While it is too short for concert performance, the prelude of the last act is the embodiment of yearning and rich in harmonic life. The great duo of Guntram and Freihild and Guntram's farewell are noble specimens of dramatic writing. Nevertheless the word lacks big wings.

Two later compositions of Strauss bearing the opus number 42, are for Männerchor. Liebe and Altdeutsches Schlachtlied, both after Herder. Two sixteen-voiced mixed *choruses a capella* are also announced. Enoch Arden, Opus 38, a melodrama for piano and recitative, was produced last winter (1900) in New York by David Bispham and Henry Waller. It proved an interesting experiment, being melodious and apposite. Written for Possart, the weight of the work falls upon the reader.

At the seventy-seventh Netherrhenish Music Festival in Aix-la-Chapelle, June, 1900, Strauss produced two Grössere Gesänge, Opus 44, for low voice and orchestra. A setting of Friedrich Rückert's Nächtlichtergang is described as the tonal embalmment of the horrible, — the most horrible and graphic thing of the sort outside of the Wiertz Museum in Brussels. The first song is a Notturno after a poem by Richard Dehmel. A monstrous orchestra swallows these songs in chaos, yet the singer, Baptiste Hoffmann, is said to have made his vocal part heard. Decidedly here the bust is on the orchestra, the pedestal on the stage.

III.

Richard Strauss is the most intellectual of living musicians. Saint-Saëns pointed out over a decade ago the master part harmony would play in the music of the future, and Strauss realized the theory that melody is no longer sovereign in the Kingdom of Tone; his masterworks are architectural marvels, yet melodically, no new thing is said. In structure, in rhythmical complexity, in striking harmonies, ugly, bold, brilliant, dissonantal, his symphonic poems are without parallel. Berlioz never dared, Liszt never invented, such miracles of polyphony, a polyphony beside which Wagner's is child's play and Bach's is outrivaled. And this learning, this titanic brushwork on vast and sombre canvases, are never for music's sake; indeed, one may ask if it is really music, and not new hybrid art. It is always intended to mean something, say something, paint some one's soul; it is a half-mad attempt to make absolute music articulate. This flies in the face of Schopenhauer, who declared music to be a presentative, not a representative art. In his gallery of psychological portraiture Strauss becomes a sort of musical Browning. He divines, Maeterlinck-like, the secret tragedy of existence, and paints with delicacy, with great barbaric strokes, in colors that glow, poetic and legendary figures: Macbeth, Don Juan, Till Eulenspiegel, Don Quixote, and Richard Strauss himself, yield up their souls to the psychological genius that questions them. I called the tendency of Strauss a *décadent* one, like Wagner's; both men build up their pictures by a multitude of infinitesimal strokes; both men decompose their themes, — and this is the highest art of the decadence. Unity is often absent, and also the power that makes for righteousness, as in Beethoven's music.

Touching on the moral of this new dispensation in art, I may confess that I am dumbfounded by its absolute departure from the Ethic of Christianity. It is not precisely a Pagan code that Strauss preaches in his splendid laconic manner; rather is

it the Ethic of Spinoza ravished by the rhetoric of Nietzsche. Affirmation of the will, not its denial, is both preached and practised by this terrible composer. For him the ineluctable barrier of barriers is the return to simplicity, the return to the people. He may be simple in his complex way, and he may sympathize lyrically with the proletarian; yet he is the aristocrat of aristocrats in art; and his art, specialized, nervous, and alembicated, may be the call to arms of lonely proud souls who refuse to go to the people with Tolstoï, or stoop to amuse like Wagner. With Ibsen's Brand, not Tolstoï's Levin, is Strauss in closer communion. And he may hold the twentieth century in his hand.

Here is the chronology of his third period of the greater symphonic works. The word symphony is used in a purely utilitarian way. The new Strauss music is symphonic neither in form nor in content, yet is a literal symphony — a sounding piece.

Opus 20, Don Juan (1888). Opus 23, Macbeth (1887). Opus 24, Death and Apotheosis (1889). Opus 25, Guntram (1892-93). Opus 28, Till Eulenspiegel (1895). Opus 30, Also Sprach Zarathustra (1896). Opus 35, Don Quixote (1897). Opus 40, Ein Heldenleben (1898). The last named was produced — symphonic poems on such gigantic scale now need veritable productions — at Frankfort-on-the-Main, March 3d, 1899. In Berlin it was heard at the opera house March 22d, 1899, and at the Nether-Rhine Festival, Düsseldorf, May 22d of the same year. Some of the composer's most staunch adherents took fright when this stupendous tone-poem was given. Yet they were illogical, as are illogical the Wagnerites and Lisztianners who shudder when the name of Strauss is pronounced. Once break with the doctrine of the objective beauty of music, and Strauss may be safely followed to the very jaws of his hell. Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner were his artistic sponsors. They declared that music for music's sake was a heresy, that the idea, poetic, dramatic, metaphysical or political, was the nucleus, the generating principle. Away went the older forms, dynamics and rhythms, and over the delectable and shining plain of music is now seen the glittering yet forbidding mirage of Richard Strauss. He is the latest link in the chain, and to damn his work with the word "ugly" is begging the question; Hokausi's art was ugly until we apprehended the Japanese aesthetic. Beauty is not skin-deep; it is purely a relative expression. Let us approach Strauss in this spirit. A sonorous impressionist, his color scale is as high and as low as Turner's, his basses prodigious in their sheer darkness, and his treble tintings sometimes screaming. Always the overplus — the symptomatic sign of genius and weakness.

In his Macbeth — dedicated to his friend Alexander Ritter — we discover a most noble grasp of Shakespeare's timid and bloody-minded monarch. His chief theme — the poem is in D minor — is an able characterization. But with more power and fierce pride is ushered in the stormy figure of his queen. On pages 11 of the *partitur* may be found — in German — these words taken from the first soliloquy: "Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valor of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal." It is one of the magnificent utterances of this magnificent nature that the poet-composer has caught as a clue, and, free from formal conventions, he plays his fancy to the topmost. This Macbeth is monumental when compared to Tschaikowsky's Hamlet. The Russian was hardly happy in Shakespeare.

Lenau's Don Juan contains a powerful line, "So long as Youth lives on with pulse afire, Out to the chase! To victories new aspire." This motto flames over this most brilliant of tone-poems. There are sanity and concision; the contours are dramatic, according to our nineteenth century notions. The close is desperate, cruel and dramatic. And what instrumentation!

Tod und Verklärung is prefaced by a poem, that relates of a dying man in a room, and of the sick dreams which come to him. The symbolism is profound, the realism nerve-quaking. It is not healthy art this, but then are Shakespeare's Lear or Macbeth healthy? Universality is the dower of the English poet; yet a sick man dying in a lonely room, haunted by his past and its failure to grasp the unique thing, the precious something of existence — this picture, is it lacking in universality? The themes are some of Strauss' best, and there is an atmosphere in the work that at first suggests comparison with the last movement of Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony; here, however, the note of hope is not wanting. Wagner's influence is strong.

In the mad Rondo called Till Eulenspiegel's

Merry Pranks, we get another glimpse of the composer's versatility. He has selected as the subject of his portrait an immortal madcap. It is a Scherzo in quicksilver, and the quips of the rogue are many. The employment of the rondo form is happy, for it enables Strauss to depict in a definite way certain movements of his mime. He refused to furnish a program, though he pointed out that the two Eulenspiegel "in manifold guises, moods and situations pervade the whole." The crazy jesting, the sly humor, the honest athletic humor, are evidences of the advance Strauss has made in the control of his orchestra, and also show a command of irony superior to the Burleske. Don Juan, Death and Transfiguration, Till Eulenspiegel, have been played in America by the Boston and Chicago Symphony orchestras.

Also Sprach Zarathustra is a tone-poem founded on the dithyrambic philosophical prose-poem of that title by Friedrich Nietzsche. The work was produced in Berlin, December, 1896, and of it the composer said: "I did not intend to write philosophical music or portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the *Übermensch*." Only a musical epitome of the creative processes of the cosmos! The modesty of Strauss is of a Michelangelo-like magnitude! This new Faust of music, Nietzsche-Strauss, who would assail the very stars in their courses, has written some pages in this opus that are of elemental grandeur. There is a lift to the opening, an effect of sunrise — purely imaginary all these musical pictures, yet none the less startling and credible — as Zarathustra's trumpets solemnly intone his motive. We go to the rear-world, are in religious transports, are swept on the passional curves of that fascinating C minor theme "of Joys" and repelled by the fugal aspect of Science. There is "holy laughter" and dancing; the dancing of the midget, man, in the futile furtive gleam of sunshine that bridges the Past and the Future with the Present. Then those twelve bell strokes — "deep eternity" is heard in the humming of the metal, and the close is of enigmatic tonality. Nothing as audacious was ever penned by the hand of man — in music. Also Sprach Zarathustra was first produced in America by Emil Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the early winter of 1897.

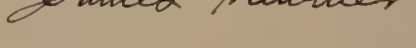
Strauss may be accused of making mediocre themes *qua* themes; their fitness for his purpose he soon proves. His is not a talent that bubbles over with spring-like spontaneity. Rather does he evoke the idea of a man hard pressed for ideas, and in the midnight silence of his workshop a laborious toiler at his forge, shaping, re-shaping and beating out with frantic hammer — often Nietzsche's hammer of the philosopher — rugged images of iron and bronze for his palace of dreams. A viking, a hero, a bard, a warrior and a thinker, Strauss can also play the novelist, the recounter of tales, of the Tale of Tales one is tempted to say, for he has dared to set Don Quixote. To set to orchestra — aye! the phrase is mouth-filling and most appropriate! To-day the orchestra is king, poet, playwright and preacher.

In the introduction we see — or rather both see and hear — Don Quixote represented by the Knightly motive, picturesque and chivalric. He is in search of an ideal and is reading romances. Some of his conclusions are muddled, and the orchestra tells us of them harmonically. Through this brain flit, as if on a luminous tapestry, tales of giants and maidens oppressed, and so this brain becoming turned and quite mad he prepares to go forth to do homage to his Dulcinea and for her battle with the evil powers of earth and of air. The insanity is marvelously depicted in the music. The Knightly theme appears in augmentation for trumpets and trombones; a harp *glissando* leads to horrible dissonances, and with a *fortissimo* chord Don Quixote starts out upon his adventures. A solo 'cello enacts his part; while Sancho Panza, first described by a bass-clarinet and tenor-tuba, is portrayed by a viola. Then follow the most exciting variations. "I may not be a tamer of tunes like Mozart," Strauss could boast, "but in developing a theme I am the peer of all." And this is true. No composer, not even Brahms, can approach Strauss in the manipulation of his themes. It is a veritable re-creation. From the intellectual, emotional sides he views his subject and submits it to harmonic and rhythmic tests, tests that are almost transcendental. His Don Quixote fights a windmill, he combats sheep — a chorus of *mahs* is heard in the muted brass — he quarrels with Sancho and thrashes him into submission to the ideal. The pilgrims are encountered and the Don thoroughly drubbed. Then we get the love theme, the Dulcinea motive, assigned to the horn, and the knight sighs like a furnace. More

squabbles in variation six between man and squire. They sail through the air on wooden horses, but never leave Mother Earth — which fact Strauss does not fail to emphasize by continued trills in the basses. There is a wind machine introduced here. Variation eight is a Barcarolle. Variation nine, more adventures — with two timid priests. Variation ten, Don Quixote is unhorsed by another knight and carried home. There he recovers his mind — all this is cleverly outlined by significant musical symbols — and presently death knocks at the door. The door is speedily opened and the soul of the knight passes into the fourth dimension of space — or Paradise. You will again notice the selection of a theme wherein the play of mind, the problem posed, are a delight as well as a guide to our composer. Don Quixote is his prose musical epic, and contains much music that is infernally noisy. With Opus 40 Strauss reached Ein Heldenleben, or what might be more appropriately called Strauss und Verklärung. The work is divided into six sections. I. The Hero. II. The Hero's Antagonists. III. The Hero's Spouse. IV. The Hero's Battlefield. V. The Hero's Works of Peace. VI. The Hero's Retirement from Worldly Life and His Perfection.

These various movements contain spots of exquisite beauty, "lucid moments" his critics call them, and also pages of noise that simply outvie Strauss' other efforts in the purely cacophanous. The musical grouping of the various themes is masterly in logic. Here again Strauss reveals his sound schooling, and even in his wildest departure from the normal one feels the controlling hand. His fancy is unfettered, yet there is method in his music — and in his madness. The purist, as much as he may abhor the quality of the themes, may take up this score and observe underlying all its fire and fury an orderly system of architectonics. His Hero, theme in E flat — another Eroica Symphony! — is not distinguished, nor is the treatment accorded his adversaries in part two magnanimous. They are represented as a set of snarling cantankerous critics. The joys of love, of conflict, and of creation are not missing; and in section five, the Hero's Works of Peace, Strauss deftly introduces themes from his Don Juan, Also Sprach Zarathustra, Tod und Verklärung, Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel, Guntram, Macbeth, and one from a song "Traum durch die Dämmerung." There need be no doubt as to the portrait intended in Ein Heldenleben. It was produced in Chicago the winter of 1900 by Theodore Thomas and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The same conductor first gave Don Quixote in this country, January 6, 1898. Both works are pronounced impossibly ugly by the anti-Straussians, and characteristic by the *Illuminati*. Doubtless the desire to escape the banalities of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner has driven Strauss to excess.

After all, the test that must be applied to the Strauss music is the test of absolute music; that is, if you do not subscribe to the validity of his ideal libretto. Has he made beautiful music independent of his text? Let it be said that Strauss seldom indicates a program beyond the one implicated by the title. To his expounders — and they are numerous — he leaves the explanations. He wishes to abide by the absolute music test, though he long since violated the rubrics of classical taste, — balance, moderation, form. Art is Truth, he asserts; and the Truth of Richard Strauss is horrible. It is the inharmonic become insane, cry his opponents! And so the problem is posed. Whatever else he has done, Strauss has unquestionably enlarged the territory of absolute music, and dowered with new and amazing eloquence the vast orchestral host. But tonality, stereotyped forms, thematic utterance, rhythmic life itself, are all thrown at us in a kaleidoscopic whirl. Some day we may be able to reduce to order, logic, even euphony, this astounding maelstrom of tone. He is accused of perverting the orchestra, of forcing every instrument beyond its natural accent, its normal voicing. Be this as it may, he achieves the most miraculous effects of color and rhythm. The art of Richard Strauss is pictorial, literary, plastic, poetic; is allied to phenomenal gifts of assimilation, musical and dramatic expression. Out of the bewildering, large, loose synthesis he has formulated may come the musical art of the twentieth century, a more diatonic art, an art chastened, simplified, and as young as the dawn. But it must come proud of its native strength, and not a servant to a poetic program. Let us hope the incomparable musical wisdom of the still young Richard Strauss will not be lost in the mazes of metaphysical mistiness or dissipated in orgies of tone; all sound and fury, signifying that the dusk of a rare brain, a richly endowed temperament, is at hand. Let us hope, I repeat, for I fear in this case much hope is required.



FRIEDRICH SMETANA

BY PHILIP HALE

FRIEDRICH SMETANA was born at Leitomischl, Bohemia, March 2, 1824, and he died May 12, 1884, in the insane asylum at Prague. His father, Franz Smetana, was a brewer, who was successful in business in Silesia, where he went on account of the Napoleonic wars. With a handsome fortune he returned to his native country, and became brewer to Prince Dietrichstein at Neustadt on the Mettau. The governmental bankruptcy in 1811 swept away the greater part of his wealth, and in 1821 he became brewer to Count Waldstein at Leitomischl. He was married three times. The third wife, Barbara Link (1792–1864), was the mother of the composer. Friedrich was the first son born to his father after six daughters. The father, fond of music, attended to Friedrich's education in the early years. The first teacher was Anton Chmelík. The boy was exceedingly fond of the violin. He did not like the piano at the beginning, and, as he himself said in after years, "My father pulled my ears and let me do penance on my knees, and then I went to my first lesson." When he was five years old, he played the first violin in a quartet on the anniversary of his father's baptism, and in his seventh year, he appeared in public as a pianist, October 4, 1830, in his native town, at an entertainment given in honor of the name-day of the Emperor, Francis I. This success opened to him the doors of the Bohemian aristocracy, and the little musician became a pet with women, old and young. Smetana was educated in German schools at Neuhaus, where his father lived from 1831 to 1836, as brewer to Count Czernin, and also at Iglau and Deutschbrod from 1836 to 1839, for Franz Smetana had taken up his abode on his own little piece of land near these towns. In 1839, the boy was sent, at his own entreaty, to the Academic Gymnasium at Prague. Here he found opportunity to become acquainted with the leading music pieces for the piano, although he was unable, through poverty, to buy much music. But what he heard, he arranged afterward from memory for string-quartet, and in this way he procured for himself and his music-loving colleagues, the necessary notes. He also began to compose dance pieces, polkas for the most part, and quartets; for instance, the string quartet in D flat minor, which latter piece he held in remembrance in later years, possibly on account of the unusual key. So engrossed was he in composition, and in his devotion to music, that he made little progress in his regular studies at the school. A story is told as follows by Mr. J. J. Kral. Chiele, one of Smetana's teachers, who had just joined the faculty at Prague, and was not acquainted with the students of his class, asked one day if there were any among them who had previously studied in some country town. Smetana arose, and said in German, though with a strong Bohemian accent, "*Ich bin ein Deutschbroder.*" Chiele ironically repeated Smetana's words, and imitated his Bohemian accent. The students burst out into derisive laughter, and the one who sat in front of Smetana, turned around and laughed in his face. It was Eduard Hanslick. The boys enjoyed the laugh, but Smetana was deeply offended and left the school. "I can bear anything save insult," he afterward declared to a friend. Other biographers, without reference to this story, say that his father was obliged to put him under a sterner control. Friedrich was therefore sent to Pilsen, where his cousin, Professor Josef Franz Smetana, took him in hand. But he found even here, where he stayed three years until he finished the prescribed curriculum, occasion to make his musical proficiency known. One of the teachers introduced him into society, where his talent as a pianist awakened universal interest. He again composed industriously, mostly dance pieces for the piano. In 1848, Smetana looked over some of his old compositions and wrote as

FRIEDRICH SMETANA

follows on the title-page of his Overture in C minor: "Written in the year 1842, at Pilsen, in the utter darkness of mental musical education, and preserved from death by fire, only on account of the intercession of the owner, who wished to preserve this work as a curiosity of natural composition." This owner was Katharina Ottilie Kolář, with whom he had been in love from boyhood, and who became his wife.

In 1843, Smetana had finished his course, and the time had come for him to choose a calling. His father, although a Bohemian, looked upon music chiefly as an amusement and a pleasure, and did not wish his son to make it a profession. But the cousin, Josef Smetana, recognized the uncommon talent of the boy, and persuaded the father to allow his son to follow out the course which, as it seemed, nature itself dictated. And it was wholly due to this scholar, historian, and priest, that Smetana was at last allowed to return to Prague, and work at his beloved calling. He arrived at Prague in October, 1843, with the petty sum of twenty florins, for his father refused to support him. He gave piano lessons, but in spite of his distinguished talent as a virtuoso, and on account of competition, he made so little money that at times he could not afford one good meal a day. Fortunately, everywhere friends encouraged and sustained him in his struggles. Chief among them were the families of Kolář, afterwards his father-in-law, and the violinist, Nesvadba. Following the advice of Mrs. Kolář, Smetana became a pupil of the blind teacher of composition, Josef Proksch, and first began a systematic study of music theory. He was also rescued in a measure fron his grinding poverty, through the exertions of Friedrich Kittl, at that time the director of the Prague Conservatory, who recommended him as music teacher to Count Leopold Thun. Smetana held this position for four years, and at the same time was a faithful attendant at Proksch's school. His teacher at first had little confidence in him, and remarked that such wild talent seldom came to anything. This opinion, however, was soon changed. Smetana did not leave the palace of Prince Thun until 1847, when he determined to make a concert tour, and then to establish a music school, that he might be independent and marry the woman whom he dearly loved. The concert tour was a disappointment as regards pecuniary success. Nevertheless, when he returned to Prague, in 1848, he obtained the necessary license to establish a music school, and the school was opened in October of that year. He was married to Katharina, August 27, 1849, and the happiness of his early years with her is reflected in his important compositions. He had already composed in 1848, "Six morceaux caractéristiques," which he dedicated to Liszt, for he admired hugely the works of the Hungarian. There was correspondence between them, and in 1856 Liszt visited Smetana twice, on a journey through Prague, a visit that was returned by Smetana a year later. It was through the recommendation of Liszt that these piano pieces were published in 1851, and Smetana says in a letter, that Liszt himself was in reality the publisher. Kistner, the first publisher of these compositions, also published later six piano pieces by Smetana entitled, "Stammbuchblätter." Clara Schumann, in a letter to the composer, expressed her admiration for certain numbers of this first portion of a cycle in eighteen pieces. At the same time, she complained that certain numbers were too bizarre to give either the hearer or the pianist any calm enjoyment. Smetana's first orchestral composition was composed in the year 1849. It was a festival overture in D major. In 1850, through the recommendation of Proksch, he was named concert master to the Emperor Ferdinand the Good, and played before him each day, from seven to eight in the evening. A work that also belongs to this period is a "Triumphsymphonie" in E major, composed for the wedding festival of the Emperor Franz Joseph. The chief motive of this symphony is adapted from Haydn's Austrian Hymn. Although the work is somewhat diffuse, it is the first important orchestral composition of Smetana that does not deserve the forgetfulness which overtook it. The death of his eldest daughter, Friederike, in 1855, when she was four years old, was the occasion of the beautiful trio in G minor for piano, violin and 'cello. In 1857, two piano pieces by Smetana, "An Robert Schumann" and "Wanderlied," were included in a collection entitled "Das Pianoforte," edited by Liszt.

The great number of compositions written for special occasions, and of arrangements of other works, as the Canons of Schumann, the overture to "Tannhäuser" for four pianos and sixteen hands, is a proof that the life of Smetana in Prague was not favorable to the development of individual and great works. He knew this best of all, and,

advised by the pianist, Alexander Dreyschock, he went in the fall of 1856 to Sweden, where he settled a year later with his whole family at Gothenburg. There, he was chosen conductor of the "Harmoniska Sällskapet." At the head of vocal and instrumental bodies of good material, he sought to invent compositions of long breath, and from 1856 to 1861, as director of the Philharmonic Society at Gothenburg, he enjoyed the attention and respect of the music public of that place; and there he wrote the eight piano pieces entitled "Skizzen," dedicated to Clara Schumann; the transcriptions of Schubert's songs, "Der Neugierige," "Trockene Blumen"; also the symphonic poems, "Richard III." (1858); "Wallensteins Lager" (1859), and "Hakon Jarl" (1861). Smetana has given us an idea of his purposes and aims in writing these symphonic poems. Thus, he wrote to his friend Srb as follows: "You ask for an explanation? Whoever knows Shakespeare's 'Richard III.' can picture to himself the whole tragedy as he pleases while he listens to this music. I can say only this,—that in the very first measure, I have embodied the character of Richard in music. This chief theme in all of its varied forms dominates the whole composition. I have attempted shortly before the finale, to picture in musical colors the frightful dream of Richard before the battle, in which dream all of the persons murdered by him, come as ghosts at night, and tell of his approaching downfall. The very end is the death of Richard. In the middle of the poem, the victory of Richard as king is portrayed, and then is the story of his fall, even till the very end." "Wallensteins Lager" was designed as a sort of an overture, to be played before the performance of Schiller's drama. And concerning "Hakon Jarl," Smetana wrote Adolf Čech in 1883 in substance as follows: "Hakon Jarl usurped the throne of Norway and drove out Olaf, the lawful king. Olaf sought help of the neighboring princes of Denmark and Germany, among whom there were already Christians, as I plainly enough show in my composition in the language of tones. Hakon Jarl was a Pagan, and he could not endure the weak, unmoral administration of the Christian king, Olaf. He found it easy to bring back the whole people to the worship of the ancient gods, and the old faith. Olaf was obliged to flee the country. The Christian princes promised him help, and the monastery supported him. He went to Norway, and won the folk through his preaching, and, as Hakon Jarl had made himself hated by the people on account of his energy and strength, Olaf was called back to the kingdom. Hakon, during the battle, sought refuge in a distant cave and was there murdered by his own companions. This tragedy of the German poet, Öhlenschläger, was very effective for tragic purposes. I saw the drama every year in Sweden and Denmark and Germany, and I can assure you that the impression made upon me was so powerful that I wished to portray the action of this tragedy in a symphonic poem, as a simple gift to the public of the northern lands. My symphonic poem is the third of its kind, and the mighty apparition of the hero himself compelled me to music. The performance was in 1864. The scenes with the witches in this drama, bear a close resemblance to the scenes in Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.' The choruses of the Christian followers of Olaf furnish the contrast to the lively, bold ways of the Pagan natives."

As the title, symphonic poem, already shows, we have to do here with an instrumental composition, which, as is the case with the poems of Liszt, breaks through the form of the old symphony with four movements, and shapes its form according to the conditions which shall be musically illustrated. Thus, even in the late fifties, Smetana was thinking and working in modern paths. No one of the three symphonic poems deserves to fall into oblivion, for they all abound in poetic thought of distinguished character, and also in richness and melody. "Richard III." is conspicuous for the depth of musical thought, and concise and weighty expression. "Wallensteins Lager" is distinguished for its humor, and the popularity of the subject should lead it in Germany to success, while "Hakon Jarl" is especially interesting on account of the harmonic roundness of the outer form.

Smetana gave in Gothenburg, and other large towns of Sweden, concerts on his own account. They were very popular, and they rewarded him handsomely with money. His wife had followed him unwillingly to the foreign land. Her health, which had been delicate, for she suffered from affection of the lungs, was still more impaired, and, at her earnest wish, Smetana determined to go back to his home. But she died on the journey to Bohemia, at Dresden, April 19, 1859. In the winter, Smetana was again at Gothenburg, and in 1860 he returned to Bohemia, where, in July, he took for his second wife Barbara Ferdinandi, who

accompanied him immediately to Sweden. She survived him, and was living in 1895 at St. Pölten. On account of the homesickness of his young wife, and also because he heard that a Czechic theatre was to be built at Prague, he was persuaded to leave Gothenburg forever, in May, 1861. He was disappointed on his return with the conditions of music, and in 1861 and 1862 he made concert trips through Germany and Holland with distinguished success. In January, 1862, he gave an important concert before a Prague audience, and from this time he worked incessantly in behalf of national music. The first attempt, especially in society and circles that loved music, to introduce a little national enthusiasm for a national art, was the founding of a society devoted to this purpose, "Umělecká Beseda" (1863), in which Smetana took an active part, an art society of which he was at the head of the musical section; also "Hlahol" (1862), a singing society, of which he was the conductor from 1863 to 1865. In the houses of the nobility he was a favorite teacher. He also founded another music school, this time in company with Ferdinand Heller, which was opened September 1, 1863, and grew to such proportions that Smetana's worldly circumstances were fully assured. Besides many little compositions of this period, we find two more important vocal compositions: "Die drei Reiter," a male chorus, written in 1862; and another male chorus, "Odrodilec," or "Der Renegat," originally a double chorus, written in 1863. In the year 1864 he composed a festival march for full orchestra, to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday.

There is a story that Smetana was excited to strictly national music on account of a remark made at Weimar by Herbeck, when they were guests of Liszt, — that the Czechs were simply reproductive artists. Although Smetana had been in foreign lands, and influenced in a large manner by German contemporaries, his family origin was ever dear to him, even in the days when he wrote chiefly in the German manner. Perhaps, had he not made his resolution to celebrate Bohemia in music, he might to-day be reckoned among the best German composers, or, he might, free from any pecuniary anxieties, have sunk himself in the slough of mediocrity.

The opening of the Czechic Interims theatre, November 18, 1862, was the first step in the foundation of native operatic art. No wonder that Smetana set great hope on this undertaking. But, in the artistic life, one advances slowly. There was, to be sure, a theatre, but the question was, also, concerning native art. Smetana finished in April, 1863, his first opera, "Braniboři Čechách" or "Die Brandenburger in Böhmen," but this work was not performed until January 5, 1866, so that a composer of twenty-two years, Karl Sebor, was more fortunate, since his opera, "Templer in Mähren," was performed in the Czechic theatre in 1865. The libretto of the first opera of Smetana was written by Karl Sabina. The text is not dramatic. It is improbable, ridiculous, and chivalric, a romantic, unhistorical story, and on such a libretto a work of art could not be built. The Bohemian operas, before Smetana, were in the old forms of the Italian, French, and German schools, and the public was slow to appreciate the value of the reforms instituted by Wagner. Smetana suffered the reproach of Wagnerism. As in purely orchestral compositions he displayed himself as a fervent follower of Liszt, so in opera his ideal was Wagner. And yet, he never made a secret of his artistic ideal. He preserved the just relations between music and art, the ever flowing melody in the orchestra, which should never interrupt, never disturb the dramatic sense, which should display a consistent physiognomy, the use of music to characterize rightly the dramatic events, the individualization through the *leit-motive;* but there was no deliberate imitation of Wagner's style, and the individuality of the composer was never subordinated to that of his master. Smetana knew the folly of such imitation, and expressed himself in these words: "As Wagner writes, we cannot compose," and therefore, in the frame of Wagner's reform, he sought to place his own national style, his musical individuality, which grew up intimately with his love of the soil, with the true life of the people, their songs, and their legends; and this very nationality made him not only great among his people, but great among modern composers.

The opera by which he is best known to-day in foreign countries, and the one by which he first gained popularity, is "Prodaná nevěsta" or "Die verkaufte Braut," the overture of which has been familiar for some years in American concert halls, although the opera itself unfortunately is not in the repertory of our opera houses. When they celebrated the 100th performance of this opera, May 5, 1882, Smetana said, "I did not compose 'Die verkaufte Braut' from any ambitious desire, but

rather out of scornful defiance, because they made the reproach to me after my first opera that I was a Wagnerite, and could do nothing in light and popular style." He composed it between January 5 and May 30, 1866, but Ottokar Hostinský recalls the fact that in the year 1865, Smetana had performed fragments from a comic operetta, and Teige goes still further, and says that the operetta was begun as far back as May, 1863. The libretto was written by Sabina, and Smetana composed only lyric parts, which were connected, twenty of them, by spoken dialogue. There were two acts, without change of scene, and in this form, "Die verkaufte Braut" was performed at the Interims theatre, May 30, 1866. Afterwards, when there was talk of a performance at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, Smetana added a male chorus, a song, and a ballet. The first act of the original was divided into two scenes, and soon afterward the first scene was closed with a polka, and the second introduced with a furiant, so that now the opera is divided into three acts. When the opera was talked of for performance at St. Petersburg, in 1870, Smetana changed the spoken dialogue into recitative, and in this form it was produced at St. Petersburg, in January, 1871, and is in this manner performed on the Bohemian stage to-day. This opera was a step in a new direction, for it united the richness of melody, as seen in Mozart's operas, with a new and modern comprehension of the purpose of operatic composition, the accuracy of characterization, the wish to be realistic. The opera was given for the first time before a German public at the International Music and Theatre Exhibition at Vienna, in the year 1892. As Hlaváč says (I use the translation of Josephine Upson Cady): "To be sure, those who understood the situation were not surprised when Director Schubert appeared in Vienna, in 1892, with his Bohemian theatre, and gave two works of Smetana, that the surprise of the audience was so great, and on all sides was heard, 'How is it possible that such genius was not recognized long ago!' For, as far as Austria is concerned, Smetana first became known in Vienna, June, 1892, where they had previously had no idea of the importance of his creations. . . . There is something in the 'Die verkaufte Braut' which satisfies everyone. The Wagnerian can find nothing to object to, the lover of melody is more than happy, and friends and partisans of healthy artistic realism applaud vociferously. Not that Smetana is to be looked up to as the long-sought, universal musical genius, who has accomplished the union and perfect reconciliation of all the different theories of music. Smetana, in his high understanding of art, clearly and rightly estimated all these theories, and appropriated them to his own use. This had no influence, however, on his inventive power; the effect was seen only in the expression of his thought; for he remained his own master in spite of all influences. This, all admit, even the speculator in coincidences and the hunter after imitations. The charm of Smetana to the outside world lies in the fact that while the national character remains the foundation of his thought, he knew how to clothe the national Bohemian music in modern and high forms, and at the same time remain truly original, always himself, always Smetana. And so 'Die verkaufte Braut' has become a national comic opera, which, in the outlining of a dramatic depiction of village life in Bohemia, is true in the action and music, without turning the realistic side of it into the realism of a 'Mala Vita' or 'Santa Lucia.' In this truly artistic moderation, Smetana shows that it is not necessary to depict common people as rude and unrefined, and although most of Smetana's operas are laid in villages, as is also 'Pagliacci,' he did not turn to the tragical, as Mascagni and Leoncavallo have done." The success of this opera led to the appointment of Smetana to the conducting of the opera. The result of his appointment was great honor, small wages (1200 florins), and many enviers and enemies.

"Dalibor," serious opera in three acts, libretto by Josef Wenzig, was first performed May 16, 1868, under the direction of the composer.

Compositions outside of the theatre were a male chorus, "Rolnícká" (1868); a cantata for mixed chorus, "Česká Píseň" (1868), and afterward with orchestral accompaniment (1878); a festival chorus for male voices (1870); festival overture in C major, composed in 1868, and first performed at the first performance of "Dalibor"; and the orchestral piece, "Libušin sond."

The opera "Libusa," in three acts, libretto by Wenzig, was finished in 1872. The overture appeared in 1875 and was played in concerts. The first performance of the opera was June 11, 1881.

I have mentioned Smetana's labors in the musical life at Prague, and his connection with various artists. In the year 1869, he was influential in the foundation of a dramatic school for the Bohemian theatre. In 1873 he was entrusted

with the directorship of the newly founded opera-school of the Bohemian theatre, and in the same year he shared with Slanský the conducting of the concerts of the Philharmonie. His weak constitution, and his extreme sensitiveness, affected by his industry, brought on an extremely nervous condition of body which led to the tragedy in his life. The story of his deafness was told by Smetana in a letter, written December 11, 1881, to J. Finch Thorne, in Tasmania, who had written him inquiring into his condition. He wrote that for seven years the deafness had been gradual; that after a catarrh of the throat which lasted many weeks, he noticed in his right ear a slight whistling, which was sporadic rather than chronic, and when he had recovered from his throat trouble, and was again well, the whistling was more and more intense, and of longer duration. Later, he heard continually buzzing, whistling in the highest tones (in the form of the A flat major chord of the sixth in a high position). The physician whom he consulted found out that the left ear was also sympathetically affected. Smetana was obliged to exercise his duties as a conductor with great care, and there were days when all voices and all octaves sounded false and confused. In October he lost entirely the hearing in the left ear,—October 20, 1874. The day before, an opera had given him such enjoyment that after he had returned to his home, he sat for an hour and improvised at the piano. The next morning he was stone deaf, and this lasted until his death. The cause was unknown, and all remedies were in vain. "The loud buzzing and roaring in the head," he wrote, "as though I were standing under a great waterfall, remains to-day, and continues day and night without any interruption, louder when my mind is employed actively, and weaker when I am in a calmer condition of mind. When I compose, the buzzing is noisier. I hear absolutely nothing, not even my own voice. Shrill tones, as the cry of a child or the barking of a dog, I hear very well, just as I do loud whistling, and yet, I cannot determine what the noise is, or where it comes from. Conversation with me is impossible. I hear my own piano playing only in fancy, not in reality. I cannot hear the playing of anybody else, not even the performance of a full orchestra in opera or in concert. I do not think that it is possible for me to improve. I have no pain in the ear, and the physicians agree that my disease is none of the familiar diseases of the ear, but something else, perhaps a paralysis of the nerves and the labyrinth. And so I am completely determined to endure my sad fate in a manly and calm way as long as I live."

The opera "Die Beiden Witwen" was composed in 1873–1874. The libretto is founded on a French comedy by Mallefilles. The first performance was March 27, 1874, under the direction of the composer. In 1877, the opera was revised and enlarged, and the dialogue was exchanged for recitative. The deafness of Smetana was so decided, that in the year 1874 he was obliged to give up his activity as a conductor. In 1875, his successor was the composer, Zdenko Fibich (1850–1890). In order to gain the means for consulting celebrated foreign specialists Smetana gave a concert April 4, 1875, and two symphonic poems, "Vyšehrad" and "Vltava" were then performed. The former had already been heard in January, 1875, at a concert of the Philharmonie. These pieces formed a part of his cycle of symphonic poems, bearing the general title of "Mein Vaterland" or "Má vlast," which was dedicated to the city of Prague. The first of these, "Vyšehrad," composed in 1874, bears the inscription on the score, "In a condition of ear-suffering." The bard is reminded of the sight of the fortress Vyšehrad, of the songs of the legendary singer, Lumír, and he sees the palace in its former glory, — the assemblage of knights, and he hears the triumphant song of warriors. And then he sees the decline of the ancient glory. There are wars and battles; the noble hall falls into ruin and decay; Vyšehrad stands deserted and forsaken, a picture of past glory. And yet, the echo of the lyre of Lumír is still heard among the ruins. The second, "Vltava," "The Moldau," composed in 1874, bears the inscription, "In complete deafness." The symphonic poem tells of two springs, which, gushing forth in the shade of the Bohemian forest, unite and form the Moldau. The river, a mighty stream, flows through thick woods. The sound of horns in the joyful chase is heard, and peasants dance their joyful dances in wedding festivities, and at night, when the moon shines, water-nymphs dance their dances on the silver water.

"Šárka," the third (1875), takes the name of a valley, north of Prague, which was named after one of the noblest mythical Bohemian amazons. The fourth, "Z českých luhů a hajů" (1875), ("From Bohemia's Fields and Groves"). Fifth, "Tabor" (1878), "The stronghold from which the

Taborites took their name." Their favorite warchoral is introduced. Sixth, "Blaník" (1879). Blaník is a mountain on which Hussite warriors are supposed to sleep until they shall be called to fight again for the liberty of their country.

In April, 1875, Smetana consulted various physicians in Würtzberg, Munich, Salzburg, Linz, Vienna, and, in hope of recovering somewhat his health, he moved to Jabkenitz, where his son-in-law lived, and in this remote but cheerful corner of the world he lived, devoted to his art and love for nature. Only occasionally he visited Prague. He could compose only three hours a day, as the exertion worked mightily on his body. He had the custom to have the tunes which he wrote sung aloud in his presence, so loudly, that the singer after an hour was thoroughly hoarse. In February, 1876, he again began to compose operas. Naturally the task was much more difficult than the writing of orchestral compositions, because he heard everything only in fancy, and it is wonderful how the sick man at this period could produce such full and beautiful melodies with all the finesse of *nuancirung*, both in voices and in orchestral instruments. Under these dreary conditions, he wrote "Der Kuss," libretto by Eliška Krásnohorská. He had already begun the composition of an opera "Viola," founded on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," but the text of "Der Kuss" interested him so much that he abandoned the work which was begun. The first performance of "Der Kuss" was November 7, 1876. The opera found its way immediately to all hearts, and was more quickly popular than even "Die verkaufte Braut."

Smetana, not a friend of absolute music, needed a determined poetic thought—a poem or a self-established and detailed program—to spur him to composition. In 1880 he wrote to Kopecky, concert-master in Hamburg, concerning his string quartet in E minor: "I wish the title, 'Aus meinem Leben,' to be printed on the program, for my quartet is not mere juggling with tones and themes, so that the composer can show his abilities. I wish to present to the hearer pictures of episodes in my life, and he will thus better understand each movement."

Two years before this, disturbed by the criticism of musicians in Prague, who claimed that the style of the work was a mistake and the technical difficulties insuperable, Smetana wrote to Josef Srb an explanation of his intentions in this quartet:

"I send you herewith the score of a string quartet which is in manuscript, and until now has never been out of my hands. I gladly leave the style to the judgment of another, and I shall not be offended if it does not please, because it is opposed to the style in which all preceding quartets have been composed. It was not my intention to make a quartet after a set receipt and in conventional form. As a youngster at school, I studied theory sufficiently, so that I know what style means, and I am master of it. I prefer to have circumstances determine form. And so I wrote this quartet in the form which it itself demanded.

"I wish to portray in tones my life:

"First movement: Love of music when I was young; predisposition toward romanticism; unspeakable longing for something inexpressible, and not even clearly defined; also a premonition of my future misfortune (deafness): The long drawn out tone E in the finale, just before the end, originates from this beginning; it is the harmful piping of the highest tone in my ear that in 1878 announced my deafness. I allow myself this little trick, because it is the indication of a fate so important to me.

"Second movement: Quasi Polka bears me with my recollection back to the joyance of my youth, when as a composer I overwhelmed the world with dance tunes and was known as a passionate dancer. The *mittelsatz*, meno vivo (D flat major), is the one which the players tell me is impossible. Purity of the chords is not to be attained; I remind you that in this movement I paint in tones my recollections of the aristocratic (!) circles in which I moved for many years. I indicate in smaller notes, più facile, an easier reading, in first violin, second violin and viola, and I pray you try both ways; and if you find that the first, the original manner, can be played without injury to purity of intonation, play it that way, for I prefer it. I think the difficulty of this movement is the real reason why musicians refuse to play it, and not the 'orchestral style,' to which they refer.

"Third movement: Largo sostenuto, recalls to me the blessedness of my first love for the maiden who afterward became my faithful wife.

"Fourth movement: The perception of the individuality of the national element in music: the joy over the success in this direction until the interruption of the terrible catastrophe; the beginning of deafness; a glance at the gloomy future; a slight ray of hope of betterment; painful impres-

sions aroused by the thought of my first artistic beginnings.

"This is practically the purpose of the quartet, which, so to speak, is written 'intimately,' and therefore for four instruments, which shall talk, as in a narrow circle of friends, about that which vexes me so inexpressibly. Further than this nothing."

In the last movement of this quartet the tone that Smetana heard is represented as high E. What he constantly heard, as he himself said, was the A-flat major chord of the sixth.

The period of Smetana's deafness might well be named his classic period, for within these years of discouragement and gloom were born his most happy inventions and his most genial works: his most elaborate work, the "Symphonic Cyclus"; his most original work, the string quartet; and his best opera, "Tajemství" or "Das Geheimnis," libretto by Eliška Krásnohorská. The story bears resemblance to that of Erckmann-Chatrian's play, "Les Rantzau." The first performance was September 18, 1878, in the new Bohemian theatre. The opera was not appreciated, and Wellek wrote in 1895, that it was not even then as popular as it deserved to be. Smetana himself, in 1879, complained of the audiences of Prague, in a letter written to a friend. "I have learned how slightly educated in a musical way our public is, in spite of all the music schools, concerts, operas, and theatres," and he complained as have so many other composers, full of ideals, that all the audience cared for was lyric melody.

Smetana celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in public, January 4, 1880, at Prague. His last symphonic poems of the "Cyclus" were then for the first time played, and he even played the piano in public. He was particularly anxious that the name of Chopin should appear on the programs of these concerts. "His compositions," he wrote, "brought me success in all concerts; and from the moment when I first knew and learned his piano pieces, I knew what my task should be in the future." In the year 1880, a prize of one thousand guldens was offered for the best serious opera by the society for the building of a Bohemian national theatre, and Smetana took it with his "Libusa." The dedication of the National Theatre was June 11, 1881. Smetana sat in the director's box. It was a festival occasion, but he heard not a single tone. The opera house was burned in September of the same year; the desire of the whole people to restore the building, the earnestness of even the poorest, was a conspicuous example of the willingness of Bohemians to sacrifice themselves to a national cause, so that the opera house was restored in an astonishingly short time. Everywhere in Prague, as well as in country towns, there were performances and concerts for the benefit of this cause, and so Smetana directed personally his prelude to "Libusa," his last appearance as a conductor. His last appearance before the public as a piano virtuoso was at the Jubilee concert in 1880. After that he still played among his friends of the "Umělecká Beseda," piano pieces, especially his latest polkas, and thus showed his still phenomenal memory. He also played October 4, 1881, his latest dance pieces in Pisek. He wrote vocal compositions: male chorus, "Lied auf dem Meere" (1877), three voice female choruses, "Mein Stern," "Sonnenuntergang," "Die Schwalben kamen geflogen"; also "Večerní písně," or "Evening Songs" (1878), and the male chorus, "Věno" and "Gebet." He also composed national dances for the piano, as well as the G major polka, "Venkovenka" (1879), and here also must be mentioned an andante for piano, and two duos for piano and violin. His last finished opera was "Čertová stěna," or "Die Teufelsmauer," which was performed October 29, 1882. The proceeds of the third performance of this opera were intended for the benefit of the composer, but the public was exceedingly cold, and did not honor the composer with any of its favors in the degree to which he had been accustomed. "I am then at last too old, and I ought not to write anything more, because nobody wishes to hear from me." This was for Smetana the hardest blow of all, for he had comforted himself in former misfortunes and conflicts with enemies by the indomitable confidence in his own mastery of art, but now doubt began to prick him. Nevertheless, he tried to compose a second string quartet, in D minor, but his strength was not equal to the task. He himself wrote: "I feel myself tired out, sleepy, and I fear that the quickness of musical thoughts has gone from me. It appears to me as though everything that I now see musically with the eyes of my spirit, and work at, is covered up by a sort of cloud of depression and gloom. I think that I am at the end of original work, and that soon poverty in thought will come, and, as a result, a long, long pause, in which my

talent will be completely dumb." The quartet was intended as a continuation of his musical autobiography, "Aus meinen Leben"; it was to be a portrayal of the buzzing and hissing of music in the ears of a man who had lost his hearing. He had begun this quartet in the summer of 1882, but he suffered with a severe cough, and with pains in the breast, and with short breath. In autumn the cough slackened. He remained some time in Prague with his true friend, J. S. Srb, and during this time he knew one of his happiest, and also one of his most sorrowful, days: the first performance of "Die Teufelsmauer," also the dreary benefit performance, the first complete performance, of the cycle of "Mein Vaterland," November 5, 1882. On the return from Prague, overstraining of his nerves brought on a disturbance of his mind. He experienced a pressure of blood on the brain in the middle of November, and he lost the ability to enunciate articulate sounds, to think, to recollect. Shivers, tremors, and chills ran through his body. He used to scream out continually the syllables *tě-tě-ně*, until he would stand for a long time with his mouth open without making a sound. He was unable to read. He forgot the names of people about him, and also of historical fame. The physician forbade him any mental employment which should last over a quarter of an hour. He was not allowed to read or play or write musical pieces, and he had to put aside his whole nature, for he was forbidden even to think in music. His true companion, humor, which had been his friend throughout his career, now left him; and strange ghosts and ghastly apparitions appeared to him, and played their pranks in his diseased, excited fancy. In March, 1883, he went to Prague and finished, in spite of the command of the physician, the string quartet composed during his nervous troubles. And he even dreamed of writing a cycle of national dances under the title, "Prague (or the Bohemian) Carnival." He wrote the beginning in the summer of 1883, the introduction, the pictures, the mob of masks, and the opening of the ball with a polonaise. His mental condition, however, did not allow him to finish this broadly conceived work, or the festival march for the dedication of the Bohemian National theatre. And yet, indefatigable as he always was, he turned from absolute music to opera, and he again thought of the opera "Viola." Fifteen pages of this manuscript are fully scored, and fifty pages include the voice parts with an accompaniment of string quartet, while the other orchestral parts remain unfilled. He was vexed by the shabby manner in which his opera "Libusa" was brought out in 1883, and he at last thought that the labor of his life was not appreciated by the men of his country, and that the debt which the nation owed him would never be paid. At any rate, it was either too early or too late for Smetana. He knew nothing of the festival with which the nation honored his sixtieth birthday, March 2, 1884. His nerves gave away in a frightful manner, and he was in utter darkness. His friend Srb put him, April 20, 1884, in an insane asylum near Prague, where, without ever again coming to his senses, he died the 12th of May.

[Founded on "Smetana," a biography by Bromislav Wellek (Prague, 1895); "Ein Vierteljahrundert Böhmischer Musik," by Emanuel Chvála (Prague, 1887); "Das Böhmische National-Theater in der ersten internationalen Musik- und Theater-Austellung zu Wien im Jahre 1892," by Fr. Ad. Šubert (Prague, 1882); "Zdenko Fibich," a biography by Carl Ludwig Richter (Prague, 1900); and articles by Friedrich Hlavác and J. J. Kral, published respectively in the Music Review and Music.]

PUCCINI.

THE REALISTIC ITALIAN OPERA

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I.

THE musical taste imposed by Italy on all the world since the beginning of our century is now being thoroughly transformed. In the meantime, Italian music has lost much of its influence, for, after it reached a certain degree of development, it seemed unwilling to follow the progress of culture and at the same time to preserve its original and essential character; that is, to fix itself firmly through the expression; and this about a century ago determined its own decadence, which resulted from the fascination exerted by German music.

It has been held that opera in Italy was influenced only slightly by Germany. I do not agree to this opinion. As a matter of fact, the monopoly in opera that Italy had possessed so long ended with Rossini. A long time before, however, German composers had influenced their Italian colleagues. But when we confine our attention to events which have occurred within the last thirty years, we can surely state that French operas were the ones to initiate the Italians into the new taste, i.e., the German taste. In Italy the herald of Wagner was Gounod, and afterward, through the Wagnerian vogue, German musical taste spread everywhere in Italy. This was naturally of benefit to the Italian composers in the matter of knowledge, in which they stood in need. But, since Wagner's art has been known in this country very superficially, it is not surprising that the young Italian operatic school affects in its works a mass of superficial characteristics derived alternately from French and German music.[1]

Verdi himself, whose works mock the envy of time, was unable to shun all this; he followed the evolution of opera, but freely and at will. He maintained the individual character of his vein in "Aïda," his last Italian opera, while the astounding freshness of his "Falstaff," and the consequent emancipation from absolute melody were the passport of his last manner. Had he gone a step further, contact with the composer of "Tannhäuser" would have been inevitable.

Now it was useless for the Italians to move forward in the path of the Verdian opera. Historical subjects are worn out, and operas in such a direction might have been soon shelved. But attempts made by Ponchielli, Marchetti, Catalani, Gomes, and Franchetti, were of advantage neither to art nor to the composers. The little, clumsy estimate of the public brought with it as consequence the torpidity of Italian opera.

In the meantime Gounod's "Faust" and the

[1] Something of a similar sort happens in the domain of instrumental music. There are works of musicians of distinguished talent written to-day in Italy, which are found wanting only in originality. These composers seek anxiously after the Germanic style. They consider themselves more cultivated, and their capacity strengthened, by the imitation of German composers. Strangely enough, they only fear to be dramatic in their natural style. I should say to them, "It does not harm you if you do exaggerate the effects, and even if you are dramatic." Mr. Philip Hale's words here hold good: "Some find fault with modern chamber music of the romantic school — as string quartets by Grieg, Borodin, Smetana, Novacek — because they are too dramatic, because the music is not 'within the frame of chamber music.' I do not see the justice of such reproaches. The real questions are: Does this music sound well? Is it effective? Has it a character, a decided mood? Is there originality, beauty, strength? Why are some so dissatisfied with the work of men of to-day, simply because these men write as the spirit moves them? Because Milton thought serenely in blank verse, or because Pope was master of versified see-saw, shall there be to-day no free and daring rhythms, no experiments in verbal color? Why should the moderns be compelled, under penalty of social ostracism and the censure of professors, to walk humbly in the footsteps of Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and the disciples in the matter of form that, by the way, are dead, although they think they are alive? If a man to-day has any thing to say, let him say it as it seems good to him; do not strangle him with the gag of formalism or tradition. If he has musical thought, let him first of all express it in his own way."

operas of Massenet, Wagner, Goldmark, and Bizet pleased the greater part of the audiences in the chief music centres of Italy, and it goes without saying that a taste for Wagner's music finally prevailed. The Italians began to learn, among other things, the fact that the Germans, who formerly

MME. DE NUOVINA AS SANTUZZA.

did not trust enough in themselves, had become the audacious in music.

But it was impossible to advance even in Wagner's path. Verdi, and the others, knew this, and composed in the stricter forms. Moreover, Wagner's style, and the deep romantic thought of German legend, are equivalent terms. To compose again this legend for Italian people would have been simply absurd, because it is unintelligible to them, just as it would have been vain to attempt to derive any benefit whatever from Italian legends. They would bore, like Greek and Roman subjects, the most peaceable audiences, and the mere thought of turning back to the played-out business of such opera stuffs of other times is absolutely out of the question. The public thirst for grand opera, founded on historical or legendary subjects, is quenched. Furthermore, Italy has no live national legend that is fitted for opera. Our poets of the romantic period go to the village novel and historical romance, or to misanthropic, philosophical contemplation of life. The reality of life remains as an advantageous field for opera, the life of man, whose acts, speech, sentiments, vices even, can move and thrill us, and the *Verismo* school, which goes back frankly into human life, owes its origin to such a status of things.

As a matter of fact, Bizet's "Carmen" was largely instrumental in promoting this reaction. I should say that this movement was suggested by it, since the successful apparition of "Carmen" in Italy was hailed by opera composers as a ray of hope.

The existence of a young Italian school in opera was first recognized by the critics of the country when Boito's "Mefistofele" appeared, and this composer was designated as its representative. But, as things have changed very much within the last twenty years, Boito has at present nothing to do with the ultra-modern composers of the *Verismo* school.

It is not to be denied that some good things are inherent in this reaction. The interest over exotic legend, however profoundly human it may be, — but it is surely a drawback to the free delivery of Italian music, and the fact is well known to our opera composers, — is about disappearing; it gives place to subjects which deal with real life close to us, with a natural action, and with a character that is vital, that we immediately understand and feel. For, to find, as Wagner did, the feeling of pure humanity only in the primitive man of legend, although true in part, is, on the whole, an extravagance.

Moreover, when you consider the technic of art, the fading away of many prejudices, and the emancipation from old and impotent forms, the new acquisitions full of life and excitement should be held as facts that herald new liberty for youthful fancies, and as advantageous to the appearance of new works.

II.

When a new form succeeds another as a substitute, it is generally on the ruins of the preceding one that the new form is built. On the ruins of historical opera, has arisen in Italy the opera of *Verismo*. The aim of the new school was not so much to rout thoroughly and change the preceding musical style, as it was to change the outer appearance of that style, working by the method of assimilation. This work was applied to the art which of late years had become fashionable; i.e.,

German and French music. This is not an arbitrary statement, for the fact is that the operas of Gounod, Bizet, and Wagner bore fruit, even to Italian composers, according to their peculiar intuition.

Taking for granted our present conception of the origin of the *Verismo* school in opera, we must exclude from this school Boito, Catalani, Smareglia, and Franchetti, yet we cannot wholly exclude them, for while they have had but little or no permanent influence on the realistic movement, they have contributed to it in one sense or another.

Boito, who was once ignorantly accused of extreme Wagnerian views, does not attempt to break decidedly the old idealistic mold of opera and the traditions of the Italian form. It was his aim to keep these good old traditions. Catalani, who sought anxiously for any fine Germanic bit, and lacked individual character, composed "Loreley" and the "La Wally." A musician abounding in distinction, he crowds his works with interesting details, and yet he is unable to attain the necessary sculptural and impressive tone. Smareglia, after he had composed indifferent operas, as "Preziosa," "Bianca da Cervia," "Re Nala," had the misfortune to find Illica's libretto, "Il Vassallo di Szigeth," in which a complete show of *Verismo* stuff is made in the crudest form of verse. This opera is an irritation to the nerves. You start continually at horrors of all descriptions, and are seized with the vertigo of crime. But here also, as in "Cornelius Schut," while there are Wagnerian and Verdian hints, there is no touch whatever of musical *Verismo*.

It was high time to put an end to this tedious business of strange tales of warriors, castles, helmets, swords, with which the music senators and the former school of young musicians had delighted us. And then came the man who should be regarded as the most complete representative of degeneration — Alberto Franchetti.

He began with a symphony, — the result of reproductive talent educated in Germany. "Asrael," the opera which followed immediately, was the most fantastic, metaphysical humbug that was ever seen on the stage. All is here of small value masquerading under the appearance of greatness. In this opera, Meyerbeer's trivial aims are combined with the most shameless imitations of Wagner, and are almost veiled by them. This is, forsooth, the result — what a sad bodement for the composer! — of a capacity to write music which has been cultivated and strengthened in Germany, a result that now seen at a distance of only ten years appears in the whole of its loathsome ridiculousness, as the rotten corpse of a gigantic ape.

But Franchetti's attempted revival of grand opera in five acts was still worse, as was shown by the performance of "Cristoforo Colombo," a task by no means above the composer's power, — the impotent fall of modern grand opera. "Fior d'Alpe" and "Il Signor di Pourceaugnac" were undiscussed and undisturbed failures. But, with the latter, a frowsy, indecent piece, a significant stride was made toward the *Verismo* stream.

Now while our composers tried to set to music legends — the Lord knows of what kind — antagonistic to their own nature, or the usual historical pieces, and imitated in more or less childish fashion the style of Wagner, the time came to start a reaction against the predilections of this romantic period, and to parody all this preaching of a new

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

doctrine, this proclamation of a different and more original law. This idea, we have seen, came to sudden ripeness, and as a reaction against Germanism in Italian opera, the new school was hailed enthusiastically.

It is exactly with our four young and successful composers, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini, and

Giordano, that the new *Verismo* school feels itself alive and flourishing, and the representatives of this school of psychology in opera, men of talent as they are, have seen their works come rapidly into vogue. Yea, they have seen the world go

RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO.

mad over them, and, as if that were not enough, they have seen their subjects and methods of composition made the gospel for a new generation of musicians the world over. Composers of good reputation, after having sworn in Wagner's name, swore in the name of Mascagni, and wrote their one-act operas; so that the new school may boast, in a word, of having revolutionized the operatic world.

But they will, perhaps, live long enough to see the final scene of this big comedy.

Mascagni and Leoncavallo are the very leaders of this reform, which began a decade ago. They called the public to them, and the public became enthusiastic over them. They claimed to satisfy season after season, the music markets, and, strangely enough, the exportation to Germany was said to be particularly successful, since even in that country the public was a-weary of legendary operas, fashioned after the Wagnerian model. And in fact, was there not in Germany a true delirium over Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"? Was not Mascagni the hero of more than one season at Berlin and Vienna? His triumph in the latter town during the exhibition of 1892 was truly incredible. The critics, even the most grave and conservative, poured out rivers of ink about his operas, which had been written and were to be written. The richest shops of the metropolis exhibited the *maestro's* likeness. The newspapers referred to him in their columns of topics of the day and sports, while Mascagni, draped in a long red robe, was speaking at dinners and cutting up all sorts of capers. I do not speak of his immense success at the opera house and in the concert hall. Ah, those were memorable days! The reproach of having lost the monopoly of opera was removed from Italy, and Italian opera was compared to a slave, who sees his chains fall from him.

And Leoncavallo? One might say that his reputation was really made in Germany and England.

Puccini and Giordano enjoy also a good reputation in foreign lands, but their operatic productions were talked of in quieter terms.

Around these composers a crowd of more or less talented imitators very soon arose. But among the tedious noise of that crowd only three names were heard with any frequency: Cilea, Spinelli, and Tasca, whose operas, however, are dead to-day in this country as well as in other lands.

The Sicilian novelist, Giovanni Verga, after the great success of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," sued the *maestro* and his publisher, in order to have his part in the good fortune of the opera. It is said that he was awarded 100,000

UMBERTO GIORDNO.

francs. Truly a righteous reward. Verga's moving drama accounts at least for half of the well deserved success of the opera. Mascagni was most fortunate in this respect. A return to real action and to characters of true flesh and blood was more

than necessary. As for the music, it was found to be melodious and sincere, full of freshness and south Italian passion, and extremely interesting in

G. PUCCINI. G. GIACOSA. L. ILLICA.

local color. This poor village, and these wild peasants, full of fire in love and hatred, appear still more interesting as all this came to pass after the worn-out business of heroes and heroines, symbols and gods. Mascagni's people appear as natural characters in a refreshing *milieu*. If the composer's music were not fire-new, it did not matter. The public found in it sincerity, tenderness, despair. Aiming at the representation of real action, the composer did not indulge much in ideality. Had he done so, the effect of the poor village, of the wild peasants, would have disappeared. The misfortune was that this one single case was raised to a system, a theory, a doctrine. Adultery, vengeance of blood, treason and crime, blasphemy of God, became the chief chapters of the new gospel of the *Verismo* school, for Mascagni's meteoric apparition was of intense light, and after a while, the whole world knew of the new wonder. The Erckmann-Chatrian village idyl, with characters exactly opposite, was the subject of his next opera, but with "L'Amico Fritz" began the boresome series of those harmonic eccentricities which, accentuated and covered with a mask of badly contrived *leit-motive*, without possibility of further development, as they appear still more frequently in the score of "I Rantzau," account for the coldness with which both operas were received.

"Guglielmo Ratcliff" was by no means a rehabilitation. The foolish romanticism of the subject, the unequal and hybrid style of the music, show us what a strange combination of opposite elements is possible when a musician at his wits' end attempts to write an opera. And "Ratcliff" is even now Mascagni's hobby horse.

It would be superfluous for me to repeat here what I have written on more than one occasion about "Ratcliff" and "Iris." I am sure I was not too bitter in my denunciation of these operas. "Iris" is the picture of eroticism, of the hopelessly degenerate who is passionate over a doll. I know that art has nothing to do with morality, but I nevertheless maintain that the subject of "Iris" disappoints, not so much as an incitement to lust, but on account of its stupidity. It is no special thing in this opera of Mascagni, or in those of any of the *Verismo* opera company, to introduce such affairs by the side of the *tema obbligato* of the dagger-affair. The main point is to shock at all cost, and therefore the crudity of scenic, verbal and musical effects is here pushed to affectation, and becomes the end itself, while *Verismo* is bravely made synonymous with symbolism; for in "Iris," the legend

ILLICA, THE LIBRETTIST.

is the most curious mixture of the supernatural with the natural, reality with symbolism, tragic style with operetta style. This granted, is not "Iris,"

instead of a *Verismo* drama, a childish fantaisie, a dull parody of an action, with puppets instead of characters, and sensuality in the place of events? Is not this unceasing modulatory rage a parody of music? Is it natural for the composer to weary himself in passages of the most remote chords, without any reason whatever, and is all this after all, realism, naturalism, or rather an effort?

Nay, this was too much for an Italian public, and as an exportation to foreign lands. In Italy the public protested against the attempt, and the exportation of "Guglielmo Ratcliff" and "Iris" failed.

Even in Italy, these operas written after "Cavalleria Rusticana" found no large and appreciative public. Mascagni, the lyrical representative of the *Verismo* school in opera, stands forth to-day in the front rank as an artist, and as a rebound from his most extravagant style, as it is to be found in "Iris," we now await from him an opera of the good old style of Mozartian simplicity, which will be called "Le Maschere." Barnum himself could not have had a more original idea.

MLLE. CHARLOTTE WYNS.
As Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," which rivaled "Cavalleria Rusticana," and enjoyed the same popularity, has proved to be the realistic work of a man imbued with the keenest romanticism, and with a musical talent that gravitates toward Germany. In this opera, comedy mingled with tragedy, the mask side by side with the reality, do not succeed in the realization of a veritable and sincere impression of art, and, on account of this struggle between two sentiments, the tragic feeling loses its force as much in the action as in the music. Here irony, jest, deep significance, and unbelief in the seriousness of his own work, threaten from time to time to set the composer's fancy out of the peculiar domain of music, where no fiction is possible. His phrasing lacks fluency and ease; it betrays routine rather than genius; the single phrase is forged rather than felt. "Chatterton" and "I Medici" are still better proofs of this statement, since these operas contain nothing that is not common, mean, and artificial in music. But I shall not speak further of these works which are mere unsuccessful attempts at historical opera. Neither the music of "Pagliacci," nor that of "La Bohème," although written in each case in the *Verismo* vein, has individuality of style and language. Features, as the dramatic triplet and altered chords, which are common even in the music of Mascagni and Puccini, or some hints at *leit-motive* intended to appear from time to time in their primitive figuration, are to be found here; but Leoncavallo has not original thoughts which grow out of his own imagination. He is able to affect us by the exhibition of all stages of passion, while he treads the beaten path; sometimes even waves of sentiment may well up; but he never creates a mood or furnishes a character with a theme. His phrase is now reminiscent of Verdi, and now, in the best instances, it reeks of Wagner. When a *commedia dell' arte* is at the same time a blood-drama, as is the case with "Pagliacci," and enters so well into the category of that familiar watchword, *Verismo*, finely made though it may be, even just because it is a revolting and boldly staged hypocrisy, the thing is fit only for winning renown, and the composer conquered the public by such means. Moreover, we had a right to expect better things of the musician, who had proved himself to be not without literary training, although to-day his literary ability may well be disputed.

Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" has suffered but little through comparison with Puccini's opera which bears the same name; for no composer without form and without individual ideas in this sublunary world has been able to arouse a bit of real life to art work, as Leoncavallo tried to do. That two composers have entertained to-day the same predilection for such trifles of ruffled and dissolute life is instructive; but a music which should identify itself with such stuff, and at the same time escape from falling into the lowest category, must have that sureness and that beauty which undergo any test whatever. Leoncavallo virtually intended to subject himself to this test; this cannot be said of Puccini. There is certainly in Leoncavallo's music a solidity of profile line which in Puccini's "La Bohème," feeble music and broken in form and thought, plays almost a secondary part. Leoncavallo's music, although written for the most part in the broken style which is now in fashion, is not so frittered into little bits as is that of Puccini. On the other hand, Puccini has lived more intensely in his subject. He portrays and feels with greater ease, and without such strenuous effort.

Puccini began with a fantastic opera, "Le Villi," in which he had few relations with naturalism and *Verismo*, and this may be said of "Edgar," his second opera. In "Manon Lescaut," he advanced far into the domain of realism, but in "Tosca," he has made a step backward, for we find in this opera more regard for musical thought and form. I fear the task was above his power. Certainly he does not reach his highest level here. Moreover, the cause of *Verismo* is not fitly served by useless lyrical themes, interspersed and set irrelevantly in the would-be free and rapid action of the play; for songs, ensemble pieces, and short orchestral descriptions too often stop the action, are but short-comings, and lead only to the desire of more music. As an organic work, with its *leit-motives* which are unable to grow to anything, the opera stutters, is wabbling and dull. But greater tragic character and force would have made of "Tosca" a work to stand by itself.

With these composers and their operas, the status of the *Verismo* school has been practically settled. After all, Catalani, Franchetti, and Puccini, stood somewhat aloof from this movement; only the latter was handicapped, as one school was handcapped by another, while others, as Giordano, Cilea, Tasca, and Spinelli, came very soon to convince us how rapidly Mascagni had formed a school. And even many mean composers seized the opportunity of becoming cheap opera writers in the same line. They were plowing a field over which the share had already passed, and for this reason they were soon pilloried by the public.

MLLE. MILANESI AS THE GEISHA IN "IRIS."

But, on the side of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, among the vast number of unknown and indifferent quantities that crowded around the leaders, two composers spoke for themselves for a season. I refer to Nicola Spinelli and Pierantonio Tasca, in whose operas we again meet with the *leit-motives* of murder and adultery. As soon as the public had tasted realism, it wanted more, and these exaggerations followed as the consequence. Starting from Bizet's "Carmen," we arrive at "Mala Vita" or "A Santa Lucia."

Spinelli's opera, "A Basso Porto," shows step by step its indebtedness to "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," with this difference: what in the latter operas was interesting and sympathetic, here becomes unbearable. Words and music are commonplaces, vulgar beyond description. One is obliged to summon all his energies in order not to be affected by this perversion of taste. The ferule

of the most malicious critic can rest in peace. Here is nothing to abuse. So, great as the self-denial may be for a critic to occupy himself with operas of this kind the result still remains dull and in bad taste. It is time lost, it is in vain. I share the views of Mr. W. J. Henderson, who, after the performance of this opera in New York, wrote in the Musical Record of March, 1900, as follows:

"The story is so repulsive, the personages so repellent, the motives so atrocious, and the whole atmosphere of the thing so foul with the smell of the scums and stews of life, that one is glad to escape to the outer air. . . . As to the music, I am free to say that it is far from being without a certain sort of rude vigor, but it has not the vital spark. There is not a measure of it which proclaims inspiration. There is not an idea which carries with it conviction. It is written in imitation of Maestro Puccini, who chances to be so far above

MME. HÉRICLÉA DARCLÉE.
As Iris in Mascagni's "Iris."

the composer of 'A Basso Porto' that the latter appreciates only his manner, and does not perceive the nature of his matter. The second act of the opera contains some melodious and tangible music, but that of the first act, for instance, contains nothing that one can lay hold of. The whole thing is like the earth before the creation, without form and void."

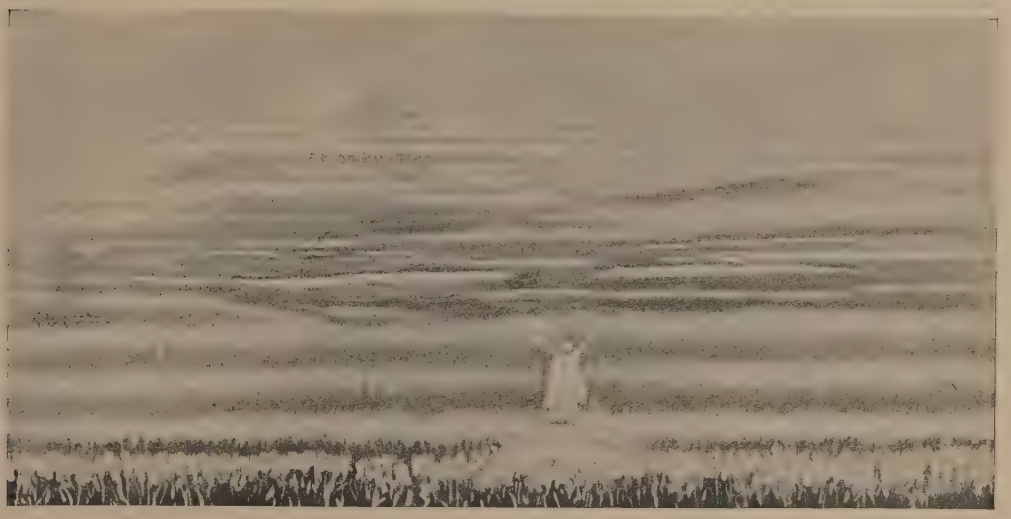
Also, Tasca's opera, "A Santa Lucia," a piece drawn from the Neapolitan popular scenes, by Alfredo Cognetti, is among the most shameless imitations of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Brutality in the orchestra and on the stage, is here the watchword, no matter what the result may be. It is a show of all the street incidents and passions; a mass of scenes observed and mixed up with would-be *leit-motive*, fit only for arousing the most confused, the vaguest action. It is a pity that a fine orchestral colorist like Tasca has occupied himself with such loose and muddy things. In this way, one may sacrifice to the extreme limit the dignity of his art, by winning the renown of a *Verismo* composer. Here also, "the lowest of the low," as Mr. Henderson would say, are set before us in the full nakedness of their degradation.

Of the last-named composers only Giordano, after the failure of his first opera, "Mala Vita," written under the influence of Mascagni's popularity, has succeeded, with "Andrea Chenier," a drama of crime and massacre, and "Fedora," drawn from Sardou's theatrical monstrosity. His early opera, "Regina Diaz," I do not know.

Giordano is an ultra-modern composer, in the best sense of the term, an orchestral colorist and a musical scenic painter. His temperament is exceptionally fitted for theatre-effects, and he handles the orchestra with dramatic vigor and much variety of color. Among the composers of the young school, he has proved himself to be without a rival as a master of the stage situation; he has the power of reproducing it rapidly and with intense effect. When he deals with purely sentimental or with sentimental-tragic scenes, when interest must arise from the frequency of incident, the lightsomeness and impressiveness of his music are remarkable. The duet between Fedora and Loris in the second act of "Fedora," and the scene of the Tribunal in "Andrea Chenier," not to mention other examples in his work, are two indisputable proofs. Nor is he afraid to introduce passages of antagonistic character. Jumps from tragic to operetta and dance style are not rare; his music is impassioned, or pretty and pleasant. He does not seek desperately for strange chords; he is not bitten by Mascagni's rage for modulation. From a melodic point of view, however, he leaves much to be desired. He borrows his ideas; his music lacks originality.

DON LORENZO PEROSI.

Upon the whole, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, as well as Puccini and Giordano, made their inroad into admiration and enthusiasm without preliminary puffery. To these operatic impressionists, another impressionist in another musical domain joined himself. Don Lorenzo Perosi, the former composer of masses and motets, to-day writes oratorios and sacred symphonic poems.



THE FIELD OF IRIS. SCENE IN "IRIS" BY MASCAGNI.

Soon after he had appeared at Venice as composer of the "Risurrezione di Lazero," which is still the most successful of his oratorios, Italy was said to have found its new Palestrina, its Bach. Here was something original, never suspected. The words of Christ began to echo in the golden walls of the theatre; Tortona, his birthplace, named a street in his honor, while the fortunate man was running from one Italian city to another, conducting his oratorios with mystical attitudes and hysterical abandon, giving a performance well worthy to be seen, in which he appeared as having little to learn, even from Signor Fregoli. By some he was compared to Verdi; by others, to Bach. Even serious musicians of Italy — since Perosi was the watchword everywhere — brought him their homage, etc., etc.; for to go over the circumstances, among which hyperbolical success was created, to repeat the ridiculous comments of critics and journals, would be only to offer an exhibition of not amusing stupidities.

It need not be added that exaggerations of this kind have proved most injurious to Perosi. However, thanks to the enterprise of archbishops and cardinals, and of an amateurish and ignorant criticism, a mighty reputation was forged, and a wonder sprang into light, when it would have been a righteous thing to have protested against such silliness. To cope with such organizations is believed to be a most exasperating task, and so nobody advertised in a practical way such great success and fame.

At all events, this enthusiasm was explicable in our country, Italy, where the oratorio, for which there was no longing, and for which there was no abiding place among the public, had been for many years an uncultivated form of art, and where the oratorios of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn are unknown. These circumstances were without effect in Germany, England, America, and in foreign musical lands in general. Perosi certainly showed ability in conquering public favor, but the clerical clique was of much help to him, and for some reason or other — political reasons not excluded — this clique did its best to swell the Perosi puffery; for the clerical *mise en scène* was without preceding example. It was a spectacle worthy of a menagerie or a circus show.

All this, however, was without enduring success. *Non bis in idem.* And to-day the Perosi craze is far on the way of its abatement; extravagant talk about him is no longer possible. After the well-

known reception of some of his works in Germany, England, and America, and the subsequent polemics, the craze may be considered near its very end,

M. LUBERT as Canio and MME. DE NUOVINA as Nedda in "Pagliacci."

and people in Italy, facing the bitter disillusion, are likely to learn what they should think about the Mascagni of the church.

After all, why this hurrah about Perosi? He, whose recreation in times past was to compose cathedral church hymns after the pattern of Protestant chorals, writes at present his vulgarly vaunted oratorios. This little abbé, born with theatrical, operatic talent, and not being permitted as a priest to write operas, in fault of religious feeling gives vent by way of compensation to the fullness of his sentimental and romantic exaltations. And look at the form of his compositions: a frequency of tedious recitatives with words that follow literally the text of the Bible; little melodies, properly beginnings without endings, without any severe dignity of line, alternate with more or less long instrumental pieces of lyrical character; a couple of modern church anthems, in a work drawn from the New Testament; plain-song harmonized tragically, and some attempts at operatic realism; ecclesiastical harmonies and realistic operatic style. The composer had undertaken to gain effect, and only effect; and, therefore, tired of masses and motets, he betook himself to this branch of art where he could exhibit at least a certain amount of affectation, a characteristic of his own temperament. In his oratorios, he has devoted himself, not to sacred, but to operatic music. He follows the lead of Wagner, and makes use of the *leit-motiv;* soon after, he delights in turning his back on him, and offers a badly made fugue on a subject that smells of too classic times. He has a fondness for instrumental phrases of much color, but his purely orchestral numbers are puerile, and betray no knowledge of modern orchestration. He has learned to compose pieces without ideas, fugues without developments, and that he might not be too badly off, orchestral intermezzos, written and orchestrated with the knowledge of a school-boy. His compositions, as a whole, appear as improvisations with youthful

M. LUBERT.
As Canio in "Pagliacci."

fire but with nothing original or well-made in the workmanship.

Perosi has undertaken the task of illustrating the life of our Saviour in twelve oratorios. If he should keep his word, he would be pardoned.

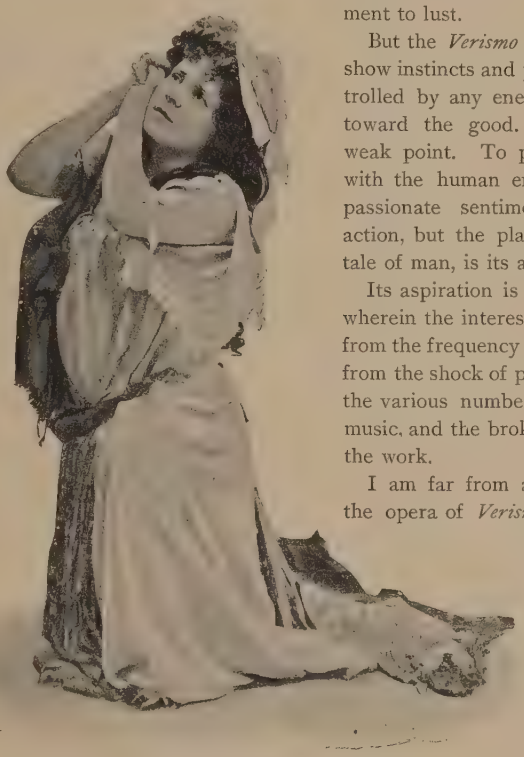
I was not slow to anticipate Perosi's failure in England and Germany, the lands of Bach's and Handel's oratorios.

III.

But to return to the *Verismo* school, its work and its mission. I have given these practical hints concerning the foundation of the young Italian opera school and its record. I now come to the conclusion of my article.

The *Verismo* in opera is to be considered as a consequence of naturalism in literature. What Lorenzo Stecchetti and D'Annunzio did of late years in Italian poetry, Mascagni and others did contemporaneously, or soon afterward, in opera. A new school was formed in Italy in music as well as in literature. Starting from the nakedness of reality, with its crude language, we have arrived at the symbol.

The aims of *Verismo* are the search after the real man and the description or imitation of the material incident through music. The first of these aims seems to be akin to Wagner's well-known principle. In fact, Wagner did search after the pure man, and the devices of pure humanity. But Wagner, in his musical works, represented this pure man, whom he artistically ennobled, as the primitive man of the eternal humanity in his changing form; Wagner comprehended him with the eye of the philosopher, and raised him to sublimity. The *Verismo* school searches after the real man in his most atrocious, perverse, repulsive form. A delicate comedy in *Verismo* opera, is till now unknown, at least one that has been successful. Wagner had before him humanity which he had profoundly observed; the *Verismo* school singles out types which are sometimes horrors of nature, individuals of the lowest order; and the vitiated man is preferred, in as much as he is the exponent of the extreme natural energies. Here is a sort of exaltation of bestiality in man. Brutal devices, sensual passions, in the first place, are considered as the features *par excellence* of the most human man of men. Hence, jealousy, wrath, vengeance, murder, suicide. The law of *Verismo* rests on this foundation: the sexual contrast between man and woman, eroticism, and hopelessly corrupt man; and in all this it finds its incitement to lust.



MME. DE NUOVINA AS NEDDA IN "PAGLIACCI."

But the *Verismo* school does not show instincts and passions as controlled by any energy and turned toward the good. Here is the weak point. To put us in touch with the human emotional life or passionate sentiment, not vague action, but the plain, unvarnished tale of man, is its aim.

Its aspiration is to obtain a plot wherein the interest is born rather from the frequency of incident than from the shock of passion. Hence, the various numbers of incidental music, and the broken character of the work.

I am far from asserting that in the opera of *Verismo*, music plays generally a quite secondary part, although it is true that the composer intends first of all to shock with his libretto. It is also true that the comedy prevails, and the dialogue sometimes, a bit of every-day gossip, has become more important than the lyric element. This may be little inspiring, but, however, this is immaterial. The real question is that of substance and form, which are both pretentious and flat; seen with impartial, artistic eyes, their source is not hard work, not genius, but dilettantism: a childish confusion of Wagner and Bizet, a sort of musical Philistinism.

You have a proof of all this in the foolish harmonization. Composers without literary training run the risk of using immediate modulations by skips and starts, without awaiting the changes of

expression in the text, on which modulations must be grounded in order to be effective. Hence, the jumping into far-off tonalities, nervous details, dissonant and atrocious chords without any good

MLLE. TIPHAINE.
As Musette in Puccini's "La Bohème."

reason, without originality, or sense of beauty and effect. This is not art. It is casuistry; it is copy. This seems to me the realization of ugliness for the sake of ugliness.

And to what extent is this music representative? A young Italian composer, showing me his opera score, pointed out a passage for the violins descriptive of the circles in the water caused by the body of an individual who had thrown himself into a pool. This is a good example. It is at the same time curious and characteristic. This is an image of the naked realism that has come into opera. The impression roused by the thing is despised, but the thing itself is the object of a would-be musical description. But it is a description by elemental music matter, sounds, not music, since the *Verismo* composer lays no stress upon the means by which the image is excited. He will not even have excited it, but he intends to portray the thing itself. Now portraying through music is simply absurd. This absurdity may be pardoned in Wagner on account of his substantial qualities. The realistic composer relies upon the scenic and verbal descriptions of incident, sometimes even with a great luxury of words, phrases, and hints of interpretation. Music, in his eyes, gains originality, force, and character, through the crudeness, the naked reality, *Verismo* of that description, with which, in the generality of cases, the indifference or ugliness of the music is to be matched.

But the *Verismo* school is false in both its principal aims. As a picture of real man, it does not face humanity, but only special categories of hopelessly corrupted men, eroticism, and crime. As a musical picture of incident it is absurd, because it is absurd to use an art beyond its natural limits. The picture of material phenomena is impossible in music, unless the music ceases to be music.

The apparition of Mascagni did not after all mean an evolution or a reform of opera, as was thought until some years ago. It has proved merely an incident in art, which, in different circumstances, would have passed unobserved. Mascagni, and the *Verismo* school, should rather be taken as a stopping, or a stepping backward in the evolution of opera. It happens ever thus. Art makes through a man of genius a gigantic stride, and when this man has disappeared, the surviving mediocrities remain without a guide and are at their wits' end. Then, as in the present instance, a period of decadence follows. This was observed in turn after the death of Monteverde, Gluck, and Wagner.

Le cas Wagner, and then *Le cas Mascagni*. One's cheeks flush. Surely I would not deny that after Wagner's legendary world, and his *blaue Blume* of vaporous mysticism, a bit of real life in opera does the public good. But every change in art should

be progressive. True art is constantly rising from level to level. The strides made by the composer of realistic opera are precisely in the opposite direction. No real acquisition has come into the operatic domain. The illusion of musical drama has been deprived of its force and its spell; its efficacy has been destroyed. The equilibrium between dramatic effects and musical values, so ingeniously established by Wagner, has been likewise destroyed. Indifference to form and correctness of style, and even frivolity and coquetry in music have been raised to real subjects of art, and boosted

SCENE IN LEONCAVALLO'S "LA BOHÈME," ACT IV.

M. SOULACROIX as Schaunard. M. LEPRESTRE as Marcel. M. GHASNE as Rodolphe.
MLLE. THÉVENET as Musette MLLE. FRANDAZ as Mimi.

into public favor. Opera, which had attained to an extraordinary unity of idea in the hands of Wagner, has gone back to the broken character of set numbers with *leit-motive* that are nonsensical, because there is no possibility of any further development of them in this operatic form. The musical elements in form and essence have been set forth with childish dilettantism, and the art of song is as though it had never existed. Now opera without style, form, and singing, is without sense. It is a chimera.

Therefore, the new school is reactionary, not innovating, and I deny that this stream of *Verismo*, however much it may be talked about, will ever fertilize the truly artistic life. *Verismo* is to modern grand art, what the rude beginnings of the *opera buffa* were to the Italian music drama of the 17th century. I repeat it: it is a stopping, if not a retrogression of true art. There were several such stops after Monteverde, Lully, Gluck, and Mozart; several such degenerate periods; mere incidents of history that have been forgotten in the course of essential events.

The *Verismo* school in opera is the back shop of art, where the amateurs meet to play at cards for money. It sends us back to dilettantism as the buffoonists had sent us back to the street *chansonettes*. In a conservative land, as Germany, it served well, at least, the turn of Bayreuth's foes, and was profitable to them. Their contentment was of little duration. And afterwards?

When I think over the events of this school, and

the operas of these people that talk so much about *Verismo*, the question always comes to my mind, whether opera, as a species of art, will decline and die for lack of subjects, seeing that all possible subjects are worn out, or by reason of the decomposition of its elements. I know that no young

HAUNARD (M. Fugère). MARCEL (M. Bouvet). RODOLPHE (M. Maréchal). COLLINE (M. Isnardon).
IN PUCCINI'S "LA BOHÈME."

man of the *Verismo* clique will listen to this or believe it. The most repulsive subject is at his convenience, and to him speaking or singing on the lyric stage is quite the same. But take for instance Giordano's "Fedora"; the "La Bohème" of either Leoncavallo or Puccini; "Tosca" and "Iris"; and mark that in all this realism of language and music, which are combined with extraordinary skill, we miss what is most necessary and what we like best in opera, that is, singing. It is a curious struggle between two sentiments, that of realism, which is against music, and that of the

purpose of being musically interesting. Here indeed is the problem presented to the members of the *Verismo* school. From their point of view, accepting them as they are, we should come to this fair conclusion. We should like to have the characters in opera speak rather than sing, since music, and particularly singing, works here to no advantage. And even when we take for granted that these composers have not the same ideal of opera as had their forerunners, their music will not fall away as consequence, and to run toward complete realism, that is, perfection of art, is as it were to abolish all music.[1] For them, the most common recitative is the basis of singing, and frankly, what

GIONOLIAS as the Sacristan. SAMMARCO as Baron Scarpia. RAGNI as Spoletta.

IN "LA TOSCA," ACT I.

has music to do with such modern plays and bourgeois subjects as those that are proclaimed as preferable, if not essential, by the ultra modern composers? And they do not even mind whether such and such an action be suitable or not for music. Their only care is that the subject be shocking, modern, *risqué*, frowsy, piquant. They look with anxious eyes over the theatre repertory. They watch intently the playwrights. To use a curious thought of Wagner, "They do as the starling which is intent on following the plow in the field in order to pick up the earthworms which are among the clods."

The aspirations of the *Verismo* school are only to make a prodigious effect on the public, and the people, deceived by the immediate effect of these works, have overestimated the worth of them. As soon as the public taste has changed, the works will cease to be. People were also deceived by the incredible success of quacks, who knew how to turn the would-be new art to good account, since its heroes profited by the present hard circumstance of opera to settle things at their own convenience. They turned impressionistic art into Barnumism. Their own thought was not musical *Verismo*, nor did they have any idea whatever; their sole thought

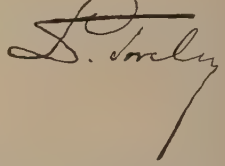
[1] Yea, they claim that had Wagner written more operas, he would have suppressed singing or speaking on the stage. His operas would have been only in pantomime, with the music drama in the orchestra. *Risum teneatis*

was to please the public, and therefore to trim their sails for every wind.[1]

I do not believe that this school has any reasonable claim upon long life. On the contrary, these operas will probably be forgotten within a short space of time. Mascagni has been exhausted since "L'Amico Fritz," as Leoncavallo since "Pagliacci." Puccini's operas were a crescendo until "La Bohème"; in "Tosca" his powers were weakened. Giordano, though a talented composer, was unable to conquer for any length of time the favor of the great public with his "Andrea Chenier" and "Fedora." I feel sure that in the future composers will take warning by these melancholy examples.

The trouble with all these composers of the *Verismo* school is that their operas are unmusical. Hybridism and dilettantism have given rise in Italy to the operas of our young musicians, and these operas are agreeable to us solely on account of our present poverty. But these characteristics in art have never realized anything good and durable. The most evil destiny awaiting this school will be the outliving of itself. These composers may remain in public favor until people, a-weary of them, will look for a new comer. If a true musical genius is to come, the *Verismo* operas will soon disappear as musical humbugs, and true psychologic opera, purified of the morbid elements of to-day, will take its place. They that have followed the course of events in musical history will see these anticipations justified.

A reactionary work is very much needed. Then the artistic sense will prevail; art will be put in a new direction by true genius, which, like the historical germ, cannot fail to bear fruit later. As there has already been a reaction against this realism in literature, there will be a reaction against the *Verismo* in opera, which is intoxication and nothing else.



[1] I have shown in an article published in the Rivista Musicale Italiana that no one of the incidental features or hints at musical *Verismo* in Mascagni's "Iris" is to be taken seriously. No musical description of sentiment in this opera is impressive, realistic, true. To gain the advantage of applied impressionistic principles to the lyric stage (I do not refer to empty fifths), we miss too many important things.

[Don Lorenzo Perosi was born at Tortona in Piedmont, December 20, 1872. His father was the chapel-master of the cathedral in that village. An excellent organist, and a musician of attainments, he discerned the musical gifts of his child, and he undertook to develop them properly. At the age of six, Lorenzo took his first piano lessons, and he was early drawn to the classical composers. His favorites were Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. When he was ten years old, he began to study the organ, and he was soon able to play the most difficult works of all epochs on that instrument. He delighted in the study of Palestrina, Vittoria Carissimi, Händel, and other ancient worthies, and when he was only twelve years of age, his improvisations were the admiration of all who heard them. In June, 1888, he passed his examinations at the Musical Lyceum in Rome, and began afterward studying under Saladino of the Milan Conservatory. Not content with this, he entered in 1893, a school for church music at Ratisbon, and he would have been appointed there to the professorship of the organ, if the Bishop of Imola had not entrusted him with the foundation of a Schola Cantorum in that town. In less than a year his new choir was able to give a performance of the "Missa Papae Marcelli." It was at Imola that Perosi began the study of theology and made up his mind to take the orders. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed chapel-master of Saint Mark in Venice, and he was ordained a priest. He has composed much music: no less than twenty-five masses; a "Te Deum"; a great number of hymns, psalms, motets, preludes, etc., as well as chamber music. His sudden fame and enormous popularity in Italy were derived chiefly from his oratorios: a sacred trilogy "La Passione di Cristo" (I. La Cena del Signore; II. L'orazione al monte; III. La morte del Redentore), the first part of which was performed in Venice at the beginning of August, 1897, while it was produced as a whole in December of the same year, at the Chiesa delle Grazie in Milan. This was followed by the "La Transfigurazione del Nostro Signore Gesù Cristo," Venice, March 20, 1898; "La Risurrezione di Lazaro," Venice, Theatre la Fenice, July 26, 1898; "La Risurrezione di Gesù Cristo," Rome, December, 1898; "Il Natale el Redentore," Como, September 12, 1899; "L'Entrata di Cristo in Gerusalemme," Milan, April 25, 1900; "La Strage degl' Innocenti," Milan, May 18, 1900. Toward the end of 1898 Pope Leo XIII. appointed him honorary maestro of the Papal Choir. In the spring of 1900 a church at Milan was converted into the "*Salone Perosi*" for the performance of his works. That Perosi does not work solely for art and the glory of God is shown by the fact that he asked for a performance of one of his oratorios at Modena, $300 for himself, $400 for the music, $430 for the orchestra, $280 for the chorus, and $600 for the solo singers.

Giacomo Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème," is of a long line of musicians. His great great grandfather, Giacomo, chapel-master of the republic of Lucca, wrote music for the organ and the church. His great grandfather, Antonio, composer and theorist, followed in Giacomo's steps, and was also a member of the celebrated Bologna Academy. His grandfather, Domenico, wrote operas as well as sacred music, and he was also chapel-master of the republic of Lucca. His father, Michele, was renowned throughout northern Italy as a scientific musician. The composer of "La Bohème" and "Tosca," second of his name, and fifth musician in his line, was born at Lucca, in 1858. He is one of six children, the genius of the family, although all were so devoted to music that one who knew them well in their early days, has described their house as a gigantic music box. He began to study at an early age. After the death of his father, a great uncle looked after him, and a pension from the queen of Italy gave the lad enough money to pursue his studies at the Milan Conservatory. There, his master, Ponchielli, was as a father to him. Puccini left the school in 1883. It is the custom to give a performance of the work of the most successful of the pupils at the close of the course. Puccini's "Sinfonia Capriccio," for orchestra, was more than ordinarily successful. He went to work immediately on his first opera, "Le Villi," which, although in its first form, one act, obtained only a second prize in the Sonzogno competition, was received at the Dal Verme Theatre, Milan, with such favor, in 1884, that extended to two acts, it was produced triumphantly at La Scala, January 24, 1885. His second opera, "Edgar," in four acts, was produced at La Scala, April 21, 1889, and was less successful. "Manon Lescaut" (Turin, February 1, 1893) made a sensation. "La Bohème" was first produced at Turin, February 1, 1896. (An opera with the same title, by Leoncavallo, was produced at Venice, May 6, 1897.) "La Tosca," book founded on Sardou's play, by Giacosa and Illica, was produced at the Costanzi, Rome, January 14, 1900. Puccini lives in summer at Torre del Lago. Athletic, he is a mighty hunter before the Lord. He is fond of good cheer, and good company. Ed.]

Modern
Russian Composers

MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

By PHILIP HALE

TO understand fully the tendencies of Neo-Russian music, and above all to sympathize with the spirit in which this music is written, the incredible history of Holy Russia, the history of its rulers and people — the mad caprices and horrid deeds of the Romanoffs, who, in centuries gone by, surpassed in restless melancholy and atrocity the insane Cæsars, and were more to be pitied, as well as detested, than Tiberius or Nero — the nature of the landscape, the waste of steppes, the dreariness of winter, and the loneliness of summer — the barbaric extravagance of aristocratic life — the red tape, extortion, and cruelty of officers — the sublime patience of the common people — the devotion of the enduring, starving multitude to the Tsar — all this should be as familiar as a twice-told tale. There should also be a knowledge of the Russian literature, from the poems inspired by Byron to the epileptic novels of Dostoyevsky; from the passion of Pushkin and the irony of Gogol, to Turgenieff's tales of life among the serfs, and the novels of Tolstoï, in which mysticism and realism are strangely blended. Inasmuch as Neo-Russian music is founded upon the folk-songs of that country, one should know first of all the conditions that made such songs possible, and one should breathe the atmosphere in which musicians who have used such songs have worked.

The earliest Russian music, of which we know anything definitely, was the plain-song of the Russian church. The Greeks and the Bulgarians were the masters of this song. Saint Vladimir called instructors from Constantinople; singers came from Transdanubian Bulgaria; male sopranos were used as early as the thirteenth century. Wars devastated churches; music was forgotten, and not until 1656 did the patriarch of Constantinople send an archdeacon to Russia to teach the true song. Peter the Great, traveling, was struck by the beauty of Italian melody, and one of his bishops, educated in Italy, brought Italian methods and musical character into the churches. Not until Bortniansky, who died in 1825, wrote with Russian spirit and Italian schooling, was the church music anything but an aping of degenerate Italian church-song.

And, side by side with plain-song, perhaps even older, perhaps mightily influenced by it, lived folk-song, the song of the people, which, of course, affected by constant changes, is now more or less traditional, although the leading characteristics are individual and indisputable.

Inasmuch as the modern Russian music is founded deliberately, almost perversely, on folk-song, it is worth while to examine this interesting field of music, although dogmatic conclusions should not be drawn from premises that are not surely sound.

The first songs of the Pagan period, preserved among Slavonic races, date from the fourth century, and they are verses which were chanted over the tombs of warriors whose brave deeds were recounted, whose shades were invoked. The improviser, heated by draughts of hydromel, soared in fictitious flights and turned fact into legend. Thus the period of epic chant arose. Ignorant of natural laws, the ancient Slavs attributed all the atmospheric changes to the influence of departed heroes. Thus we have, for instance, the ballad of Sviatagor, the father of the elements. He is the personification of the grandeur of united Slavonic races. He can be conquered only when he descends to earth. Mounting a white horse with fiery nostrils, he mocks at fate and plunges earthward through the clouds. He traverses all countries. Suddenly he sees a sack rolling on the ground, and he would fain take hold of it. To gain a firm hold, he steps upon the ground, which, unable to support his weight, gives away, and engulfs him.

With the introduction of Christianity, new ideas and new beliefs affected the folk-song, although to this day Pagan rites are observed in Russia — as on Christmas Eve, which corresponds to the festival in honor of the god Koliada — when boys and beggars sing under the windows of the rich, and implore the help of the ancient deity.

Songs of domestic life and work were sung only in the season to which they were appropriate. In the spring, a big doll, representing the season, was consecrated to Janus, of whom they asked a fruitful harvest. After the proper ceremonies, the doll was burned, and for no consideration were the songs sung before another spring.

These ancient songs were bent beneath several yokes, but they have been preserved in the distant provinces. They are the image of the life of the people from its birth until modern days.

They may be divided into songs of occasion or accident, and songs of ceremony. The most interesting are the songs of marriage, which show the position of woman. Free as girl, she is a slave as wife. In the house of her husband she is subject to the mother-in-law, who is despotic, for she remembers the sufferings endured by her as a young wife. The youths and maidens have not the choice of heart. They must obey the wishes of the parents.

There are the songs and dances of the farm, of the toil, of the melancholy evenings in winter, when the girls spin by the light of a torch fixed to a tripod. Here is a peasant's cradle-song: "Sleep, sleep, son of the peasant. Formerly the old ones did not know poverty, which has come and brought poverty with it; poverty, with rude, cruel blows. Sleep, my little one, sleep, son of the peasant. We conquer poverty by labor, painful, everlasting, wretched, backbreaking work on the land of another. Your white body is in the cradle. Your soul flies toward Heaven. God guard your sweet sleep. Angels of light watch by you, yes, may angels watch."

There are the songs of village festivals, of professional beggars, of girls and women enamored, who seek the aid of witchcraft. There are songs of laughter, the coarse guffawing laughter. There are the songs of childhood, and to these children air and woods and streams are peopled with supernatural beings; songs sung in the nursery, where beds, a table, two or three chairs, and playthings are the furniture, but in the corner is a golden image, before which burns day and night a little lamp. There are the songs of brigands, who robbed travelers and merchants on the Volga. There are the songs of the wretched outcasts, who support life by towing against the stream enormous barges loaded with wheat; their legs are knee-deep in the burning sand; their naked heads are blistered by the sun; huge straps pass over their shoulders; to keep in step they sing their song, "*Ei, oukhnem.*" This song has been sung all over the world, and delicate women, and genteel men, fond of melody, have applauded the haunting strain, and found it "characteristic." 'Tis a cry of suffering, wrenched from the soul, with words written in tears.

There are the songs of war, both epic and historical. The Russian soldier sings, even in the desperate charge; witness Souvaroff and his men before the Turkish fortress.

The Slavs are especially musical. Their folk-songs are extremely numerous, beautiful, and diversified. And what are the musical characteristics of these songs?

Not the minor mode, because the folk-songs of other countries are often in that mode. The first characteristic is a liberty of rhythm that is capricious. The musical phrases are not only often composed of an unequal number of measures, but even in the same song the rhythm of the measures can change several times, as from $\frac{5}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$. There are measures in seven as well as in five, and yet the musical phrase does not appear unnatural, for it fits exactly the text; the accentuation is perfect. These people had from the beginning found it necessary to subordinate the music to the demands of the verse, and César Cui declares that this is an indication of a real superiority in artistic intensity. Banality and monotony, which result from the prolonged employment of uniform and regular accented rhythm, are thus avoided.

Another characteristic is that very often the theme is not built on the European scale, but on the ancient Greek modes. Thus, we find the Lydian, our scale of F-major without the B-flat, and the Dorian, our scale of D, without the sharps, common in popular songs. Now, as in Greek music, the position of the semi-tones varied with each mode, while it is fixed in our scale, there is more diversity in the Russian melodies. Again, it is hard to find a true Russian melody that can be harmonized throughout either in the major or in the minor. It passes from one to the other even when the air is short, and it passes in

unexpected fashion. Or the harmony remains constant throughout the whole of a song, which results in vague sadness, and a monotony that is not displeasing. Again, the Russian folk-song is of small compass, for it rarely goes beyond the interval of a sixth, and the older the song the smaller the compass. The theme is always short. These songs are sung by a solo voice, or in chorus. In the latter case, one voice begins and the chorus repeats. The harmonies are traditional; chords are not always complete; ordinarily the close is in unison. Songs for one voice are accompanied frequently by a little instrument called the balalaika, a species of guitar with a triangular body and three catgut strings which are plucked. The choral songs are rarely accompanied. When they are, it is by a kind of oboe which embroiders rude and picturesque contrapuntal figures. Rich and original in themes, these songs are distinguished by virile energy, unrestrained dash, majestic dignity, or unreflecting gaiety, and many of them by a profound melancholy which tells of suffering that craves an outlet, of passive submission to cruel fate. The indescribable melancholy of the Russian folk-song is in the eyes of the Russian peasant woman.

Already these songs have begun to disappear from the great towns, on account of the introduction of what is known as musical civilization. Tunes from Italian operas and French operettas, or homely sentimental ditties from Germany, have taken their place. But it is from the folk-song that the modern Russian composers have derived their inspiration; they absorbed this music that they might give it out again in their vocal and instrumental works.

Aristocratic Russia has long been in the habit of importing its amusements. Catherine I., extravagantly fond of dancing, borrowed from Paris Mlle. Juliette, a ballet dancer, just as Catherine II. borrowed the philosopher Diderot. There was a Russian ballet, "Baba Yaga," a comedy with songs and dances, before there was a Russian opera. The first theatre opened to the public was in the reign of Elisabeth, and the first singers and orchestra imported, were under the manager, Locatelli, not the violinist of that name. The history of the ballet is associated closely with that of the opera in all countries: and the story of the ballet in Russia is one of incredible extravagance, scandal, and crime, and therefore of genuine interest. I refer the reader to Pierre d'Alheim's singular book "Sur les Pointes" (Paris, 1897).

The first opera in Russia was in 1735, and the company was Italian. The first opera with Russian libretto and sung by Russian singers dealt with a Grecian mythological subject, and the music was by an Italian. Catherine II. longed for national opera; she wrote the librettos of five; and in the middle of the eighteenth century Russians did write operas. They were without flavor or beauty; they were in weak Italian style, and not one remained long in the repertory.

In a preceding volume of "Famous Composers," Mr. Finck has discussed the early history of Russian opera, and written of some of the founders of the Russian school. As I propose to confine myself here to the radical Russians, whose works have become really known to us in the last ten years, I refer the reader to his interesting article.

The men who met and talked together were nearly all in comfortable circumstances; they were well educated and of distinction outside of their music. Their pecuniary means allowed them to write at ease without distracting thought of daily bread.

A circle of intellectual men began to establish theories which they should follow in their work. They agreed first of all that orchestral music as written by Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt, and Berlioz had gone as far as possible. The string foundation of Haydn could no longer be a law to them: Beethoven had introduced vocal solos and a chorus into his ninth symphony; Schumann had added to his "Rhenish" symphony a fifth movement; Liszt, in his symphonic poems, had connected separate episodes into a general ensemble and had firmly established program music; Berlioz painted in orchestral colors, and had also introduced vocal music into his symphonies, or had given an important part to the solo instrument, as to the viola in "Childe Harold." It was impossible to go further in these directions. It was different with opera. Dramatic music was still in a transitory state. Its style was not irrevocably determined. Composers like Mozart, Rossini, and even more modern men, had sacrificed dramatic truth to the demands of singers, the spoiled children of the unthinking. An opera was too often merely a long-winded concert with scenery and more or less action. There had been attempts at improvement by Weber, Meyerbeer, Glinka and Dargomizsky; there was Wagner, a radical re-

former, but Russians did not, and they do not to-day, believe in his theories or in his modes of expression, although they have studied his technic. Russia is the one country where Wagner has not influenced perceptibly composers of indisputable talent.

I have said that the radicals of the modern school believed that everything possible had been achieved in the direction of symphony or symphonic poem, and yet we find that by their works in this direction they are to-day most widely known, for, with exceedingly few exceptions, Russian opera has not crossed the frontier.

A symphony may be absolute music, as Beethoven's third or fifth or seventh; it may be suggestive of a given subject, as Beethoven's pastoral; or, it may be what is known as program music, in a lesser degree, as Raff's "Lenore" or "Im Walde," or in a greater degree, as Berlioz's "Episode in the Life of an Artist," or Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar." In the absolute symphony, there are no ideas but musical ideas. The hearer may imagine and feel what he pleases. The most illustrious worker of late years in this field was Brahms. Tschaikowsky entitled his sixth and last symphony "The Pathetic," but he left it to the hearer to find out his own story and his own explanation.

Now the chiefs of the Neo-Russian school have written symphonies of both absolute and program music: Balakireff, whose symphonic poem, "Tamara," portrays a fierce and wanton queen, who invites the traveler passing by her tower to tarry and sup; in the morning the waters of the Terek bear a corpse to the Caspian Sea,—a Russian version of the story of Margaret of Burgundy and the Tower of Nesle. He has also written a symphonic poem entitled "Russia," in which he attempts to represent by three successive folk themes, the whole history of Russia: "Paganism, Cossack democracy, Modern Russia." (As H. Barbadette asked, when the work was played in Paris, February 11, 1900, "Why not the geography of the country, its agriculture, finances, flora and fauna?")

The greatest master of absolute music of the elder group of the Neo-Russian school undoubtedly was Borodin, whose biography written in French by Alfred Habets (Paris, 1893) appeared two years later in English.

Alexander Porphyriewitch Borodin was born at St. Petersburg, November 12, 1834. He died February 27, 1887. On his father's side he came from the Imérétinsky princes, who formerly ruled one of the most beautiful of the ancient kingdoms of the Caucasus, boasted of their descent from King David, and claimed, therefore, the right to add the harp and the sling to their armorial bearings. While no one perhaps claims that the gift of music descended directly from the king of Israel to Borodin, it may, nevertheless, be allowed that his oriental ancestry shaped in a large measure his musical feeling and expression. His father was sixty-two years old and his mother was twenty-five when he was born; it is, therefore, not surprising that his health was delicate. At the age of twelve years, he was divided between love of science and love of music. As a child, he took part in four-hand performances of the music of Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and he studied the 'cello and flute. His first piece, a Concerto for flute and piano, was written in 1847, when he was thirteen years old, and his next piece, a trio for two violins and a 'cello, on a theme from "Robert le Diable," was written directly in parts, and not in score. There were political troubles at the University of St. Petersburg at that epoch, and so his mother put him into the Academy of Medicine and Surgery, to which he was admitted in 1850. Borodin studied zealously, and passed brilliant examinations, and he pursued with special interest chemistry under the direction of Professor Zinine. All this time he cultivated music with eagerness, and often, as a young man, he would play the 'cello from seven o'clock at night till seven o'clock in the morning. He was a great admirer of German music, and, according to his own expression, was thoroughly saturated with Mendelssohnism. His friends were German students, because he followed the wish of his mother, who feared the morals of his Russian colleagues. Nevertheless, the influence of national music had already made itself felt in his soul, and he espoused the cause of the critic Seroff, when the latter defended Glinka against all the German composers. He wrote romances, but he kept them to himself, for he realized full well that professional musicians are suspicious of amateur music, and furthermore, he feared that his professor in chemistry would regard him as frivolous. While he was at the Academy, he wrote a three-voice fugue, such as are made in Germany, and also a scherzo in B minor for the piano, which is distinctly Russian in character. In 1856, Borodin was admitted as physician of the Second Hospital of the Territorial

Army. Offended by the cruelty shown the serfs by some of their officers, he turned gladly again toward music, and in this year he met Moussorgsky, who, at the age of seventeen, was an army officer, a dashing young blade, with aristocratic feet and hands, carefully combed hair, correct nails, who liked to quote French and play selections from Italian opera. When he next saw him, in 1859, Moussorgsky had quitted the military service for the sake of making music his profession. At that time Schumann was unknown to Borodin. Moussorgsky talked to him with enthusiasm about Schumann's symphonies, played pieces of the same composer to him, and awakened in him the desire to write music of his own, — music that should be personal, and at the same time national. In 1862, Borodin became acquainted with Balakireff, the father, counsellor, friend of the Neo-Russian School. Balakireff, although he was two years younger, became the real and sole teacher of Borodin. He taught him harmony according to the method of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and he explained to him musical form and technical construction of various German works. Up to this time Borodin had considered himself as an amateur, but in 1862 he began to compose with fervor a symphony, and to take music seriously.

In 1858 Borodin traveled to complete his scientific studies. He was gone three years, and spent the greater part of the time at Heidelberg, in laboratory work. He visited Italy, and he was for a very short time at Paris. During this period he wrote a sextet in D major for strings without double bass, in Mendelssohnian style, for the purpose, as he said, of pleasing the Germans. This was played at Heidelberg in 1860. He returned to St. Petersburg in 1862, and was named assistant teacher of chemistry at the Academy, where he had studied. Nor did he cease to teach up to the day of his death. He instructed chiefly in organic chemistry, and he had charge of the laboratory. He made many experiments, and wrote many articles on chemistry. These articles were published in the special magazines of Russia and other countries. Among the most celebrated of his pamphlets are, "Recherches sur le fluorure de benzol" (1862), and a work on "Solidification des aldéhydes." During his latter years he was especially interested in experiments for physiological and medical use, on the transformation of nitrogen bodies, and he invented a nitrometer for the volumetric determination of nitrogen in organic compounds. He was named professor of chemistry in the Academy of Forestry in 1863. He was one of the most ardent advocates of the admission of women to higher education, and he was one of the three founders of a medical school for women in St. Petersburg. A silver crown on his coffin bore this inscription: "To the founder, the protector,

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and the defender of the School of Medicine for Women; to the guide and the friend of the student: the female graduates from 1872 to 1887."

The symphony in E flat major which he began in 1862 was not finished until 1867, and during this period his talent underwent a complete transformation under the influence of Balakireff and the concerts of the School of Free Music. Now Balakireff, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff were better prepared than Borodin to receive national influences, for, like Glinka, they had passed their youth in villages in the interior of Russia, while Borodin was a city-man. Nevertheless, the national character is clearly shown in this first symphony, especially in the trio of the scherzo and in the adagio. Balakireff at this period was director of the concerts of the Russian Musical Society, and he produced the first symphony, January 4, 1869. After the first rehearsal, the impression was unfavorable, and the symphony

was judged audacious and extremely difficult. Opinion began to change with the succeeding rehearsals, and at the day of performance, the scherzo was loudly applauded and repeated, and after the finale the composer was recalled several times. The critical judgment, however, was not universally favorable, but the composer was loudly praised in other countries. Thus Liszt wrote to him in 1880: "I am late in telling you that which you probably know better than I. The orchestration of your very celebrated symphony in E flat is written with a masterly hand, and in perfect congruity with the composition. It was for me a keen joy to hear it at the rehearsals and at the concert of Baden-Baden." After this symphony, Borodin busied himself chiefly with vocal composition, and in this he followed the example of his friends. He began to write an opera, taking for a subject a drama called "The Betrothed of the Tsar," but the subject did not please him, and he abandoned his work which was already far along. His romances date from 1867 to 1870. He composed in 1867, "The Sleeping Princess"; in 1868, "The Old Song" or "The Song of the Dark Forest"; "Dissonance," "The Queen of the Seas," "My Song is Bitter," and in 1870 that moving ballad, "The Sea." Contemporaneous criticism was generally flippant, when it was not bitter, and although some were generous enough to admit that Borodin had talent, they, at the same time, deplored his taste for forced originality and his love of discord. In a former volume of "Famous Composers," allusion has been made to the intimate circle of friends, with Balakireff at the head, who worked for musical righteousness in Russia, as did the band of aristocrats and singers in Florence, during the latter part of the 16th century. Borodin has given us, in letters to Mme. Schestakowa, interesting accounts of this school, and of its dissolution. Thus, in 1875, he described the different members at work and wrote as follows concerning the breaking up of the close friendship: "As long as we were eggs covered up by the same hen (this hen was Balakireff), we were all more or less alike, but when the young chickens get out of the shell, each one has different feathers, and when they are grown up, each takes its own way to suit its pleasure. This absence of similarity in tendencies, and in the character of our compositions, is not, according to my view, the sad side of the affair. Some have seen with pain Rimsky-Korsakoff devote himself to the study of musical archæology. As for me, I am not sorry, and I understand it, for his development was antipodal to mine. I began with the ancients, and he began with Glinka, Liszt and Berlioz. After being saturated with one school, he has now gone into one hitherto unknown, which has for him true novelty."

It was about 1877 that Borodin joined his friends Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff and Cui in a work that has the appearance of a joke, but is serious in reality, entitled "Paraphrases": twenty-four variations and fourteen little pieces for the piano, dedicated "to little pianists who are capable of executing the theme with a finger of each hand." This theme, composed of four measures, should be played by the first part in the upper part of the clavier, while the second executes the paraphrases, for which a player of technic is required. Borodin wrote for this work, three pieces, by no means the least interesting, called "Polka," "Funeral March" and "Requiem." The last piece is a liturgic chant which develops into a fugue on the persistent theme. This music fell into the hands of Liszt, and he wrote a most flattering letter concerning it to one of his friends in St. Petersburg. This friend mentioned the fact in a musical paper; the critics were wild with rage and said that Liszt could never approve of a work like this; that he had never written the letter — that the whole thing was a lie, — the composers themselves were compromised by the publication of such a work. When Liszt heard this, he wrote, "If they judge that this work compromises you, let me then be compromised with you," and he sent a few measures of music to serve as an introduction to Borodin's "Polka," and asked that it be printed in the second edition of the work. This was added, as was a letter sent by Liszt. In 1880, Borodin's first symphony was played at the request of the Allegemeiner Musikverein, at Baden-Baden, June 20.

But Borodin, as so many other composers, looked forward to the stage for greater fame. Stassoff furnished him with the scenario of a libretto founded on an epic national poem, — the story of Prince Igor. This poem told of the expedition of Russian princes against the Polovtsi, a nomadic people of the same origin as the Turks, who had invaded the Russian empire in the twelfth century. The conflict of Russian and Asiatic nationalities delighted Borodin, and he began at once to write his own libretto. He tried to live in the atmosphere and even in the language of the twelfth century. He read assiduously the poems and

MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY.

NICOLAS DE STCHERBATCHEFF.

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOFF.

songs that had come down from the people of that age; he collected folk-songs even from Central Asia; he introduced into his book, after the manner of Shakespeare, comic characters to give contrast to the romantic situations; he began to compose part of the music, when at the end of a year he was seized with profound discouragement. His friends said to him: "The time has gone by to write operas on historic or legendary subjects; it is necessary to-day to treat the modern drama." When any one deplored in his presence the loss of so much material, he replied that this would go into his second symphony. He began to work on this, and the first movement was finished in the autumn of 1871. The director of the Russian opera proposed to produce a kind of operatic ballet, entitled, "Mlada." The subject was of an epoch before Christianity. Borodin was intrusted with the fourth act, which included religious scenes, apparitions of the ghosts of old Slavonic princes, the inundation and destruction of the temple, and there was human interest in the scene between the lovers in the drama. Faithful as ever to his beliefs, Borodin began to study the manners and religion of these people. He composed feverishly, and did not leave his room for days at a time. But, although the work was prepared by the composers,—Minkus was to write the ballet music, and Borodin, Cui, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, the vocal music,—the scenery demanded such great expense that the performance of the ballet was put off, and Borodin began again on his second symphony. Furthermore, he plucked up courage to take up again his labor on "Prince Igor." In his work he did not follow the theories which had been laid down before him by Dargomizski and by Cui. In a letter to a friend he explained his own views concerning opera: "I have always disagreed with a great number of my friends concerning dramatic music. Recitative is neither in my nature nor in my character; I am attracted rather by melody and by the *cantilena*. I am more and more in favor of complete and concrete forms. In opera, as in decorative art, details, minutiæ are not in place; only great lines are needed. Everything should be precise, clear and easy of performance from a vocal and instrumental point of view. The voice should take the first place; the orchestra should be secondary. I do not yet know how I shall succeed, but my opera will be more like Glinka's 'Russian' than the 'Stone Guest.'" He worked under great disadvantages. His wife, Catherine Sergeiewna Protopopowa, an excellent pianist, was an invalid, and his own health was wretched. In 1877 he wrote as follows of his dear child,—this opera: "We old sinners, as always, are in the whirlwind of life,—professional duty, science, art. We hurry on and we do not arrive at the goal. Time flies like an express train. The beard grows gray, wrinkles hollow themselves deeper. We begin a hundred different things. Shall we ever finish some of them? I am always a poet in my soul, and I nourish the hope of leading my opera to the last measure, and yet, I often mock at myself. I advance slowly, and there are great gaps in my work."

His second symphony was performed for the first time February 2, 1877, at St. Petersburg. The conductor was Napravnik. It obtained no success whatever. A kindly critic wrote: "In hearing this music, you are reminded of the ancient Russian knights in all their awkwardness, and also in all their greatness. There is heaviness even in the lyric and tender passages. The massive forms are at times tiresome, and they crush the hearer." And, indeed, Borodin purposely painted in music these ancient knights in their heroic grandeur. As Stassoff said, "Borodin is a maker of program music. Like Glinka he can say, 'For my limitless imagination I must have a precise and given text.' Of the two symphonies of Borodin, the second is the greater work, and it owes its force not only to the maturity of the talent of the composer, but especially to the national character. The ancient heroic Russian form dominates. Borodin himself has often told me that in the adagio he wished to recall the songs of the ancient Slavic troubadours; in the first part the assemblies of the ancient Russian princes; and in the finale the banquets of the heroes to the sounds of the guzla and the bamboo flute, in the midst of popular enthusiasm." The studies which he had made for his opera assisted him in the illustration of his second symphony. His soul was haunted by the picture of feudal Russia, and this picture is marvelously painted in the symphony.

Borodin wrote two symphonies (a third was left unfinished) without title or program. They are remarkable for their extreme ingenuity and fastidiousness. His hatred of the common-place leads him often to shun common and familiar chords, and the hearer, when a simple chord appears, feels like following the example of the younger Kaul-

bach, who, at the first performance of "Die Meistersinger" in Munich, arose from his seat when he finally heard the chord of C major, and exclaimed, "Ah, that is indeed beautiful!" Borodin's themes are handled with the greatest dexterity. He juggles with them in marvelous fashion. The music is nervous, with constant and sudden changes of rhythm which perplex the average reader, who "knows what he likes," and thus casts darkness where to the trained musician there is clearness. This music is music for musicians.

And again he worked on his opera. He replied to Stassoff, who reproached him with the abundance of choruses in the opera, that choruses are constantly interrupted by recitatives and solos, which are necessary to give the singer rest. "For the singer is a human person and not a phonograph or an organ that is wound up with a key. A singer who never leaves the stage and shouts without cessation a series of high notes, will soon be destroyed in the flower and glory of her career if she is not allowed an opportunity to rest." "Prince Igor" was not performed until after the death of Borodin. It was finished by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff, and the opera was performed at St. Petersburg in November, 1890. The score was published in 1889. This opera is distinguished especially by its picturesque side and by its oriental coloring. No one has been known to depict like him the charm and turbulence of these rhythms and harmonies, which are sometimes antagonistic to our feelings, and allow us to perceive the profound expression of a different civilization. The composer had no illusion concerning the possibility of transplanting this opera. He himself said, "'Prince Igor' is essentially a national opera, which can be of interest only to us Russians who love to refresh our patriotism at the sources of our history, and to see the origins of our nationality live again upon the stage."

After success in Germany, came the success of Borodin's symphony in Belgium in 1885–1886. The Countess of Mercy-Argenteau undertook the task of bringing out works of the Neo-Russian school, and through her efforts, three concerts, exclusively devoted to this school, were given at Liége in 1885. Borodin's first symphony was played at each of these concerts, as he had insisted that it should be the first of his works performed in Belgium, "so that the public should not be frightened." Other works of his were enthusiastically applauded, — among them, his orchestral sketch entitled "Dans les steppes de l'Asie centrale." This was composed in 1880, for a performance of tableaux vivants at a theatre at St. Petersburg on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Alexander II. The scheme was to recall a succession of episodes in the history of Russia. For this particular episode Borodin wrote the following text: "The silence of the sandy steppes of Central Asia is broken by the refrain of a peaceful Russian song. The melancholy tones of songs of the Orient are also heard; and the footsteps of approaching horses and camels are also heard. A caravan escorted by Russian soldiers traverses the immense desert, goes fearlessly the long journey, abandons itself confidently to the protection of the Russian band of warriors. The caravan steadily advances. The songs of the Russians and of the natives blend in one and the same harmony; their refrains are heard in the desert and are finally lost in the distance."

Borodin did not expect that the Belgian concerts would be successful. He wrote to the Countess, "Russian music is not made to invite success. I am very happy that it has not yet compromised you. We Russians, who eat candles, white bears, etc., have been too long considered by foreigners, consumers rather than producers. Prejudice against Russian products is very strong and very difficult to uproot, especially in the domain of art. There must be taste to appreciate its beauty and originality, courage to conquer its prejudice, and intelligence to comprehend." In the summer of 1885, Borodin went to Belgium, and he wrote glowing letters concerning his reception and the character of the people. His symphonies, his "Steppes," his romances were played, and he was offered the opportunity to conduct his own works, which he sensibly refused on the ground of inexperience. Some of his compositions were played at Brussels as well as Antwerp, and fragments from his opera were also played. Letters by him, concerning the honors paid him and other Russians, letters that are full of interesting detail, are found in the biography by Alfred Habets. In 1886, Borodin could say that his first symphony had been played in many German and Belgian cities; that his second had been given in Belgium with marked success; that his symphonic sketch had made the tour of Europe from Christiania to Monaco, that his first string quartet had been heard in America (Buffalo, N.Y.) as well as in prominent European cities. He was stimulated to further efforts; the scherzo in A flat for orchestra, and the Andante in the form of

a Spanish serenade on the notes B-la-f (dedicated to his friend and publisher M. Belaïeff) for a quartet of string instruments. He was at work on a third symphony when death overtook him. He wrote to his wife February 14, 1887, "To-morrow we shall have here (St. Petersburg) a musical evening. There will be a mask-ball to-day, but I do not wish to unveil the mysteries, and I leave a description of the performance to the more skilful pen of other correspondents." Borodin appeared in the national costume, with red shirt and top boots. He was full of enjoyment, when, without a cry, and without suffering, he died suddenly in consequence of an aneurism. He was buried on the banks of the Neva in the convent of Alexandre Newski, the Westminster of Russia, by the side of his friend Moussorgsky. His friends raised a mausoleum worthy of his character. Behind his bust in bronze, a mosaic with gold background reproduces the principal themes of Borodin: the first theme of the first symphony; a female chorus from "Prince Igor"; the first measures of "The Song of the Dark Forest"; the first theme of the scherzo of the first symphony; the first measures of "The Steppes"; also an enlarged facsimile of his signature. His wife survived him only a few months.

Letters written to her from Germany, as well as from Belgium, give an insight into the character of the man as well as his music. He was a man of marked frankness, honesty and sympathy; he was a shrewd observer, he had a pretty wit, and his manners were distinguished by the finer courtesy that distinguishes so many of the true Russians. In these letters, nothing that is common to humanity escapes him. He describes in curious detail, the men and women he met, from learned professors and celebrated musicians, to waiting maids and peasants. He speaks of other composers with frankness, but never maliciously, and never with insinuated self-flattery. And yet, he was aware of his own ability. Thus he describes Liszt as saying to him, "To judge from your visiting card, you are probably a master of chemistry, but where in the world did you ever acquire such a great musical technic? Where have you studied? Certainly not in Germany?"

The two quartets alone would make the name of Borodin respected. Perhaps the first is the more distinguished. The composer said that he was incited to write it by a theme of Beethoven; but the work is strikingly original, thematically, harmonically, and in a peculiarly striking use of the instruments. There are effects which are surprising but never bizarre, never deliberately contrived for sensational purposes. There is no page that is not of genuine interest; there is no passage that is contrapuntal simply from pedagogic feeling of necessity to show knowledge; but the most effective movements are the second and the third. The latter is a scherzo of fine fancy and a surprising flight of imagination. The trio is of unearthly, haunting beauty. The second quartet, dedicated to Borodin's wife, was found after his death among his manuscripts. The first movement is melodious, compact, well-made, thoroughly delightful. Charming effects are gained by apparently simple means. The chief theme of the scherzo is a species of *perpetuum mobile*, and the slower and contrasting melody has something of the character of an old-fashioned German waltz. The slow movement is a dusky night-piece which opens with a strange and plaintive melody given to the 'cello. The finale is unfortunately, like many other finales, chiefly toil and trouble.

The works of Borodin are as follows:

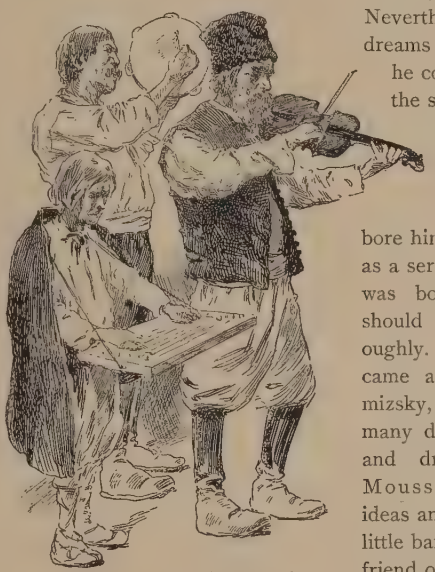
Op. 1. Symphony No. 1 in E flat. Op. 2. Four Melodies: "La Princesse endormie," "Mon chant est amer," "Dissonance," "La mer." Op. 3. Four Melodies: "Chanson de la forêt sombre," "Fleurs d'amour," "La Reine des mers," "Le jardin enchanté." Op. 4. String Quartet No. 1, in A major. Op. 5. Symphony No. 2, in B minor. Op. 6. Paraphrases for piano (see above). Op. 7. "Dans les steppes de l'Asie centrale," orchestral sketch. Op. 8. Petite suite for piano (Au convent, Intermezzo, deux Mazurkas, Rêverie, Sérénade, Nocturne). Op. 9. Scherzo in A flat for orchestra. Op. 10. Septain for voice and piano. Op. 11. Serenata alla Espagñola (from string quartet on the name B-la-f), by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Borodin, Glazounoff.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

Op. 12. String quartet in D. Op. 13. "Le prince Igor," opera in four acts and a prologue, finished by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff (performed at St. Petersburg, November, 1890). Op. 14. "Mélodie Arabe," for voice and piano. Op. 15. Mélodie: "Dans ton pays si plein de charmes." Op. 16. "Sérénade de quatre galants à une dame," comic quartet for male voices. Op. 17. Mélodie for voice and piano: "La vanite marche." Op. 18. "Chez ceux-là et chez nous," song with orchestral accompaniment. Op. 19. Two movements of

the Symphony No. 3 in A minor, orchestrated by Glazounoff. Op. 20. Finale of "Mlada," opera-ballet, orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky was born in Central Russia, at Karevo, in the government of Pskoff, March 28, 1839. He died at St. Petersburg, March 28, 1886. The reproach has been made against him that he was a Pole, but the reproach was unjust, for he was as thoroughly Russian as were his works. His early youth was passed in the country in the joys of family and outdoor life. His mother was a pianist of some ability, and his early pleasures were in listening to household music, and tales told him by his old nurse, who sometimes thus excited him until he could neither eat nor sleep. As a child, whenever he tried to pick out tunes on the piano, he tried at the same time to make each tune represent a character in these legendary tales. Years afterward, he wrote, "Art is a means of talking with men; it is not an end. Starting with the principle that human speech is subject to musical laws, I see in music, not only the expression of sentiment by the means of sound, but especially the notation of the human language." Thus the child was father of the man.



RUSSIAN STREET MUSICIANS.

His first piano lessons were given by his mother, and then by a German governess, and his proficiency was such, that at nine years of age he played at an evening party a concerto by Field with surprising dexterity and intelligence. In 1849 he was taken to the school of Peter and Paul, in St. Petersburg, and put under the care of the pianist Herke, who, as a rule, was impetuous and bilious, ready to take part against his pupils; but he loved Moussorgsky from the beginning. These lessons continued after Moussorgsky went to other schools. At the age of thirteen, he wrote a polka, dedicated to his comrades, which was published. Destined for the army, he nevertheless kept up his music, and was intimately associated with a law professor, Kroupski, who taught him the Greek ancient religious music. In 1856 he entered the regiment of Preobrajenski, where he found many comrades fond of Italian opera. Russian music was completely unknown by them, and German music was considered pedantic. At this period Moussorgsky, as I have said before, was a handsome young officer, seventeen years old, in a tight-fitting uniform, dudish, speaking gently between his teeth, and embroidering his conversation with French phrases. His time was spent in military service, and in social pleasure. Nevertheless, he was haunted by dreams of a musical career, and he contemplated an opera on the subject of "Hans of Iceland," of which he wrote the libretto. His little musical successes in society began to bore him, for he regarded music as a serious thing, for which he was born, and to which he should devote himself thoroughly. To his fortune, he became acquainted with Dargomizsky, at whose house were many discussions on music, art and dramatic declamation. Moussorgsky espoused the ideas and the quarrels of this little band, and became the close friend of Dargomizsky, who was at that time a butt for the attacks of the critics and other knowing persons. At this house, he met Balakireff and Cui, and later, Rimsky-Korsakoff. He asked lessons in composition and harmony from Balakireff, and from regular lessons, the meetings soon became rather social talks, in which they studied minutely, the works of such men as Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Moussorgsky wrote scherzos, several romances, and, impelled by the advice of Balakireff, who saw in him an opera writer, he began to compose music for "Œdipus." He composed several numbers of the score, but they have disappeared. A chorus remains, which was performed with success in St. Petersburg in 1861. Thus, from a mere amateur, Moussorgsky became a professional musician, and his other trade, by which he gained bread, became burdensome. He made up his mind to quit the army and devote himself entirely to music, and he disclosed his intentions to his friends. Possibly he

would have yielded to the solicitations of his mother and his friends, who begged him not to compromise his future by such a rash resolve, if his regiment had not been ordered to a garrison thirty versts from St. Petersburg. To him, this was the end of the world, and thinking of his mother, with whom he had lived since the death of his father, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. Little by little he broke off his social relations, and visited only his musical friends. But in this, the first year of his professional life, he fell dangerously ill of a nervous disease, and was obliged to go to a watering place for his health. He met Borodin there for the second time. A little anecdote will show his feeling toward music that influenced their careers: A host begged them to play four-hand the symphony in A minor by Mendelssohn. Moussorgsky made up a face, and said that it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, if they would only omit the andante, which was not in the least orchestral, but simply a song without words arranged for orchestra. After the performance of the scherzo, he spoke with enthusiasm of the symphonies of Schumann, and played fragments from one. Stopping in the middle he said, "As for the rest, it is only musical mathematics." He played of his own music, a scherzo in B major, and in the trio he said, "This, at least, is Oriental." He was poor and nervous and impressionable. He led a disorderly life in the city, and also in the country. He lived at St. Petersburg in a room of an apartment which was shared in common by five of his friends. Each of them had a room to himself, into which no one was allowed to go without permission of the lodger. Evenings they met together to read, make music, and talk about art. These friends were all employés of the government. Moussorgsky was the only one who had no salary, and, although he persisted in his intention of busying himself exclusively in music, he was obliged to do hack work, translations, and other work, that brought him no fame. For three years he had a desk in the Bureau of Civil Engineering. His mother died, and his health was so poor that he lived from 1866 to 1868 at his brother's house in the country at Minkino. This country life and association with the peasants, this true humanity and a return to the sensations of his childhood, had a decided influence on the music of his last years. He resolved to express the suffering of the folk, the playfulness of childhood, and the elemental passions, griefs and joys of simple men and women. He orchestrated his own works, which were brought out at concerts led by Balakireff, who continued at St. Petersburg to fight against routine and the influence of Rubinstein. He also arranged movements of Beethoven's string quartets for the piano, and in the country he began a libretto founded on a play by Gogol. In 1868 he returned to St. Petersburg, and entered into the Department of Forests. The necessity of keeping fixed hours at the office distressed him, but he began the composition of his opera, "Boris Godunoff." Society, at that time, did not encourage the ambition of native musicians. They, whose music was applauded in foreign countries, were under the necessity of snatching hours for composition from a day that was given up for the most part to service in the Engineer Corps, or road building, or dull office work. But when the aristocracy found that some of their composers had actually been applauded at Vienna or Paris, they showed naïve astonishment. Even now many of them do not know that they have a National School, as only a half a century ago they scarcely knew that they had literature. Fragments of his opera were performed from 1868 to 1870 before his friends, and excited delirious enthusiasm, for they found a revelation, not of talent, but of a new art, and they found a masterpiece, wherein the human soul spoke in Russian accents. In 1870 he shared an apartment with Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the two friends worked in the same room during the same hours. Moussorgsky began a new opera, "Khovantchina." (It was performed privately at St. Petersburg in 1886; at Kieff in 1892; at St. Petersburg in October, 1893.) His health grew weaker and weaker, and his song, "Without Sunlight," was his first note of personal despair in music. His poverty drove him to utilizing his talent as pianist, and in 1879, he left a governmental office to make a concert journey in South Russia and the East with Mlle. Leonof, a singer of talent. Returning to St. Petersburg, he died in the Nicholas military hospital. Besides the works mentioned he wrote an orchestral piece, "La Nuit sur le Mont-Chauve" (orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff and performed at St. Petersburg in 1886); "The Defeat of Sennacherib," for chorus and orchestra (founded on Byron's poem, and performed in St. Petersburg in 1867); March for the 25th anniversary of Alexander II. (written in competition, but Tschaikowsky took the prize); music to "Mlada" (see

above in the sketch of Borodin's life); two choruses on Jewish subjects; Intermezzo for piano, orchestrated by Rimisky-Korsakoff as well as by the composer; Scherzo (1858), orchestrated later and performed in 1860; many pieces for piano, and many songs.

Moussorgsky was a composer of great instincts rather than polished or complete work, and yet an unprejudiced examination of his songs and piano pieces shows that he was an uncommon man, and that the appreciation of his career by Pierre d'Alheim ("Moussorgsky," Paris, 1896) is not wholly extravagant. His "Boris Gudanoff" was first produced at St. Petersburg in 1874. There was a cabal; the conservative musicians called the music ridiculous; but there were at least twenty performances to a crowded theatre, and some of the choruses were sung in the streets. Again, a story by Pushkin, but a story of Russian life toward the end of the sixteenth century. The music is described as a series of rich paintings, some of indescribable power, some of epic grandeur. Nor was the composer afraid to try to give a realistic tone-picture of a battle field. A man of unusual temperament, he pushed his gift to intemperance. You may quarrel, as does Pougin, with his faulty harmony, but you recognize strength and individuality. His imagination was not regulated by self-criticism. He was a naturalist inclined toward violence and brutality. He was a Russian of the Russians. And his second opera, "Khovantchina," was so ultra-Russian that a committee of singers and the conductor refused to admit it to the stage.

As an instance of the manner in which Moussorgsky was affected by country life, see his Intermezzo for piano. This little piece has for a sub-title, "In Modo Classico," but the inspiration is wholly Russian. In the winter of 1861, on a farm, Moussorgsky, one sunny festival day, was much amused by seeing a group of serfs who walked across the fields in the snow, ploughing their way, stumbling, and rising with difficulty to fall again. "All this," said Moussorgsky, "was at the same time beautiful, picturesque, serious and funny. Suddenly there appeared in a path, packed together, a mass of young women, who marched gaily, and without any difficulty; they sang and they laughed. This picture fixed itself in my head in musical form, and unconsciously I had the idea of the first theme, *à la Bach;* the joyous laughter of the women came to me in the form of the tune which has served me later for a trio."

Then there is his "Children's Room," made up of seven scenes. The child asks his nurse for a story about an ogre; she cradles her doll; she fears a cockchafer; she says her prayers; the boy plays at horse; the girl wonders why the cat looks so fierce near a bird cage.

Mr. Arthur Pougin has devoted several pages to Moussorgsky in his valuable "Essai historique sur la Musique en Russie" (Turin, 1897). And although I do not agree with him wholly in his opinions, I quote at some length, for much that he says might well be applied to certain young and startling composers in other lands than Russia.

"Moussorgsky was always an independent. If he occupied a place apart, isolated among the Russian musicians of his time, if he escaped all influences, and if he plunged into every audacity, it is not only because he had a peculiar individual artistic temperament, but also and especially because he remained voluntarily ignorant of the principles of art, even of the orthography of his trade, and yet permitted himself, without even thinking of it, the most astonishing license, and translated his thought exactly as it presented itself to him, without care to give it any form whatever. In this respect there is indeed a striking analogy between his productions and those of our so-called decadent poets, with this difference, however, that no one can deny the superb bursts of inspiration on the part of the Russian musician; and his songs, bizarre as they are, formless as they often are, have in them a force of expression and a dramatic accent of which no one can deny the intensity. It would be unjust to pretend that this one spoke for the purpose of saying nothing; unfortunately, he was too often satisfied with merely stammering.

"As a matter of fact, Moussorgsky was not a musician. He was, as they have said of Berlioz, to a decidedly more accented degree, a poet who served himself with musical elements, and for him these elements were singularly limited. His education was in this respect so incomplete that he did not know how to derive from an idea the part which it should play, or to give a plan to a simple vocal melody. His romances are not written, they have no rational development, and most of the time they finish before they are scarcely begun, brusquely, coming suddenly to a stop, without any reason. See for instance "Le Dit de l'innocent,"

'La Prière de l'Enfant,' 'Dans le Coin,' 'Sans Soleil,' 'Chanson d'Enfant,' and others. On the other hand, there are musical ideas of a strange savor, of a poetry that is often exquisite, and of a dramatic sentiment that is of astonishing depth: true cries of a soul, and of an intensity sometimes tragic, and always moving.

"But, if one should answer and say that Moussorgsky has written important works, and that he has boldly attacked opera, I answer, that he did not do well in this, and that he succeeded only in bringing his music to performance when others took the trouble to correct it and to put it on its feet. Among others, Rimsky-Korsakoff did this. To have inspiration is not everything, and, as I have said, Moussorgsky did not lack inspiration; but it is also necessary to know how to use it.

"Moussorgsky was without doubt highly gifted, and he would have made for himself a name, if he had consented to work and familiarize himself with the details of his trade. The interest which Rimsky-Korsakoff always entertained toward him could not address itself to ordinary intelligence, and we know that Moussorgsky had the soul of a poet. But he was too sure that imagination was enough for a poet, and to a blind confidence in himself he joined a too great contempt of knowledge and of those who took the trouble to acquire it. Thus, with happy natural gifts, with a quick imagination and beautiful bursts of inspiration, Moussorgsky will leave no traces of his passage, and it appears that he will soon be forgotten. Fortunate will he be if some of his melodies of intense sentiment save his name from obscurity!"

Moussorgsky frequently expressed himself concerning art. Extracts from some of these letters are of interest. In 1872, he wrote Stassoff, "Will you tell me why, when I hear painters and sculptors talk about their art, I can always follow their thought, see what end they have in view without being stopped by my ignorance of little questions of the profession? And why, when I hear musicians talk, do I hear them so rarely speak of thought and of goal? They seem to remain on the school benches, and speak of technic in technical terms. Is music, then, an art of young scholars which one can study only in swaddling clothes?" And again, "The artistic realization of the beautiful alone seen in matter is a great puerility, an infantile conception of art. The search of the intimate features of the individual and the crowd, the incursion into unexplored regions and the bringing back the objects which one finds there — such is the mission of the artist. 'Toward new shores!' without fear, across the tempest, despite the whirlpools and the rocks. In crowds and in individuals there are treasures which no hand has approached. To feel their presence, to search them, to find them by reading, by observation, and then to nourish humanity with them as with a healthy dish which no one has tasted — here is the problem and here the joy of joys.

"When, then, will persons in place of ruining themselves in the examination of fugues, look in reasonable books? They answer that this is not becoming to a modern man, and that it is not necessary to search there for the solution of the great problem. I think differently: life, wherever it shows itself; truth, however spiced it may be; audacity, speaking frankly, point-blank — that is what is necessary to me, and thither do I tend. And in this I do not wish to make any false steps. I go as if some one pushed me.

"There are people without will, without intelligence, always in the traditional bonds. They confirm the law of inertia, and yet they believe themselves truly free, and they think they act! All this would be only antipathetic to me, and truly indifferent, if these artists did not cling to the flagstaff which they 'brandish proudly before society.' They gave themselves the mission of solving the loftiest problems, but the gauntlet of iron broke in and they felt that they were weak and feeble, and that repose were better. And where to find this repose? Why, in the sacrosanct tradition. 'We shall do as our predecessors did.' They have put the oriflamme of war behind seven doors with seven bolts. They are laid up in bed, without desire or purpose, or without any look at the horizon. Their mission is to elaborate that which has already been done. From time to time they croak, they puff themselves immoderately, all of them proud of their hereditary marsh. These artists are always encouraged. And why not? They do not disturb any one. In their hands the whip is a plaything. Utterly indifferent to the real substance of life, they vegetate."

Two men now living have achieved much in absolute as well as program music. One of them, Rimsky-Korsakoff, is of the Old Guard; the other, Glazounoff, is at the head of the younger branch of the family.

Nicolas Andrejevitch Rimsky-Korsakoff was

INTERIOR OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, COLOGNE.

born at Tikhvin, in the government of Novgorod, May 21, 1844. He was intended at first for a naval career, and he was for several years an officer in the Russian navy. He studied at the Naval Institute in St. Petersburg, but he also gave much time to music. He took piano lessons, and in 1861 he began serious study under Balakireff. His first symphony was performed in 1865. In 1871 he was appointed professor of composition at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He was Inspector of the Marine Bands from 1873 to 1884; director of the Free School of Music from 1874 to 1887, and conductor of concerts there until 1881: assistant conductor in 1883 of the Imperial orchestra; and since 1886 he has been one of the conductors of the Russian Symphony Concerts (the others, in 1900, were Liadoff and Glazounoff).

Younger than all the members of the famous coterie, he was the last to enter it, and naturally he came under the influence of Balakireff and César Cui. Nevertheless, his robust temperament put him beyond the influence of certain exaggerations, and on the other hand, his intimate knowledge of folk-song, and the successful manner in which he has employed this song in works of various kinds, have given him an indisputable originality. In 1873 he went into the opera house, with an opera in four acts, "Pskowitjanka" ("The Maid of Pskov"), the subject of which was borrowed from the drama of the poet Meï. This opera was performed at St. Petersburg, but before this he had orchestrated the posthumous opera of Dargomizsky's "The Stone Guest," which was performed in 1872 at the same theatre, the Marie. In "Pskowitjanka" Rimsky-Korsakoff began to employ Russian folk-themes in an ingenious fashion. Otherwise, the inspiration of the composer in this score appeared to be of short breath. The recitative was rather dry, and certain harmonies were so audacious that they stabbed the ear. The work had sixteen performances, at the end of which it disappeared from the repertory. It was revised, however, in the month of April, 1895, at the theatre Panaïteff, for which performance the composer had rewritten and improved the work.

He wrote, in competition for a prize offered by the Imperial Russian Society of Music, a string quartet which brought him honorable mention, and he published an excellent collection of one hundred popular Russian songs, selected and harmonized by him. A second opera, "May Night," in three acts, was produced at the theatre Marie, January 20, 1880. The subject, half fantastic and half comic, was taken from a popular story of Gogol. "The composer struck a new note, full of humor and gaiety, and the melodic vein was more abundant and fresher than in the former opera. The first act was full of grace and melancholy; and the second was distinguished by its fancy and its comic dash; the third, of inferior quality, was too long, and the only number that gave pleasure was a very pretty cradle-song. The work as a whole was well received, and was exceedingly well produced." This opera was revived successfully at the Michael theatre in October, 1894. It was sung for the first time in German, May 3, 1900, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. "Snegorotchka" ("The Snow Maiden"), a fantastic opera in four acts and a prologue, written on a poem by Ostrowski, was performed at St. Petersburg, March, 1882.

"The legendary subject of this poem, in which humor constantly elbows poetry, was well adapted to excite the inspiration of the composer, whose score is marked by grace and freshness, while there is a very pronounced national sentiment. Perhaps certain developments are excessive; and this, by the way, is a common fault of the composer, as of nearly all Russian musicians. But there are a number of episodes which are especially happy in inspiration. And in the orchestration, the composer has proved brilliantly that he possesses true feeling for comic situations." The score of "Mlada" has perhaps more breadth. This is a fairy opera ballet in four acts, with libretto by Guedeonoff. It was produced at St. Petersburg, November, 1892.

The next opera was a fantastic work in four acts, founded on a popular story by Gogol, entitled "Christmas Night." It was performed at the Marie theatre, December 10, 1895. "The composer wrote his own libretto. The score contains long-winded passages which bring prejudice, and it is not conspicuous for dash or for melodic spontaneity. The themes are too short, and there is often a failure of necessary development. There is too evident a determination to depart from the traditional forms of opera, and to indulge in the continuity of musical dialogue. On the other hand, the orchestral part is masterly throughout."

"Sadko von Novgerod" followed, January 6th, 1898. Then came "Mozart and Salieri," which was produced in semi-privacy at Moscow in 1899.

It is more in the style of a cantata than an opera. The libretto is founded on a poem of Pushkin. It deals with a quarrel which led to the false report that Mozart was poisoned by Salieri. The music is largely declamation; a phrase from Mozart's "Requiem" is introduced in a chorus, and "*Batti, batti,*" is played by a blind violinist. After much trouble with the censor on account of the character of the libretto, "The Bride of the King" was produced at Moscow, November 3, 1899.

In this country we know Rimsky-Korsakoff chiefly by his orchestral works, and among the most prominent of these are: "Overture" on Russian themes (Op. 28); "Conte féerique" (Op. 29); "Symphoniette" in A minor, on Russian

A RUSSIAN HORN BAND.
From an old print (1796).

themes (Op. 31); "Fantaisie" on Servian themes (Op. 6); "Capriccio Espagñol" (Op. 34); "La Grande Pâque Russe," overture on themes of the Russian church (Op. 36); violin concerto on Russian themes (Op. 33). He has written three symphonies. The third, in C, was composed in 1886, and the second, which bears the title "Antar," is a descriptive poem rather than a true symphony. "Antar" was first performed in St. Petersburg in 1868. The subject is taken from a story by Sennkowsky. The Arabian hero and poet, a victim of the ingratitude of man, has withdrawn to the desert. A gazelle suddenly appears, followed by a gigantic bird. Antar kills the monster, saves the gazelle, and falls asleep. He sees himself transported into a splendid palace. The gazelle is the fairy Ghul-Nazar, who in gratitude gives him three great joys. He accepts the gift, the vision vanishes, and he awakes amid the ruins. The first gift is that of fruition, revenge; the second, the delights of power; the third is the joy of love, by which Antar is finally consumed. He dies in the fairy's arms. Rimsky-Korsakoff's peculiar genius is also seen in the symphonic poems "Sadko" and "Scheherezade" which are widely known outside of Russia. The program of "Sadko" is most fantastic in treatment as well as in subject. Sadko, a famous gusla player, is thrown into the ocean by fellow-travelers, who cast lots to choose a propitiatory offering to the Sea King, who is delaying the ship. The Sea King is celebrating the wedding of his daughter, and Sadko is obliged to gladden the festivities by his art. The sound of the gusla brings spectres to the dance, and then water is in commotion. Wilder and wilder grows the dance; stormier and stormier the billows. Suddenly the strings of the instrument break, and it is dark and still in the ocean depths. "Scheherezade" (Op. 35) is a suite inspired by the Arabian Nights. The Sultan, persuaded of the

falseness and faithlessness of woman, had sworn to put every one of his wives to death in turn after the first night. But Scheherezade saved her life by interesting him in the stories she told him for a thousand and one nights. Many marvels were told by her in Rimsky-Korsakoff's fantastic poem,—marvels and tales of adventure: "The Sea and Sindbad's Ship"; "The Story of the Three Kalandars"; "The Young Prince and the Young Princess"; "The Festival at Bagdad"; "The Ship that went to pieces against a rock surmounted by a bronze warrior." As in Berlioz's Fantastic symphony, so in this suite, there is a theme which keeps appearing in all four movements. For the most part it is given to a solo violin. It is a free melodic phrase in Oriental bravura, gently ending in a free cadenza. There is no development of themes in this strange work. There is constant repetition in different tonalities; there is an exceedingly skillful blending of timbres; there is a keen sense of possible orchestral effects. A glance at the score shows how sadly the pedagogue might go astray in judgment of the work, without a hearing of it, and furthermore, the imagination of the hearer must be in sympathy with the imagination of the composer, if he should know full enjoyment: for this symphonic poem provokes swooning thoughts, such as come to the partakers of leaves and flowers of hemp; there are the stupefying perfumes of charred frankincense and grated sandal-root. The music comes to the listener of western birth and mind, as the Malay, who knocked among English mountains at de Quincey's door. You learn of Sindbad, the explorer, who is nearer to us than Nansen; of the Kalandar Prince who spent a mad evening with the porter and the three ladies of Bagdad, and told of his incredible adventures; and Scheherezade, the narrator, she too is merely a shape in a dream; she fades away, and her soul dies on the high note exhaled by the wondering violin.

The melody of this Russian is wild, melancholy, exotic; a droning such as falls from the lips of white-bearded, turbaned, venerable men, garrulous in the sun; and then again, there is the reckless chatter of the babbler in the market-place, heated with unmixed wine.

Rimsky-Korsakoff has also written music especially for the piano: a suite (Op. 10); four pieces (Op. 11); and a concerto in C sharp minor, dedicated to the memory of Liszt. He has also written a great number of songs of true individuality; several choruses without accompaniment, for male or female voices; other choruses for mixed voices, with orchestral or piano accompaniment; a serenade for 'cello and piano. In the majority of these works, whatever the species may be, he has drawn freely from the rich storehouse of folk-songs and national melodies, and when he has not employed them directly, he has been so well inspired by their accent, and so profoundly saturated by their feeling, that his music is of a singularly rich character.

Heinrich Pudor has characterized him as the Degas or Whistler of Music.

He conducted two Russian concerts at the Trocadéro, June 22–29, at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and he has conducted in the Netherlands. His Treatise on Harmony has gone through several editions in Russia and was translated into German by Hans Schmidt.

Alexander Constantinovitch Glazounoff was born at St. Petersburg, August 10, 1865. He was educated at first in one of the schools of St. Petersburg, and when he had finished his course, he devoted himself entirely to music. At the age of nine he began to take lessons on the piano. Elenkovsky, a pianist of talent, did much for him; and it is to him that Glazounoff owed a certain swiftness in performance, the habit of reading at sight, and the rudimentary ideas of harmony. Encouraged by his teacher, Glazounoff ventured to compose, and in 1879, Balakireff recommended him to study with Rimsky-Korsakoff. His study with the latter began in 1880, and lasted a year and a half. Following the advice of his teachers, Glazounoff decided to write a symphony. It was finished in 1881, and performed for the first time, with great success, at St. Petersburg, in March, 1882, at one of the concerts conducted by Balakireff. Later, this symphony (in E major) was re-orchestrated by the composer (he revised it four times), and it appeared as Op. 5. To the same epoch belong his first string quartet (Op. 1); the suite for piano (Op. 2); two overtures on Greek themes (Op. 3–6); his first serenade, and several compositions which were planned then but elaborated later. In 1884 Glazounoff journeyed in foreign countries, and took part at Weimar in the festival of the Allgemeiner Deutcher Musik-Verein, when his first symphony was performed under the direction of Müller-Hartung. There he met Franz Liszt, who received him most cordially. In 1889 Glazounoff

conducted (June 22) at Paris in the concerts of the Trocadéro, which were organized by the music publisher, Belaïeff, his second symphony, and the symphonic poem "Stenka Rasine," written in memory of Borodin. His principal works published by Belaïeff, are six symphonies; a suite characteristique; several fantaisies and symphonic poems, such as "The Sea," "The Forest," "The Spring," "The Kremlin"; three concert overtures, several smaller works for orchestra; five string quartets; a quintet; two waltzes for orchestra; a suite "Scènes de Ballet"; fantasie for orchestra; several pieces for piano and different solo instruments; nine romances; "Raymonda," ballet (1897). He has also composed an interesting suite entitled "Chopiniana," made up of Chopin's polonaise, Op. 40 No. 1, nocturne Op. 15 No. 1, mazurka Op. 50 No. 3, tarantelle Op. 43, which he has orchestrated. In 1898 he conducted, July 1, his fourth symphony in E flat at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, London. In 1891, by some queer mistake he was suspected of nihilism; and although he wrote a cantata for the coronation of the present Tsar, he also wrote a Triumphal March for the Columbian Exposition of 1893, which was played at Chicago, August 3.

His sixth symphony is one of the strongest works of the younger school. There is not undue attention given to glaring colors; there is no distracting attempt to gain bizarre effects; there is self-control even in the mad rush and the rhythmic surprises of the finale; there is thought, intelligence, authority in expression. The symphony is beyond doubt and peradventure the work of a creator, and not a respectful compiler of reminiscences.

Pougin says of him: "Within this mass of music are tares as well as wheat. Several pieces are worthy of the keenest appreciation, and the number and importance of his works give proof of a rare temperament and singular power of conception. The young musician has an extraordinary skill and ease of composition. Counterpoint has kept no secret from him, and he controls the orchestra with prodigious assurance and ease. His music, at first, was a little confused, but little by little it has grown clearer and clearer, and, although at first he was perhaps too much inclined to follow the paths which Balakireff and Cui had walked, he ranked himself later, without sacrificing his essentially national temperament, with Tschaikowsky of later years. Perhaps he still lacks plainness and simplicity; perhaps he loves too much complexity of thought, and this is why his piano music is inferior to that which he writes for the orchestra, because he demands too much of the instrument. But he is endowed with a lively imagination, abundant inspiration, and it is easy to believe that he will be one of the glories of the future."

But Pougin does not do justice to Glazounoff's fantastic nature. His suites tell of carnivals; funerals; the voluptuous East; the forest with wood sprites, water nymphs and will-of-the-wisps; the ocean; the Kremlin of Moscow with all its holy and dramatic associations. "Stenka Rasine," is built on three themes: the first is the song of the barge-men of the Volga — again that melancholy chant of oppressed humanity; the second theme, short, savage, bizarre, typifies the hero who gives his name to the piece; and the third, an entrancing tune, pictures in tones the captive Persian princess.

The chant of the barge-men is that which vitalizes the orchestral piece. It is forever appearing transformed in a thousand ways. The river is personified. It is alive, enormous. You are reminded of Gogol's description of another Russian stream: "Marvelous is this river in peaceful weather, when it rolls at ease through forests and between mountains. You look at it, and you do not know whether it moves or not, such is its majesty. You would say that it were a road of blue ice, immeasurable, endless, sinuously making its way through verdure. What a delight for the broiling sun to cool his rays in the freshness of clear water, and for the trees on the banks to admire themselves in that looking-glass, the giant that he is! There is not a river like unto this one in the world."

The Nature known to these Russian composers, is not the Nature known to us, or the Nature common to all conventional poets, or even that which suggested music to Beethoven. The desert charms them, as in Korsakoff's "Antar," or in Borodin's "Steppe Sketch." It is the Nature of the Orient as seen and felt by the Oriental, and not by an American provided with a ticket of the philanthropic Cook. Man's views of nature change with the centuries, and to use the fine phrase of Baudelaire, "the landscape is in the eye of the beholder." The Alps were hideous monstrosities to Gray and Walpole; now the keenest mockery is that of a place too smiling. As Thomas Hardy says in his description of Egdon Heath: "It is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox

beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Shall we say that man has grown so accustomed to his spiritual Bastile that he no longer looks forward to, and even shrinks from, a casual emergence into unusual brightness? The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen."

Strange and wondrous is Nature as portrayed in the orchestral and vocal works of these Russians. That which seemed an island is a whale; boats are rowed by iron statues; horses live beneath the waves; the sun is darkened by the wing of an enormous bird; dwarfs and ogres prey with huge serpents on shipwrecked sailors; perfumed gardens are alive with the songs of birds who are enchanted men and maidens; fish speak reverently the name of the Most Merciful; apes play at chess; the werewolf prowls at night; the stars are brought down from the sky by incantation; women of witchcraft are to be adored and dreaded. And he who does not feel the o'ermastering influence of the Thousand Nights and a Night, he who is sure that the air is not inhabited by invisible shapes, will never know the secret of the most extreme Russian music. For the folk-song of Russia is warmed by the thought of a sunnier, kindlier, more voluptuous clime, and, as in Heine's poem, the fir tree dreams of the palm.

These Russians in orchestral music have built on Liszt and Berlioz; in piano music they show the influence of Schumann and Chopin; in songs chiefly that of Schumann. Prominent among the writers of piano music is Nicolas de Stcherbatcheff, who was born August 24, 1853, and distinguished among his works are collections entitled "Féeries et Pantomimes" (Op. 8); "Mosaïque" (Op. 15); "Zigzags" and "Les Solitudes." "Mosaïque" is made up of "A Revery Prelude"; "An Orientale" of bewitching beauty; a pathetic elegy; "Guitar," a strange number in which there is a serenade in a cemetery; a waltz that is brain-maddening; "Periwinkle"; and "Marionettes." His music is baffling at first to the reader; there are unfamiliar harmonic progressions; there is shifting or unusual rhythm; there is unaccustomed melody; in a word, the music is exotic. But to the musician of temperament, soul, imagination, a new and beautiful world is opened, and he escapes for a time from commercial music and bargain counterpoint. He knows the full passion of a summer evening, and why moonlight is so feared by the prudent. He realizes that the waltz which is danced only in the bewildered mind is more intoxicating than that to which conventionally shod feet keep time.

Mr. James Huneker has finely characterized this strange composer: "Stcherbatcheff is a musical Gogol who would create another 'Taras Bulba' if he dared, yet contents himself writing small dangerous things for the piano. Who eats of his music is made mad, as are the devourers of mandrake. Bitter-sweet is it with rhythms that lull you and poison you. A valse of his that I tasted made my brain whirl. In my arms I held a bewitching creature, with a false red mouth, and our dance was vertiginous. Chromatic nightmares murdered our love, and then I knew that Stcherbatcheff is to be feared."

Stcherbatcheff has also written two Idylles for orchestra, six melodies for voice and piano (Op. 24), and six remarkable songs with words by Heine: "Der kranke Sohn," "Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht," "Der Asra," "Der Schneidergeselle," "Vergifted sind meiner Lieder," "Ich bin die Prinzessin Ilse."

[I refer the reader to the following books: "Histoire de la Musique en Russie" by Prince Youssoupoff (Paris, 1862); "La Musique en Russie" by César Cui (Paris, 1880); "Essai historique sur la Musique en Russie" by Arthur Pougin (Turin, 1897); "Histoire de la Musique en Russie" by Albert Soubies (Paris, s. d.); "Alexandre Borodine" by Alfred Habets (Paris, 1893); "Moussorgski" by Pierre d'Alheim (Paris, 1896); "Sur les Pointes" by Pierre d'Alheim (Paris, 1897); "Nationalités Musicales" by Gustave Bertrand (Paris, 1872); "Impressions Musicales et littéraires," by Camille Bellaigue, Chapter IV.; "De là Musique Russe et d'un opéra de M. Rimsky-Korsakoff" — (Paris, s. d. — but 1900); and sundry articles in The Theatre, edited by Deshler Welch, Vol. I., New York, 1886.]

ALEXANDER GUILMANT

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THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT SULPICE, PARIS.

ORGAN PLAYING IN AMERICA

ORGAN PLAYING IN AMERICA

IN every country where the development of music has been sufficiently extensive to enable it to rank upon an equal footing with the other arts, it is to the church that we must ascribe the honor for its original employment, as well as for its subsequent cultivation. And such sudden revolutions as at times have threatened to disturb its progress, if not to completely destroy its being, have almost invariably been the outcome of religious dissensions.

In analyzing the progress made in organ-playing during the few centuries of its existence as an art, it is therefore eminently fitting that we consider the schools of composition in various countries, and the influence of the church upon them. For, as has been said, the organ has always been the instrument most closely associated with the church and her liturgies; whose expression has ever been influenced, if not governed, by the customs and demands of her services.

Although the earliest records of organ-playing take us back hardly farther than to the latter half of the fourteenth century, the instrument itself is of great antiquity, so far as all of its component parts are concerned; and yet from the beginning of the Christian era its construction remained for many centuries so comparatively primitive — possibly owing to the fact that even in that state it was amply sufficient for the expression of the music of its time — that the organ can hardly be said to have been *played*, but rather *manipulated*, or, as actually was the case, *beaten*.

With the desire to emancipate music from its limited field as the expression of melody (for surely the extraordinary manner of accompanying the plain song instituted by Hucbald can be regarded as nothing more than the evidence of a certain indefinable yearning for harmony) came the first attempts to found a system of polyphony, and simultaneously arose the desire for an instrument capable of giving to it speech; thus the development of the organ kept pace with the steady growth of music as an art.

It is the purpose of this essay to consider in a general way some aspects of modern organ-playing, particularly in America; it will be possible to take note of its progress in this and other countries during the years past, only to a limited extent.

At the time which marks the departure from England of the Pilgrims, the music of the church had in two countries achieved a height which it was destined neither to retain nor again to equal, considering the opportunities of its time. The Roman Church had enlisted the efforts of Palestrina, of Di Lasso, in embellishing her ritual with music whose beauty remains to-day undimmed by the centuries since elapsed. England had found in Tallis, Byrd, Morley and Orlando Gibbons men to whom, with others of their contemporaries, could safely be intrusted the important task of the musical setting of the liturgy established at the Reformation.

The efforts of the early Puritans in America to perpetuate the achievements of the church writers of the Old World were summed up in the successful attempt to entirely demolish in this country anything at all resembling music, in even its lowest forms.

Nearly a hundred years later we witness the presentation of an organ to the Queen's (now King's) Chapel in Boston,[1] despite the strongest opposition. But at this time Germany was already the scene of the labors of Johann Sebastian Bach, the man destined to exert upon the organ the greatest influence for good, and to bequeath to the Lutheran Church a literature which should be as distinctly her own and as important as those of which the Anglican and Roman Churches were already the fortunate possessors.

[1] August, 1713.

It cannot be said that the organ was in very general use throughout the country until at least the end of the last century, although in many cases the opposition at first directed towards it was being somewhat dissipated by the introduction of the bass-viol, of the flute and "clarionet," as its forerunners. But it remained for the advent of the great organ in Boston Music Hall to awaken any very widespread interest in the instrument.

German Musician Playing a Piece of Music on a Portable Organ. Facsimile of an Engraving of Israel Van Mecken, End of the 15th Century

For some centuries the attention paid to the organ in Italy has been neither general nor important. Although its use is not interdicted by the Roman Church, in the larger parishes the *a capella* school of church music is much cultivated. In this regard the Roman somewhat resembles the Greek Church, which however entirely dispenses with the organ, fortunately being able to replace the effect of many of even its lower notes through the aid of the remarkable voices so rarely heard outside of Russia.

In Germany the influence of Bach upon the organ remained strong even after his death, despite the fact that so many of his other compositions were practically forgotten or overlooked for quite three-quarters of a century. It remained for Mendelssohn not only to rescue many of these works from their oblivion, but to furnish a most important personal contribution to the literature of the organ. In fact, he remains the only great composer from Bach down to the modern French school to make an addition of great importance to the scant repertoire of serious organ compositions.

Mendelssohn provides in his sonatas for the organ examples of what to the students of sonata form would seem to be of little value as illustrations; but they do not forsake the general contrapuntal character peculiar to Bach and his predecessors, and make frequent use of the Lutheran chorale. Upon this basis — the contrapuntal treatment of the chorale, or occasionally of the *plain-song* — has much of the composition for the organ been conceived in Germany, down to the present day. Probably the noteworthy mechanical incompleteness of the German instruments is partly accountable for this tendency; although where a literature must wait upon a medium, while the medium is developed only in response to the demands of a literature, neither rapid nor important progress is to be seriously awaited.

In England the organ can surely not complain of lack of cultivation; for so long a time the means of accompaniment of much of the liturgy, and being guaranteed under the establishment of a state church a certain uniformity of treatment which in time should have broadened and developed its resources and the musical progress of its interpreters, there is serious doubt whether such has always

been the case. Ritter concisely expresses the matter, in speaking of the period between the time of Orlando Gibbons and the end of the eighteenth century: "Simultaneously with the end of the Golden Age of English composers faded away the Golden Age of English art; neither monster-halls nor monster-organs could revive again either the one or the other."[1] Here, it would seem, lies the secret of the past condition of the organ in England; the predilection for music upon the mon-

Handel's Organ in the Chapel of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons near Edgeware.

ster scale: gigantic oratorio choruses, consolidated bands of musicians,— all to the detriment of artistic effects and intelligent criticism.

It will require many years in both England and America to counteract the results of a certain school of organ-playing. Although undoubtedly created in all seriousness of purpose, its influence and growth have probably conspired to strike the most serious blow to musical, legitimate development the organ has ever suffered.

William T. Best was an organist of exceptional skill as an executant, of sound musicianship, and thoroughly acquainted with the orchestra, — three important qualifications of his profession. In his frequent recitals upon the fine organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, he brought the instrument before

[1] A. G. Ritter: *Zur Geschichte des Orgelspiels.* Leipzig, Hesse, 1884.

thousands of people, and undoubtedly created among them an admiration for it which many might otherwise never have felt. To provide a repertoire for these concerts the entire existing literature, worthy or unworthy, would have been hardly sufficient; the necessity of augmenting it was supplied by that proceeding so indefensible under all circumstances, — the transcription for the organ of works written for other instruments, for orchestra, for chorus. At the hands of Best these compositions were reproduced with astonishing skill; but their transcriptions should have ceased to exist upon the death of their sponsor. To-day we see the lamentable influence of this school of adaptation upon contemporary organ "programs" in England; and we even find such material being supplemented in some cases with an audacity which makes the success of any movement toward change for the better seem, for the present at least, extremely doubtful.[1]

It is a general impression among many musicians that the organ is, after all, an unmusical instrument; that spontaneity and elasticity of rhythm are the elements most conspicuously foreign to its treatment. And yet we must bear in mind that (barring mechanical features which must be regarded as accessories, not as essentials), the fundamental tonal characteristics, the power of legitimate and spontaneous expression, have neither been augmented, diminished, nor altered to any notable extent during the existence of the instrument as a means of polyphonic expression. The excuse that transcription for the organ is justified by the wealth of mechanical accessories to be found in our modern organs is therefore indefensible. That it is made possible, no one will deny; that it is permissible, is controverted by the very fact that no profusion of mechanical adjuncts can alter the inherent characteristics of the instrument, or destroy its limitations. And especially must we realize that this destruction of the individuality of the organ only engenders a feeling of antagonism to it among musicians; for they are not in a position to realize that such misconception of the nature of the instrument, and its devotion to base uses (for such they are), are but the evidence of the same tendencies invariably exhibited in every form of music, deprecated and discouraged, however, in every case save that of the organ.

In France, happily, a more favorable outlook may be recorded; in fact, it is to that country that we would best turn for whatever influences we may deem it necessary or desirable to bring to bear upon the art of organ-playing in our own land.

It is but some sixty-five years, more or less, since Bach was practically a closed book to French organists[2]; and the acquisition of familiarity with his works began at the time when the effeminate, superficial French organ music of the middle of this century was achieving such popularity in that country. But it remained there, as it will remain in every country, for musicians of broad cultivation, of established position and ability to found a school of composition which, while grounded upon the lines laid down by Bach, and as polyphonic in nature as the works of the German school, would still be characterized by certain elements of originality and spontaneity too often lacking in the compositions of Teutonic writers. And to-day it is from the French school that we derive the great majority of compositions which are capable of standing upon the same footing, and of being judged by the same standards as the great orchestral and choral works of the same period.

The French have indeed been fortunate in the possession of most remarkable instruments and of edifices in which they are heard to the greatest advantage. But above all are they favored by what has been adopted in so many cases as the musical basis of their liturgy, the *Plain-song*.

America has ever been compelled to lay tribute upon the literature of other countries for many of her own musical enterprises. Only at a late day was any beginning whatever made toward the cultivation of anything more than the ability to successfully manipulate one manual of a "pipe-organ," or to sustain a part in the choir. And we must remember that all the extraneous musical influences of foreign countries, such as the opera, frequent orchestral concerts, good military bands, a legitimate operetta, a universal church music of recognized merit, — all these have been denied America, and are still, except in our largest cities. For no one can claim that the music heard to-day in the Roman, Anglican, or denominational churches in a majority of our cities is, to say the least, of any higher standard than that to which parishes of

[1] Cfr. Two essays upon the organ, by the writer. New York, Novello, Ewer & Co., 1899.

[2] Ch. — M. Widor, preface to A. Pirro's *L'Orgue de Bach*. Paris, Fischbacher, 1895.

corresponding size are accustomed in England or on the Continent. Of orchestral concerts the number is constantly increasing; and it is to be hoped that before many years the people at large of every city will have established a symphony orchestra, the burden of which has in the past too often been borne by individual generosity and self-sacrifice. Compared to Europe, our military bands are in most cases far inferior, those best known being frequently the worst offenders to the cause of musical advancement, and tending only to debase the popular taste. Of legitimate operetta, of the standard set by Johann Strauss and Offenbach, by Meilhac and Halévy, we have little or none; of opera, excepting one company, only occasional performances; and then only under conditions endan-

Choir, Canterbury Cathedral, looking East.

gering artistic success, and quite out of the reach of the people at large.

In the matter of church music the conditions might be improved. The music of the Roman ritual is often not of the standard set abroad, sometimes through lack of funds necessary to properly maintain it, more often through failure of the parishes to demand anything better. The music of the Anglican and denominational churches is practically identical in nature, although in the case of the former the lines are more strictly drawn about music written expressly for the church, while in the latter the mixed chorus more frequently employed has certain musical advantages over the boy choir.

As to the Anglican music, the choice of much of it is in our larger cities regulated by the ability of the average boy choir to render it properly; for the conditions of material and training are by force of circumstances far different from those in England. In that country, as in this, the church profits by the labors of some men of marked ability, whose efforts to augment the music of the ritual are being crowned with success in the production of works of the highest character. But the number of these men is small; and the perfunctory, conventional nature of much of the Anglican literature of the past thirty years is ill-fitted to influence our American organists in the right direction, or to stimulate them to better efforts.

And now to consider more especially organ-playing in America.

In every foreign country excepting England the organ and its treatment may be regarded from but one standpoint, — its use in connection with religious worship. It is true that occasional recitals are given in France and Germany, and organs are sometimes found in public halls, as in England;

but as a rule these instruments are designed and used more for the performance of the organ part in choral works, or in the small number of compositions existing for organ and orchestra. And yet, whatever the extent of the use of the organ as a concert instrument, this aspect of it should always be subservient to its consideration as the basis of instrumental expression of a liturgy.

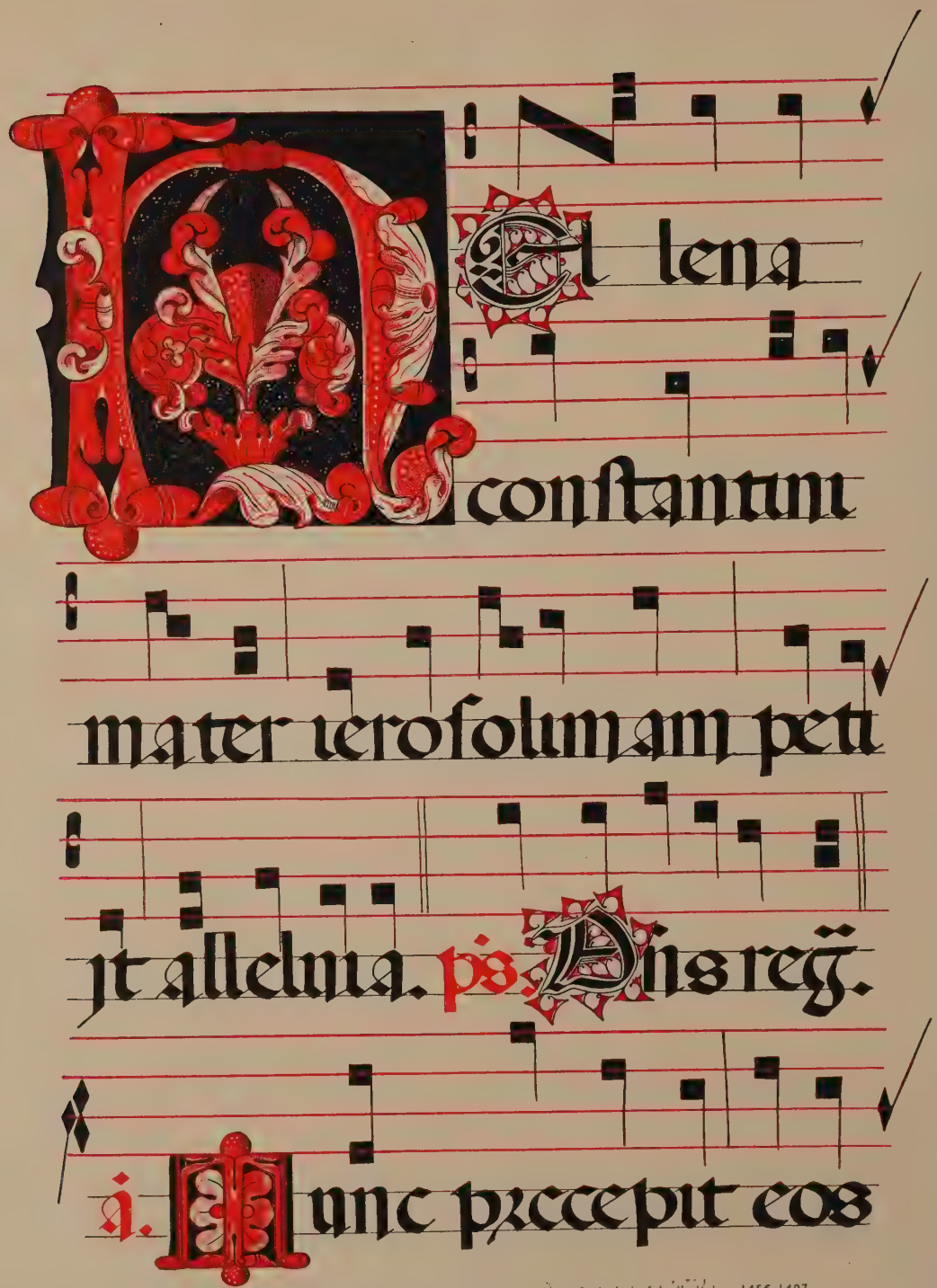
There is no question that, in this country at least, the character of organ-playing in church has been seriously affected by the practice of concert performance. The attention due the accompaniment of the church service is often distracted by the necessity of performing pieces of concert music; and the vagaries of style, the temptation to sacrifice musical considerations to superficial ef-

CHOIR, EXETER CATHEDRAL.

fects well-calculated to attract and interest the public upon the occasion of the inevitable free organ recital, are distinctly opposed to the cultivation of the repose, dignity, and concentration which are preëminently requisite for the proper treatment of the organ in religious worship.

There would seem, too, to be no valid reason why the organ can be mastered in any shorter time, or why any less scrupulous attention may be devoted to the study of the finer elements of organ-playing, than to the acquisition of skill upon any other instrument. On the contrary, the organ is a mechanism of many sides; its proper treatment demands a thorough mastery of more elements than any other contemporary instrument.

The competent organist must be thoroughly schooled in harmony and counterpoint, in order to intelligently interpret the literature most characteristic of the instrument. He must further possess a good knowledge of acoustics, of musical theory. To understand fully the principles of registration the organist must have a thorough acquaintance with the orchestra and with instrumentation, without which his registration will be neither musical nor adequate. He must possess a thorough technical knowledge of organ construction in various countries, of the different schools of organ composition, and above all a proper conception of the powers and limitations of the instrument, and an earnest desire to perpetuate such traditions of organ-playing as may be worthy; while not neglecting to develop the possibilities of the instrument and popular understanding of it in its correct and legitimate aspects, as well as the performer's own talent and abilities. All this should be added to a fundamentally complete manual and pedal technique, with the realization that upon the touch, as the expression of the will, are dependent to a great extent rhythm and phrasing.

The writer is well aware that to a great majority

Reproduction of a page from a volume of a set of Antifonari of the Cathedral of Lodi Italy. 1456–1497.

of the organists of this country such a course of study as the above has been precluded by many circumstances; and he must acknowledge, not without regret, that there is little in the requirements of the average church service in America which would either necessitate such a complete mastery of the organ as only such training as the above could give, or as would stimulate the pursuance of such studies during the occupancy of an organ position.

And yet it is undeniable that in many cases where it has been possible to acquire a thorough education in organ-playing, either it has not been considered necessary, or upon the attainment of a really high degree of skill the influence which the organist might have exerted upon his successors and upon the public at large has been perverted to the gain of temporary renown or to financial advantage.

At the time of the first very general interest in organ-playing in America, which may perhaps be fixed at the installation in Boston Music Hall of the large organ built by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, the repertoire of organ music available was, with the exception of Bach and Mendelssohn, but feebly represented by composers of great importance. The names of Thiele and Rinck, of Batiste and Wély, are to-day associated in our minds more with pedagogy than with composition of serious import. During the early days of the Music Hall organ works of these men were frequently heard; but it must be admitted that they were not only the only ones then available, but were representative of the musical thought of Germany and France at that time, as related to the organ.[1] But we owe a debt of gratitude to those organists who, in addition to these contemporary compositions, did not fail to introduce to us the immortal works of the great cantor of Leipzig. And, after all, we were not so far behind France in that regard!

From this time on America kept more in touch with the musical life of the Old World; with the passing of the psalm-tune and its successors of hardly greater value, came gradually the introduction of the more modern Anglican hymn-tune, and with it the English anthem. Organists kept pace with the compositions appearing in Germany and France, until to-day the best type of foreign organ music is no stranger to our performers; while the greater part of the organ compositions of Bach has also become familiar, only the chorales, for some inexplicable reason, still being played with comparative infrequency.

But during all this period of the development of organ music in America, one very important element was being neglected; and every year of its neglect added to the danger to American organists, both as executants and as musicians. I refer to the failure to cultivate in its *serious* aspects the art of improvisation, that most important part of the education of an organist, the part which develops most, and appeals most directly to — his brains.

The complicated machinery of an organ demands more than any other instrument the exercise of the faculties of concentration and determination. Its proper treatment requires the use of powers of supervision, of instantaneous grasp of circumstances, and of the ability to do the right thing at the right time, akin to some qualities which help to make a great general. In the absence of these faculties the organ may still be played, but only in an inadequate, unsatisfying way.

Probably the services of the Church in America have offered little opportunity for the fostering of improvisation. With every portion of the musical service published, accompaniment and all, little incentive is given an organist to choose something which will necessitate *extempore* playing upon his part. For the few occasions when the organ may be heard alone, as before and after service, preference is usually given to some published composition — perhaps in many cases mercifully, it must be admitted. And yet if we scrutinize the history of organ-playing in various countries, we will perceive that it has reached its highest development where conditions have demanded the most extended cultivation of the *musical* side of the performer.

The position of organist to the Metropolitan Church of Paris, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, recently became vacant. According to custom the appointment was awarded as the result of a competitive examination, which was in detail as follows:[2]

1. Harmonization of a plain-song melody, *organo pleno*, first in the soprano, then in the bass.
2. Improvisation of a fugue.
3. A free improvisation.
4. Performance from memory of a masterpiece, five of which were to be submitted to the jury for choice.

[1] Mr. John S. Dwight wrote in his excellent article on the History of Music in Boston [*A Memorial History of Boston*, Ticknor & Co., 1886]: "It must be confessed, with some shame now, that those organ concerts for a year or more gave far more of the highest class of organ compositions than we have had a chance to hear more recently."

[2] Le Menestrel, May 9 and 27, 1900. Paris, Heugel.

NOTE. — The subjects for improvisation were given to the candidates twenty minutes before the beginning of the competition.

There is no doubt that any organist capable of satisfactorily passing such an examination as the above would be entirely eligible to consideration for a position in any church in America, of whatever nature the demands of her liturgy; and yet while such a test would undoubtedly be undergone with success by some English and American musicians, there is nothing in the Anglican school of church music which will *necessitate* for its performance the possession of such ability as is indispensable to the French church player.

It will naturally be asked, if the demands of our services encourage the development of organ-playing in other directions, why add to the already severe burdens of the education of the organist by compelling him to master difficulties which he will encounter only in playing the music peculiar to a Church in a foreign country?

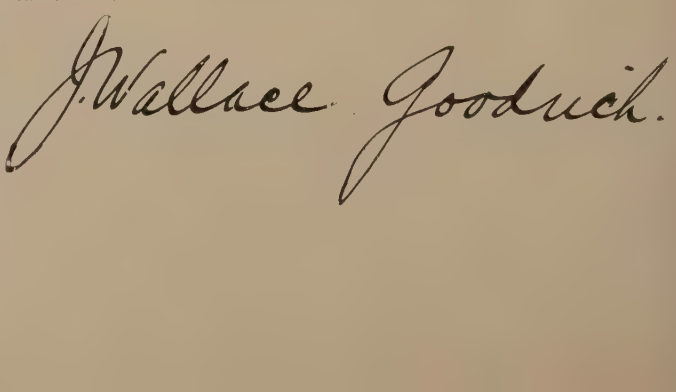
This question may perhaps be answered by a second one: are the organists of this country to be considered from the standpoint of their ability to satisfactorily accompany the services of the churches, or to furnish to the concert public the style of music too often craved by such gatherings? Or are they, first of all, to be judged independently of the local influences of their instruments, as *musicians;* subjecting themselves to the criticism of musicians, who regard their art as something higher than the necessity of allowance for local conditions would permit it to be? And are they themselves to rank with the great conductors, instrumentalists, and singers, commanding for their instrument, among all the most noble, the same degree of respect already inspired in our greatest composers by other contemporary instruments?

It is a fact which can be noted only with sorrow, that of all the great composers who have lived and passed away since the death of Bach, but two — Mendelssohn and César Franck — can be said to have made any additions to the literature of the organ worthy of being ranked with the great compositions produced during the same time for orchestra or chorus, for string quartet or pianoforte. With a very few praiseworthy exceptions, the composers of to-day who in their production of orchestral and choral works in the larger forms command at once the greatest interest and the greatest respect of the musical world, are doing absolutely nothing toward the augmentation of the proportionally scanty number of masterpieces for the organ.

I need not enumerate the reasons for this deplorable state of affairs; the remedy for it lies mainly in the hands of the organists themselves. The organ must cease to be a medium for the expression of everything foreign to its nature, and equal zeal must be applied to the study of the individuality of the instrument, and to its demonstration to those composers whose interest and services in its behalf we would enlist.

To raise the standard of performance, we must make more difficult the requirements. We must encourage, not the acquisition of mere finger dexterity, not the yielding to a popular taste in methods which in the case of any other instrument would be universally discountenanced, but the establishment of brains and sound musicianship as indispensable to the proper treatment of the organ.

The growing interest in America in the true church music, the *plain-song*, must be a source of hearty gratification to all who are solicitous for legitimate development of organ playing in this country. And with the plain-song may we not hope for the simultaneous introduction and cultivation of that which was once a part of it, the Lutheran chorale? Whatever effect of monotony the average German organ compositions, particularly of times past, may produce, the German organists are far-famed for the beauty of their improvisations upon the chorale; while the encouragement and cultivation of the plain-song have done much toward making French organists what they are. For both the Germans and the French have through these means learned, as we ourselves shall learn, that to adequately display the resources of the most complicated of all instruments, it is indispensable that the mind shall be the master of the fingers; that the will shall be stronger than the members which are to put its commands into execution.



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